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OUI

NOVEMBER 1976 $1.50

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HOW TO BE COLLEGIATE IN A CHANGING WORLD

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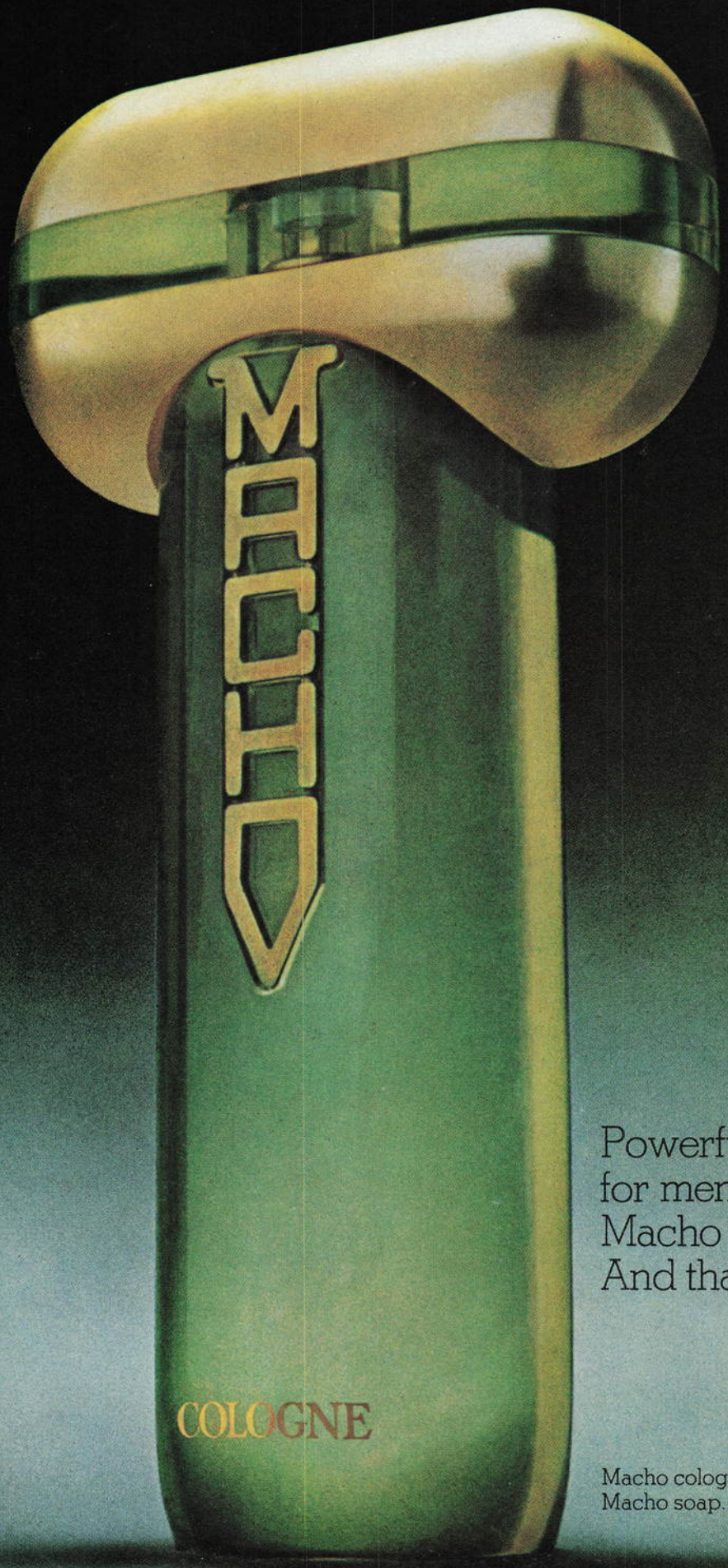

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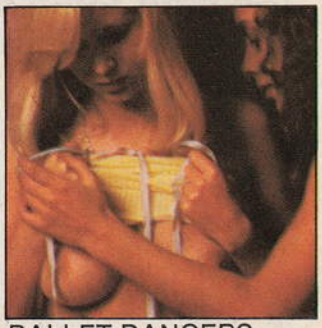

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MAIL

Ray-gun Reagan

Mitch Tuchman's article *The Films of Ronald Reagan* (August) is obviously the result of a terrific research job. However, there is one piece of information that Tuchman overlooked, namely, that Reagan the actor originally pronounced his name Ree-gun. As a politician he pronounces his name Ray-gun. Why would a grown man with full faculties make such a change? I wonder. Perhaps he thinks of himself as the ultimate secret weapon.

ROBERT RAGAN
San Antonio, Texas

OUI is such an irreverent magazine that I quite expected Tuchman to blast Reagan unmercifully. Was I surprised—and pleased—to read such a fair and accurate piece on the man who should be our next President. Guess you guys aren't such Commie pinkos after all.

DON WATSON
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Blowing in the wind

After reading Gary Witzenburg's article *The American Convertible* (August), I couldn't help but wonder about all the Richie Cunninghams in the world who have never experienced the wind-blown thrill of owning a convertible.

Fortunately for me, my alter ego helps to bring a fantasy closer to reality.

I sometimes wonder just how Richie, Potsie, Ralph, Fonzie and their dates could all pile into a hardtop for a milk-shake at Arnold's Drive-In. Thanks to the convertible, we did it with style and ease.

RON HOWARD
Los Angeles, California

Ron Howard plays Richie Cunningham on ABC-TV's "Happy Days."

I own three 1957 Ford Sunliners, all of which I've restored to mint condition. Whoever described the 1961 Ford convertible pictured in *Six Decades with the Top Down* (August) as a 1957 Sunliner obviously can't tell his ass from his elbow, as no car connoisseur would make such a mistake.

STEVE MORRISON
Newport Beach, California

Actually this mistake was made on purpose, as a test. Congratulations! You passed. (So did 791 others.)

Thanks for the very interesting and informative piece on convertibles. For the technical nitpickers among your readers, Harrah's Automobile Collection has a 1915 Ford Model T couplet with a convertible top and windows that are raised by pull straps and lowered by releasing the straps from catches and then letting gravity do the work. The 1926 Kissel was the first convertible with roll-up windows as we know them today.

As for the 1976 Cadillac Eldorado convertible, we are not totally convinced that this will be the last American convertible and prefer to wait awhile before acquiring one.

DEAN BATCHELOR
Harrah's Automobile Collection
Reno, Nevada

Nobody will be sadder than us truckers when the American convertible fades from the scene. I caught sight of this sassy lady just outside of Chicago on Route 66. She was driving a green and tan 1976 Eldorado convertible and I could hear Donna Summer's *Love to Love You, Baby* oozing from her radio. I motioned my partner to pull up alongside and I pulled out my pocket camera. The chick looked up for a second, grinned and dug her hand in deeper.

Detroit, you're making a big mistake.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Springfield, Illinois

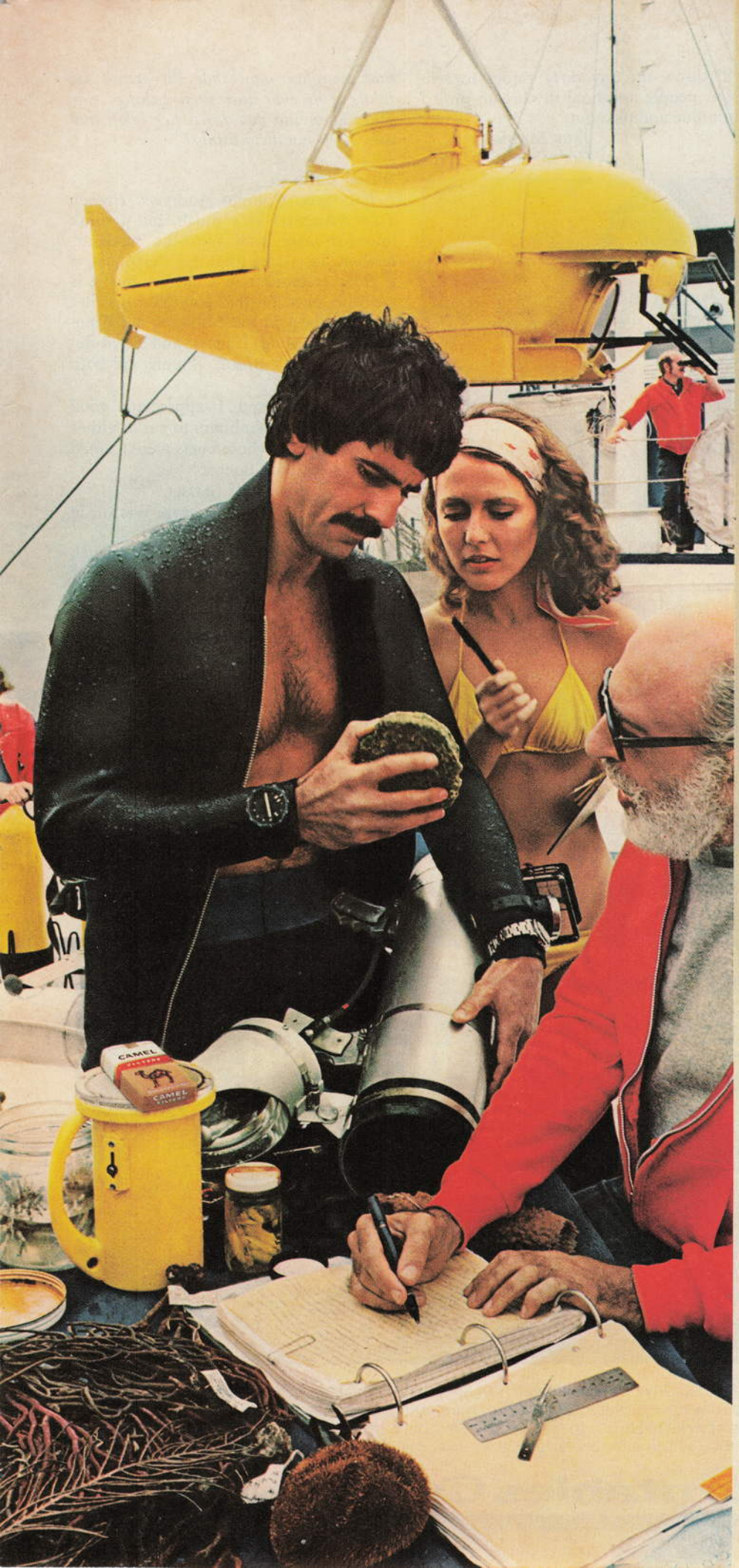
The Dern'dest thing

The *Conversation with Bruce Dern* (July) by Christopher Fryer and Robert Crane is excellent. Only in America could the actor who killed John Wayne become *The King of Marvin Gardens* through a *Family Plot* and then return with *Won Ton Ton* to save Hollywood. Now there's *The Twist.*

SYLVESTER O'NEAL
Chicago, Illinois

Leery of Leary

I don't know why you editors publish that rat fink Timothy Leary in the



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pages of OUI. After all, he rode out of prison on the backs of his friends and benefactors by being a stool pigeon. And now he's earning another 30 pieces of silver by exploiting his meeting with fellow prisoner Charles Manson (*Meeting Manson*, August).

Leary is not only a reject from society; he is also a reject from convict society. None of his hip-shit nonsense will change the writing on the wall.

G. B. TRAPNELL
Marion, Illinois

Reaping the Reeperbahn

Ralph Steadman's *The Wickedest One-Third Mile in the World* (July) contains the most macabre yet maniacally sexy cartoons I've ever seen. If Hamburg's Reeperbahn area is half as weird as Steadman draws it, then I'm taking the first plane there.

NATHAN RUBIN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Passing out on Coque

As a child, I was spoiled rotten. I always had my way. Not only that, my daddy's rich and my momma's good-lookin'. All this, of course, resulted in my growing up to be a thoroughly rotten, spoiled, large person. I therefore issue you the following warning: If you don't publish at least one more picture of librarian Ophelia Coque, who appeared in *Photo Madness* (August), I will throw up, say dirty things to religious people and hold my breath until I turn blue and pass out.

JACK MANN
Coronado, California

Ophelia reacted with shock when we told her what you wrote, Jack. "Tell that naughty man that I'll spank his fanny if he ever does such a thing," she said. Then she put down her book and asked, "What dirty things?"

Bitter buds

I enjoyed Colman Andrews' *French Taste* (August) very much, but I think that his taste buds must be made of leather. It is true that Le Perroquet is a great restaurant in Chicago, but it is not the best in the country. It's not even the best in the Midwest. Le Français in Wheeling, Illinois, and Fond de-la Tour in Oak Brook, Illinois, are both far superior.

I'm French and I appreciate good food. I'd drive two hours to eat in either of those places, whose chefs were trained by the great Paul Bocuse.

SUZY SMART
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

I believe that what makes a French restaurant really great is the presence of a proprietor more dedicated to providing his or her customers with great food than to turning over a large profit. It is Jovan Trboyevic's passionate interest in providing a truly great dining experience for his customers that makes Le Perroquet such an outstanding restaurant.

In this regard, Bob and Karen Pritsker's Dodin-Bouffant in Boston deserves greater mention. The Pritskers started

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Model 920 about $79 – 940 about $109 – 960 about $159 – 980 about $199 – 1000 about $279. Model 980 shown. ©1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.

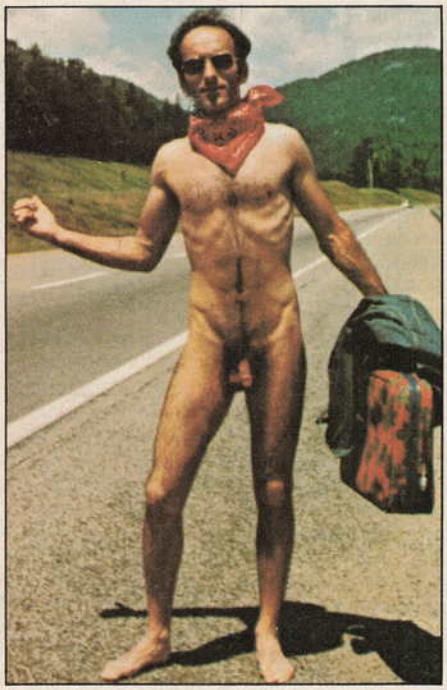
5 Turntables BIC

out with a small financial base and survived an initial customer drought. They now enjoy a national reputation.

ROBERT E. KULP, JR.
Louisville, Kentucky

Sticking it out

In *The Thumb Trip* (August), James R. Petersen gives a lot of very good tips to hitchhikers. Among other things, he writes, "Don't just stand there. Stick out your thumb!" Recently I picked up a hitchhiker who stuck out a lot more than his thumb (see the enclosed picture). I don't usually pick up hitchhikers, but this guy looked so cute and vulnerable that I couldn't resist. I knew that nobody would ever believe my story, so I took his picture in return for



giving him a ride. I asked him why he thumbed in the nude and he said simply, "Because it's hot." Well, it got a lot hotter in that car before we reached our destination. In fact, it got so hot that at one point we pulled over to the side of the road and cooled off under some bushes. When I let him out, I asked him his name. He said it was Able. Boy, was he ever!

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
South Glens Falls, New York

As I read Petersen's article, I saw a piece of me in it. He must have done a lot of hitchhiking, because he sure knew what he was rapping about; all of the advice and hints he gave were right on.

JEFF GIBBENS
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Screwing the machines

My wife and I were the writers-*cum*-masochists who were duped into market-testing *(Continued on page 12)*

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HEAR WHAT YOUR RECEIVER **SHOULD** SOUND LIKE!

Inspired by OUI, two more warriors sock it to Vegas

Far-fucking-out! I can't believe it really happened, but it did, and Sandy and I want to thank you. Bob Greene's article *Weekend Warriors* (July) inspired us to go to Las Vegas in search of fun, money and sex.

When we first read *Weekend Warriors*, we didn't believe that two inexperienced girls could go to a place as sophisticated as Caesars Palace and score more than $2000 in one weekend, but we decided it would be well worth the airfare for us to find out.

Greene's piece became our bible. We read it so many times that we began to feel that the Ellen and Karen in the story were our best friends. We went to Caesars just the way that they did. I worried about how to handle the house detectives (my husband is a cop). Sandy worried about how to tell potential customers that we were hookers without actually saying so.

After checking in, I went to the front desk to complain that a piece of my luggage was missing. A short, fat, shiny-faced man approached me and asked, "Is this your first time in Vegas?" I tried to ignore him but decided that I might have more fun balling him than bawling out the front desk. He wanted to know what had brought me to Vegas. I laughed and told him that he had just asked a very expensive question! He lowered his voice and inched closer. I explained about the article in OUI and said that I wanted to see if I could earn some money doing what I like to do best. He squirmed nervously. "What do you like to do best?" he inquired with a silly grin. I wasn't sure if he was a house dick, so, remembering Karen's advice in the article, I asked him to show me his I.D. Jesus Christ! He was from my home town and I recognized his name! I felt uneasy for a moment, but then I decided, what the fuck, he would suffer more than I would if he screwed and talked.

We ordered a round of drinks and carried them to his room on the first floor overlooking the pool. He began rubbing the front of his pants. Once again, I remembered Karen's advice and asked him to undress first. He really got off on this and I could tell it turned him on to be bossed around. As soon as he was stripped, I suggested that we get business out of the way. He asked my price and I said $100. He never batted an eye but walked to his closet and got two $50 bills, which I put into my purse. Then I undressed and I talked him into taking a shower with me. I wrapped my hair in a towel, beckoned him into the shower and told him to wash me gently all over.

He was so sweet that I decided to give him his money's worth. I soaped him generously, rinsed him and then went down on him in the shower. He told me to be patient, as he had not had sex in a long time and was having trouble getting it up. I asked him to eat me while I massaged his shoulders. He started down and suddenly he became as hard as a billy club when he discovered a colorful butterfly tattoo in the corner of my dark pubic triangle. He tried to eat it off and kept saying how beautiful and deliciously evil it was for an attractive woman like me to have a tattooed pussy. He started tonguing my clit and getting really excited. "God! I have never before eaten a woman. It always seemed nasty; but you are so clean. And washing you first makes it seem all right."

He was really excited, so I suggested that we dry off and play in bed. The look on his face reminded me of a little boy in a candy store who couldn't decide which confection to sample first. I told him to lie down and let me be the aggressor. He could not believe it. I guess the excitement of my first fuck for money turned me on because I was soon fucking him as though he were Tarzan. Several times, when I felt him nearing climax, I stopped and squeezed his dick gently so that he wouldn't come. The man obviously needed a good fuck and I wanted to see that he got it. Finally I felt my insides starting to tremble like the beginning of a volcanic eruption. We managed to come together, my pulsating box sucking his throbbing dick dry. He was totally fucked when I left, but he took my room number in case he wanted me again before he left Vegas.

I rushed back to the room, grabbed Sandy, danced around and threw the bills into the air. She got caught up in my excitement and we laughed and jumped on our beds like two teenagers at a pajama party! My suitcase had been found, so Sandy and I quickly changed clothes and headed for the casino. As I walked up to the craps table, I saw a gleam in the eyes of a little old man who wore an expensive suit and lots of gold. He asked me if I wanted to throw the dice for him. I said sure.

He told me he was an assistant attorney general on vacation. We won $140 and I suggested that we go up to his room. He looked surprised and asked if I was for free or for sale. I figured he was too old to be a detective—he looked about 80—so I told him about the article in OUI and what I was doing. We went to his room and he gave me five $20 chips from the casino, stripped and said, "Let's fuck." I looked at his shriveled body and was amazed at the enormous pecker protruding from between his tiny legs. He was already hard so I just hopped into bed. He climbed on, fucked me and was off again within a minute. I was surprised that he was willing to pay $100 for that. We talked a few minutes and I got dressed. Then I asked him what his favorite fantasy was. He said that he would like to lie on his back and eat one woman who sat on his face while another woman sat on his dick and fucked him. That would be worth at least $400 to him, he said. I told him to get his money ready and I'd be back in less than an hour.

I rushed out to find Sandy, but she was not in the casino, so I used the house phone to call the room. Sandy was upset. She said the trip was a waste, that she could not even give her ass away, much less sell it. I told her about the old man and her tone changed. Neither of us had ever done a three-way scene before, but as long as it didn't mean we had to make it with each other, we were all for it. That little old man may never be the same again! Sandy and I drank him dry and he licked us clean. When we left him, he was curled up like a baby. We smiled at each other and knew we had earned our $400.

For the next two days, we hustled like crazy. One night I met Michael, a gorgeous guy who took me to all the casinos on the strip in his white 1976 Continental. We walked by Andy Williams and talked to Redd Foxx. Back in my room, we made love while looking at ourselves in the mirrors on the ceiling. Sandy slept, or pretended to. Did that Michael like to see himself perform! He kept twisting into positions that would afford us a better view, whispering "Come on, baby, give it to me" all the while.

A couple of hours and $500 later, Sandy joined us. We told him that for another $300, we'd ravish him until he begged us to let him out of the room. His eyes lighted up. Michael was more demanding for his money than the others had been, but we knew that the chance of getting another man as gorgeous as Michael was rare. Besides, we wanted to fuck him as much as he wanted to fuck us. I got out some grass and the three of us got thoroughly stoned. I ate his beautiful cock with enthusiasm while Sandy sat on his face. It was only minutes before I heard a lot of moaning and realized that Sandy had already come. I moved up to take her place and offered Sandy his hard cock and told her to enjoy it. She got on top of him and started bouncing up and down. After a minute, I lost all sense of what she was doing, because my own body was caught up in the most incredible orgasm. That guy had a fantastic body, but he also possessed quite a talented tongue. Just before I came, I looked up into the mirrors and got an incredible rush at the sight of our heaving and quivering *ménage à trois*. We tried a variety of positions, some of which I'd only read about in books, and we managed to bring Michael off three more times. Then we all staggered into the shower where we scrubbed and soaped and rubbed one another until Michael said that he had to leave. Sandy and I were ready to go again, but he laughed and said that the sun was up and he had to go to work.

It would probably take a book to describe the rest of the weekend. Let's just say that if Karen and Ellen made only $2000, they weren't even trying hard.

Thanks again to Greene, Karen, Ellen and OUI. We hope others were as *richly* inspired by your article as we were.

DIANE AND SANDY
Houston, Texas

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Because in our direct-drive system the platter is an extension of the motor shaft. That means there aren't any belts, gears or idlers to produce variations in speed. And that means all our turntables have less than 0.03% wow and flutter (WRMS), (0.04% for the SL-1350).

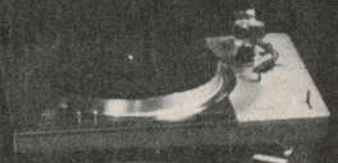
You'll also find an electronically controlled DC motor that spins at exactly 33⅓ or 45 RPM. Regardless of fluctuations in AC line voltage or frequency. What's more, unlike high-speed, rumble-producing motors, our motor introduces so little vibration into the system that any rumble remains inaudible (—70 dB DIN B).

And it doesn't matter which Technics turntable you choose. Because they all have the extras you need. Like variable pitch controls. A built-in stroboscope. Viscous-damped cueing. Feedback-insulated legs. As well as a dust cover and integral base.

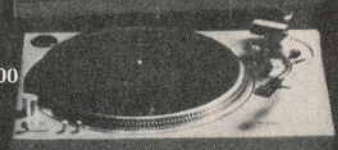
So if you want a turntable good enough for professionals, get the turntables radio stations use and discos abuse. Technics direct drive.

*Suggested retail price.

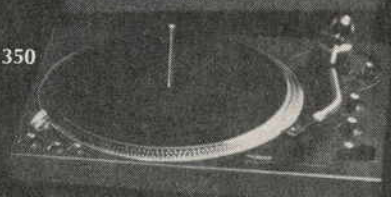
SL-1100A



SL-1200



SL-1350



SL-1500

SL-1300

SL-1400

Technics
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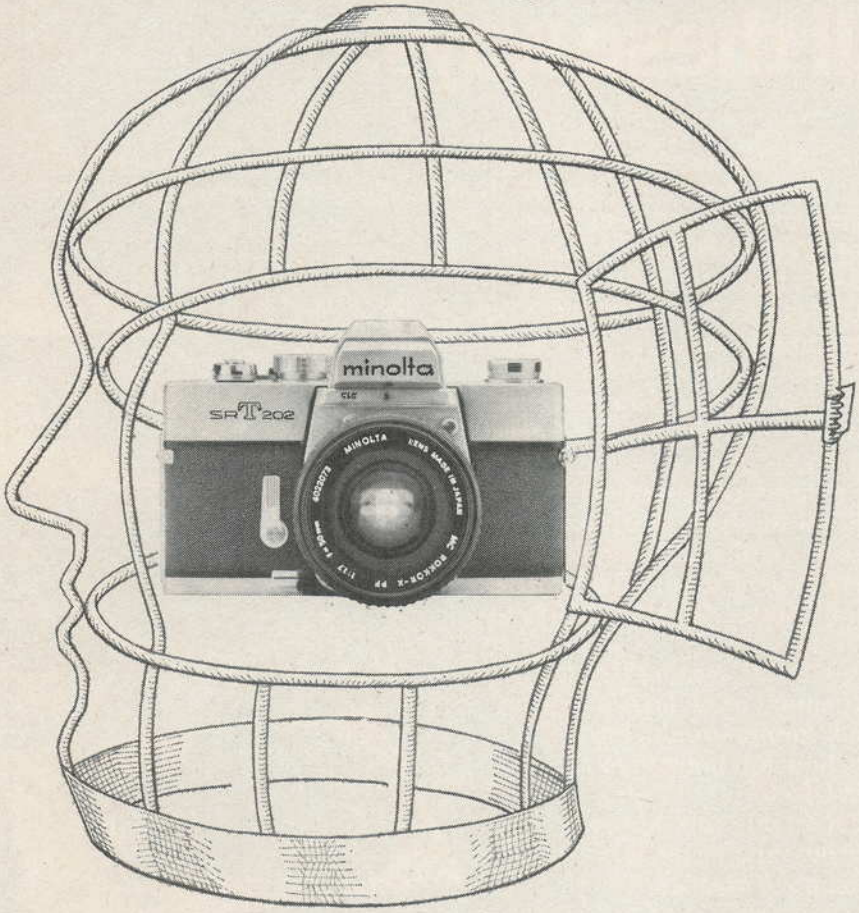
Hold a Minolta. Release your imagination.



A Minolta 35mm SLR will help you quickly and easily translate the vision in your mind to film.

From the moment you pick it up, a Minolta feels comfortable in your hands. Your fingers fall into place naturally. Everything works so smoothly that the camera becomes a part of you.

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You're free to probe the limits of your imagination with a Minolta. More than 40 lenses in the superbly crafted Rokkor-X and Minolta/Celtic systems let you bridge distances or capture a spectacular "fisheye" panorama.

Minolta offers a wide choice of electronic and match-needle SLRs. With features to match your needs and budget. Regardless of the model you choose, you get the superb Minolta handling that lets you effortlessly make the transition from creative vision to captured image.

For more information about Minolta 35mm single lens reflex cameras, see your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta

When you are the camera and the camera is you.

(Continued from page 9) the costly Accu-Jac II for *Screw*, the details of which were quite accurately recounted by D. Keith Mano and his wife, Jo-Margaret, in their masterpiece article *The Whole Bedroom Catalog* (August). OUI's decision not to purchase this $695 boondoggle was a stroke of genius. Al Goldstein, no dummy either, convinced the manufacturer to give him a machine outright. In our consumer review, we blasted the device so thoroughly that the company came and actually repossessed the Accu-Jac II within a few days. When Al has a fight with his wife these days, he no longer has a mechanical substitute to turn to, so he usually looks at my lovely wife with that it's-all-your-fault-I'm-horny expression in his eyes. She's become an expert at resisting his little-boy charm and his dirty-old-man techniques.

FRED LESLIE
Montrose, New York

I never met a sex gadget that wasn't funny.

DAVID CRISLER
Glenwood, Iowa

I was formerly in the business of purveying the devices that Mano and his wife describe so hilariously. It always amazed me that a male customer would invariably say, "I need something for a gag gift." I knew that the horny bastard couldn't wait to stick the 18-inch dildo up his wife's squeeze box to her larynx.

I recall one occasion when a wheezing Berwyn, Illinois, alderman stopped in to purchase a dildo. I knew that he'd been fucking the taxpayers of Berwyn for years, so common sense told me that now he was about to stick it in their asses with malice aforethought.

The female customers displayed much more finesse and cool in the purchase of their sex toys. They never offered any excuses and occasionally tried the gadgets out in our massage parlor.

My personal favorite among sex aids is the standard six-inch vibrator. Most of the chicks I've played with say that it invariably gives them a clitty clitty bang bang. There are others who get off on vaginal or rectal stimulation, of course.

There's no doubt about it: Sex gadgets are now as American as apple pie. I am now designing the ultimate sex aid, which I hope to have manufactured in the near future. See you around. Bzzzzzz.

WEIRD HAROLD
Berwyn, Illinois

Address letters to:
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Chicago, Illinois 60611

The Teachings of Jose Cuervo:

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Because Jose Cuervo is the premium white tequila. And it has been since the first day it was made in 1795.

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JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

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Come all the way up to the "extra" extra coolness of KOOL Super Longs.
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Super Longs
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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OPENERS

Pigs in a poke

The two lovers run toward each other in slow motion through a sun-streaked meadow as schmaltzy mood music plays in the background. They kiss. Think you've seen this commercial before? Not likely, unless you're a Midwestern farmer. In this 30-second spot, the lovers are pigs.

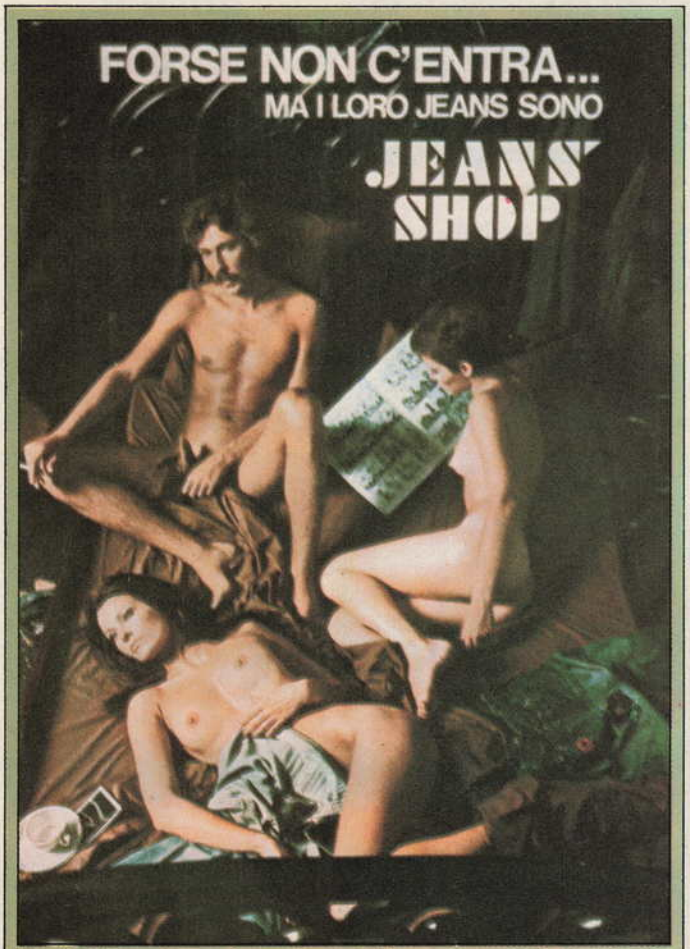
A farmer, you should realize, is not so concerned with "Does she or doesn't she?" as with "Will he or won't he?" You see, a boar's sexual vigor and general boorishness are his biggest selling points, since a shy, pussy-whipped boar is liable to be bullied or ignored by the sow—and no piglets are apt to come of the lack of union.

Farmers Hybrid Company spent 30 years developing horny boars but, understandably, was unsure how to advertise them until it remembered that in America you don't sell sex, you sell romance. And it works: Hog sales are up 30 percent this year as a result of the ad, according to Don Fritz, the company's director of swine operations.

The ad has only eight words. "Our boars are lovers," intones a narrator as the noses of the two pigs meet. "Our gilts are, too." (A gilt is a virginal female pig.) The actors performed remarkably well, each being what you might call a natural ham. The boar got a little carried away; he wanted to skip the nose touching and get on to the good stuff. (Male pigs, a friend of ours remarked, are the same the world over.) The female film star has since given birth to several litters and has ended her acting career. She is now a happy oinker who, through the glamor of movies, lost her gilt complex.

The high-priced spread

Dr. Barbara Bess and Dr. Samuel Janus recently interviewed 42 high-priced prostitutes and ten madams regarding the sexual tastes and practices of their customers. Dr. Janus reports, "Sixty percent of all customers of the callgirls or madams interviewed were either political figures of significance or influential executives in public monopolies." In their report to the American Psychiatric Association, the good doctors spoke of "The hypocrisy of the public, the politicians and the power brokers, [in that] they preach one thing and practice another. The very people who publicly decry prostitution are themselves the clientele of prostitutes." They also found that "politicians and power brokers in general prefer 'kinky' sex: e.g., exhibitionism, voyeurism, cross dressing, receiving flagellation, bondage, humiliation and fetishism." Doesn't this explain the title house whip? Not to mention the position of minority whip.



The Italians are masters of nonchalance. Even their hard sells aren't very hard. Check out this ad, for example. It says, "It probably doesn't matter, but their jeans are Jeans' Shop." See, it doesn't really matter at all. Don't you feel more relaxed?

A fistful of cow pies

Occupational hazards have recently been subjected to considerable scrutiny. One such hazard, which has not received much previous publicity, was brought to our attention by OUI's senior medical editors. The relatively new syndrome, bullman's hand, is so named because in rural Ireland the colloquial

term for artificial inseminator is bullman.

Artificial insemination is a handy and common practice that was first described in the 14th Century. And now a number of countries, including Japan, Denmark and Israel, impregnate over 90 percent of their cows artificially.

The bullman's technique is to insert the left hand and arm, encased in a rubber glove and sleeve, into the cow's rectum and grasp the cervix. The inseminating pipette is then inserted into the cervix with the other hand. A busy inseminator will repeat this maneuver as often as 30 times a day.

Now for the ill effects of this procedure: Not only are the rubber glove and sleeve constricting but also the muscle tone of the cow's sphincter can put considerable pressure on the inseminator's forearm. Toss in the cold, damp surroundings in which the bullman's work is done, and it is not unusual for the blood supply to his hand to diminish, or to be completely cut off, resulting in the excruciating pain of bullman's hand.

So if you want to be a cowpoke, be forewarned. Food handlers need not apply.

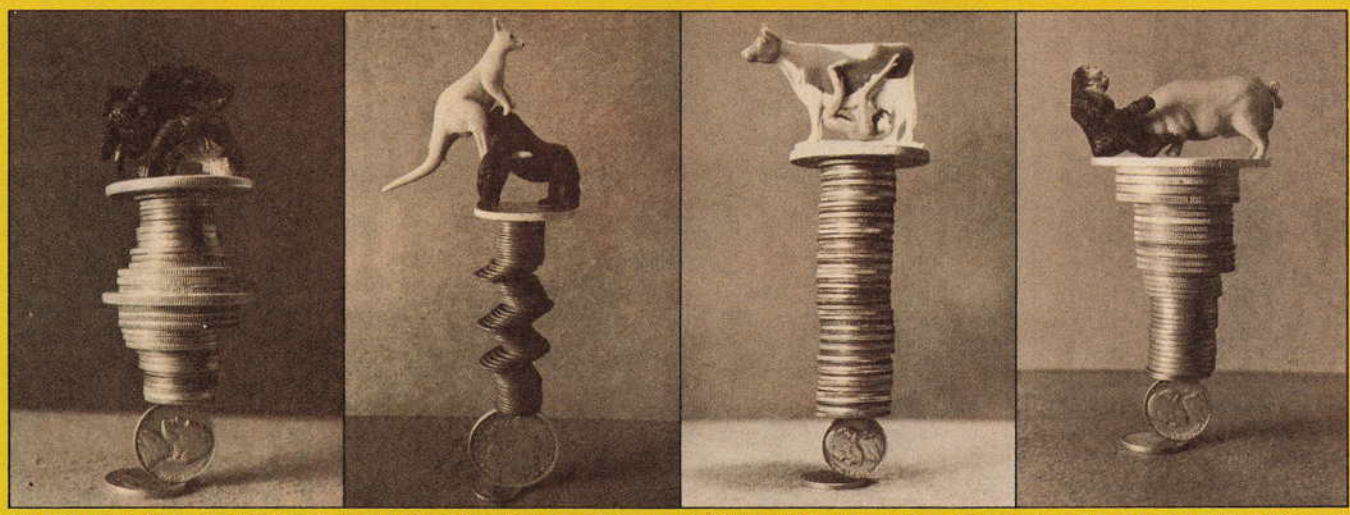
"I was just minding my own business, walking home from a party in Jersey, when I was grabbed from behind by two furry mitts!" exclaimed this otherwise chilly ingénue. And so this little slice of Manhattan life was preserved for future generations. Why furry mitts? Why snowy Manhattan? Why the party in Jersey? Well, why not?

If the glove fits, ditch it

It gets harder all the time to make a dishonest buck. And as if the *federales* didn't have enough technologically sophisticated toys with which to run down suspected wrongdoers, check this: Scotland Yard has found that glove prints are as unique and traceable as fingerprints, because of the peculiarities of grain

(if the gloves are made of hide), air bubbles (if they're plastic), stitching, embossing, perforations and what not—as well as the layers of grease, dirt and perspiration that accumulate both outside and inside every pair of gloves. A pretty unsettling development—though the prospects for disposable handgear would appear to be bullish; if you're planning to heist something, you'd be best off grabbing it with your teeth. Which brings us to this flash from Japan: Lip prints are just as unique, and just as identifiable, as finger- and glove prints. Dr. Yasuo Tsuchihashi and his colleagues at Tokyo Dental College, Department of Forensic Odontology, report that the lip prints of children resemble those of one parent or the other and that this discovery may lead to a new means of settling paternity disputes. It seems obvious that people who go around stealing kisses, sucking gas out of their neighbor's tank, or giving head in bus stations are also in for

Newton, eat your heart out



It takes not just steady hands to stack coins but, sometimes, a dirty mind, too. Alex Chervinsky, the 69-year-old *Guinness Book of World Records*–certified world-champion coin stacker, has both. He calls his work "scientific art," presumably because he artfully keeps gravity (science, get it?) at bay. He who coins a phrase can keep it. Can't sneeze at that.

WHAT'S SANTA GIVING ALL HIS FRIENDS?

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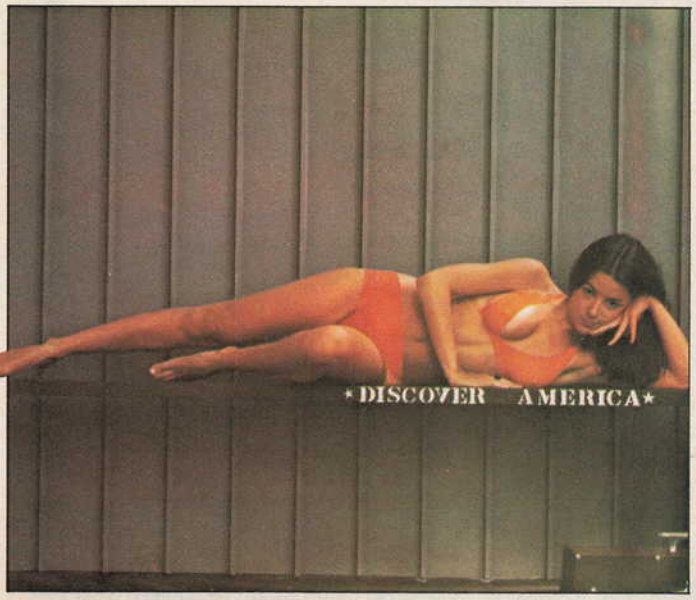
7L02

some problems. Not to mention foolhardy culprits who, when apprehended, elect to give the officer some lip.

This work is by sculptor Ben Blackwell. It is made of vacuum-formed plastic, lacquer and wire. Blackwell calls his creation *The Astonishing Visible Fuck*. For obvious reasons.

Capital hills

A 24-foot-long billboard, *Sarah*, has been described as "probably the largest pinup ever commissioned by the U. S. Government." Sarah's reign last year over a Washington, D.C., construction site not far from the White House lasted less than a day, however. Her bikini—according to Bill Newman, who painted it—was water-soluble and would wash away with the first rain. That unsettling thought caused the General Services Administration to order the painting removed. A giant painted hand was placed over *Sarah*'s "strategic locations" before she was carted off. The billboard was inspired by 18-year-old Sarah Tuft, a Washington art student pictured below. Bill Newman was her instructor. Recently, Ms. Tuft did a 12′ by 8′ painting based on a well-known nude male sculpture and put Newman's face on it. She called the painting *Sarah's Revenge* and displayed it at an outdoor art exhibit at another construction site. Not wishing to embarrass her teacher, Sarah also made the sex organ in the painting larger than the one on the statue—"to give it a more realistic proportion," she said. Revenge is sweet, we guess, and fair.



Mellow yellow

Saffron, the cooking spice known in the business world as "edible gold" because of the high price it fetches, now appears to possess powers other than that of turning your rice a beautiful yellow. A group of businessmen from a major Western city recently purchased a major saffron field in Kashmir, India. What the businessmen stumbled onto was one of the best-kept secrets in agricultural history.

On their first inspection tour, the Americans were shocked to find the saffron-pickers spending more time handling themselves and one another than the plants. They even spent the traditional two-hour tea breaks in rude huts—"going at each other like there was no tomorrow," as the group's horrified report to their company's stockholders read. Apparently the world's first true aphrodisiac had been discovered.

The discovery sheds new light on historical references to saffron. Half of the recipes in European cookbooks of the 14th and 15th Centuries called for the spice. Francis Bacon made the following unbelievable claim about it: "It maketh the English sprightly." It had been thought that Emperor Nero had the roads of his parade routes covered with saffron because of its sweet-smelling perfume. Historians never before drew a parallel between saffron and the notoriously debauched orgies of Nero's court.

The American mission in Kashmir cabled its home office with a request for 5000 gas masks. A second cable, arriving a day later, canceled that request and nothing further was heard. Subsequently the wives of the Americans petitioned the Indian government to have their husbands

Car crunch

Motorists traveling through the Havenhurst underpass of the Ventura Freeway in the San Fernando Valley see this mural painted by Mrs. Sandy Bleifer. Mrs. Bleifer, who had to get a permit for her work, said, "I wanted to make people aware of the freeway, to make people smile." So next time you're bumper to bumper on the Ventura Freeway, somewhere near the Havenhurst underpass, instead of throwing your car into low and pushing all the assholes lined up in front of you, look at this painting. Remember to smile.

TREND OF THE MONTH

NUDE FRISBEE:

THE LAST FLING OF '76

Perhaps you recall that OUI ran an article titled *Zen and the Art of Frisbee* last year (May 1975). Well, this is a sequel to that article: a sort of a Judaeo-Christian tradition and the art of Frisbee. The two ladies are performing a passion play, *Pie in the Sky*, with a limited-edition Captain Jet OUI Frisbee. The play chronicles the work ethic's influence on capitalism. Moral? No, thanks. Is this a religious movement? No, but nude Frisbee is sweeping the nation: In California, it is already recognized as one of the 12 forms of foreplay. As a famous philosopher said: "Man's reach must exceed his grasp or what's a Frisbee for?"

deported. Mrs. Indira Gandhi's minister of immigration sent a reply that read in part: "Although the sight of eight portly middle-aged Americans cavorting through the saffron fields in their shorts is distasteful, it does not constitute an illegality under Indian law."

Women in chains

The world of traditional employment is getting to be a tough tree to topple these days, as everyone knows. But two enterprising Nevada City, California, girls couldn't care less. Cheryl Davis and Cindy Sloan have a scam going in the Mother Lode that is not only making them healthy and wealthy but also lets them beat the heat: They provide a nude woodcutting service. "At first, we tried it straight, but that didn't make it," Cheryl says (shown here with her greased-and-ready Homelite XL-12). "Competition's too tough in these parts. In our first month, we cut only three cords at $75 per. We knew we needed an angle. So we ran an ad in the local paper: *Naked girls will cut a cord of oak for you. $200.* And presto! Now we're doing an average of seven cords a week."

"Yeah, and half the time we don't even do the cutting," Cindy adds with a smirk. "The customer will run the chain saw and have us just split and stack, if you know what I mean."

This year's Stepin Fetchit Fast Footwork Award goes to the unnamed attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo who headed off a minor political incident or two. A Japanese manufacturer helping to celebrate the U.S. Bicentennial embossed the cartoon character who is our national symbol on pens, pencils, notebooks and even underwear. That was all right, except that the slogan read UNCLE TOM IS 200 YEARS OLD.

Soviet gag lag

A husband comes home and finds his wife in bed with another man. The husband is outraged, not because his wife is having an affair, but because the other man is a bearded ancient. "How can you have such an old man as a lover?" shouts the husband. The wife says, "Lenin waved at him once."

At a Moscow University gathering in a run-down section of the city, windows are shut and a lookout is posted to watch for *pigskis*. The participants sit in a circle on the floor. "What is the best present to give a Muscovite this season?" one asks. "An onion wrapped in toilet paper," is the rib-tickling answer.

These are but two examples of a Red-hot racket that is confounding Soviet authorities: black-market jokes.

Russian stage, screen, radio and TV are subject to strict government censorship. No irreverent reference to the leadership, Lenin, ideology, party or socialist community is tolerated. One scientist, for example, told a TV audience that his invention was about the size of a thick Russian sausage—"if you can remember how that looked." The show's producers are now vacationing in a Gulag spa, and any comedian who violates the taboos can earn a lengthy booking in the Saltmine

Fun couple of the month

"Aaaaaahhhh," sighed she. "Take that, you bitch!" snapped he. Our ready correspondent in Mexico shot this candid photo of randy reptiles deep in the swim of things. Just thought you'd like to know that the phylogenetic process is alive and kicking among our wetback friends.

Boom, boom, vroom

Yes, folks, it's Miss Golden Shifter, belle of the first Truckers Drag Nationals held in Ontario, Canada, last February. Miss Shifter (not her real name) is shown here all painted up and enjoying them long and sudden rigs. Here's wishing her a lot of them there good ole numbers, that's a sure ten-four and out.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Apr. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

How to make sure the candidate of your choice lives up to his word.

It's easy. With Panasonic portable cassette tape recorders. All with built-in condenser microphones. So you can record your candidate, just about anywhere his promises take him.

The Compact Cassette Recorder with FM/AM Radio (RQ-544S). Behind this beautiful exterior lies a beautiful 5" PM dynamic speaker. And deluxe features like a continuous bass/treble control. Level/battery meter. Tape counter. And Auto-Sleep.

Speaker of the house. With FM/AM Radio (RQ-548S). A 7" dual cone speaker—the largest speaker we've ever put in a tape recorder. Teamed with a 4-stage IF amplifier. For the biggest sound we've ever put in a tape recorder.

Stereo Cassette Recorder (RQ-460S). Everything nice goes double for this recorder. FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Two built-in condenser mikes. Two 3½" dynamic speakers. It's stereo-to-go.

The Funky Set (RQ-304S). Three patriotic colors—red, white, or blue. One neat design. It adds up to one neat gift.

Our Basic Beauty (RQ-309AS). Our best selling portable tape recorder. Because for a basic price you get un-basic features.

Micro-Cassette Recorder (RQ-160S). Only about the size of a pocket camera. But with big features. Like lockable pause control. Cue and review. And 1 hour recording with each Panasonic micro-cassette (included).

You get Panasonic batteries with every tape recorder.

Panasonic®

just slightly ahead of our time.

Lounge at the Siberia Hilton.

The Merry Guild, a disgruntled group of would-be satirists, says that people are turning, consequently, to "anonymous substitutes for state-approved humor spread about in a peculiar inside 'black market of laughter.' "

The Acapulco Gold of underground humor is supposedly broadcast over Radio Armenia. The latest one to bring down the *dacha*: What do you predict for the Soviet Union in 1984? All quiet on the Sino-Finnish front.

The only acceptable topics of official jokes are drunks, ugly wives, a woman's age, rude salesclerks and mothers-in-law. Could the American humor establishment function under such restrictions? Never! There could be no *National Lampoon*, no NBC *Saturday Night*, no OUI! The only survivor would be Steve Allen.

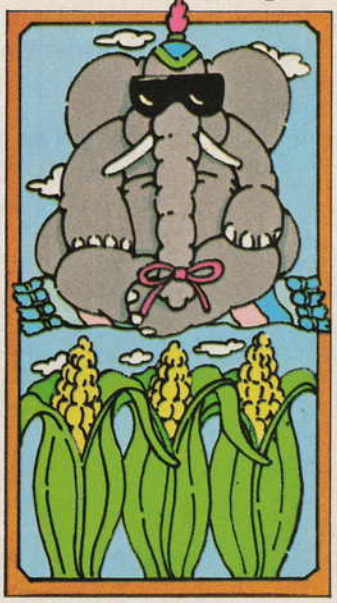
Biddle diddled

A Wyoming court has awarded $1,300,000 to Ms. Margaret Housen. Ms. Housen had contracted gonorrhea from Angier St. George Biddle Duke, son of the former U.S. ambassador to various countries. Ms. Housen testified that on Duke's taking leave of her, he gave her $50 and said, "It's all been a lot of fun, but I've got the clap. I'm sure you've probably got it now, so you'd better see a doctor." Ms. Housen was treated immediately, but discovered three years later that the disease had caused permanent damage to her Fallopian tubes. In line with the tired old aphorism that the cobbler's kids go barefoot, Duke's father was once chief of protocol for both the White House and the State Department.

Cholesterol of the month

Attention, egg suckers. Look what you, too, may find in an ordinary box of brown eggs! Looks like a tit, doesn't it? Will it make a good omelet? Does it matter?

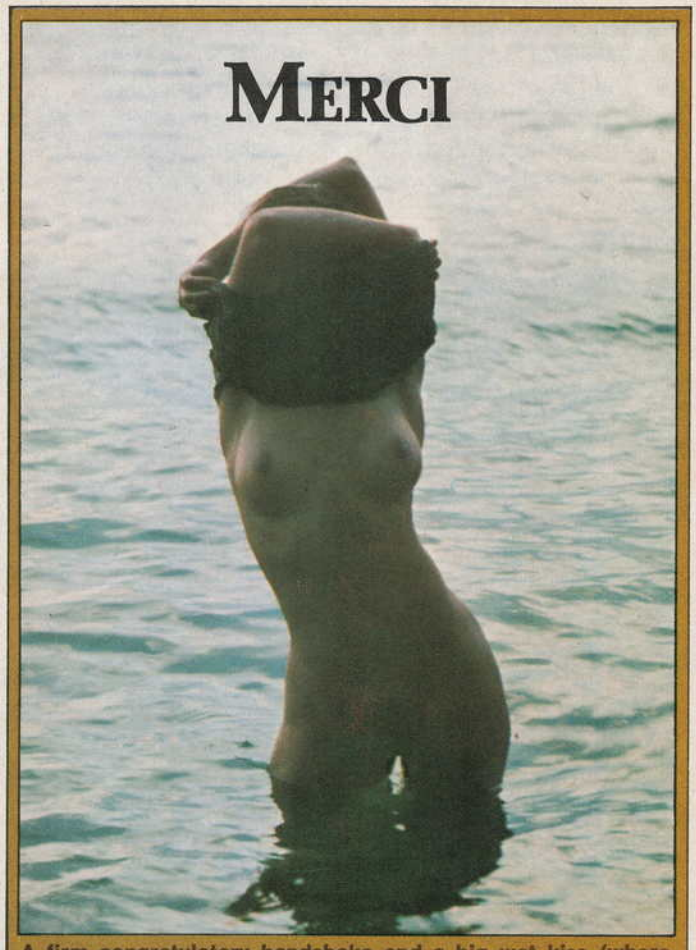
Cornea drugs



Dr. Keith Green, associate professor of ophthalmology at the Medical College of Georgia, reports that he has proved liquid marijuana to be "as good or better than any anti-glaucoma medication available."

An unrelated unconfirmed report passed our desk from a veterinary researcher in Oklahoma who found that the recent high incidence of glaucoma in elephants in his home state has been traced to the constant irritation caused by the corn in their eyes. We bring these news items to your attention as a public service. We do not mean to suggest, by juxtaposing these items, that we endorse using liquid marijuana as an anti-glaucoma agent in elephants. It might clear up vision problems for these pachyderms, but then their memories might start to go.

Here we see two Los Angeles policemen holding onto a penis that was arrested when it tried to participate in a Hollywood Boulevard parade sponsored by the gay community to celebrate the Bicentennial the past July. We understand that the penis came quietly.



A firm congratulatory handshake and a big wet kiss (where appropriate), not to mention an artificially colored check, to these editorial contributors: Bill Arsenault, Balazs Imre Bodai, Arthur B. Caldwell, Sean Callahan, Theodore Fischer, Sally Harms, Thomas J. Kane III, John Levin, James R. Petersen, Lawrence Rand, Susan "Boy, we've missed your boxer shorts" Subtle, Nancy Waller and Gale Wiley. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Garrick Madison; furry mitts, Barbara Pyle; coins, Alex Chervinsky; visible fuck, Ben Blackwell; Sarah, Dwight Hooker; Sarah statue, Paul Kennedy; Sarah billboard, U.P.I.; freeway mural, Will Hertzberg; women in chains, Bob Knickerbocker; fun couple, Tim Bernardy; golden shifter, Enrique Gascon; Frisbee, Ken Frantz; cholesterol of the month, Paul Nevitt; penis arrest, Bernard Nagler. Art credits: pig love, George Kenton; dishonest buck, Fred Nelson; mellow yellow, Robert Goldstrom; Japanese booboo, Michael Trossman; elephant glaucoma, Leslie Wolf.

THE SPECTRUM™ SERIES

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The Jensen Spectrum Series speakers. Models 520, 530, 540 and 550. Perhaps the clearest sound reproduction you have ever encountered.

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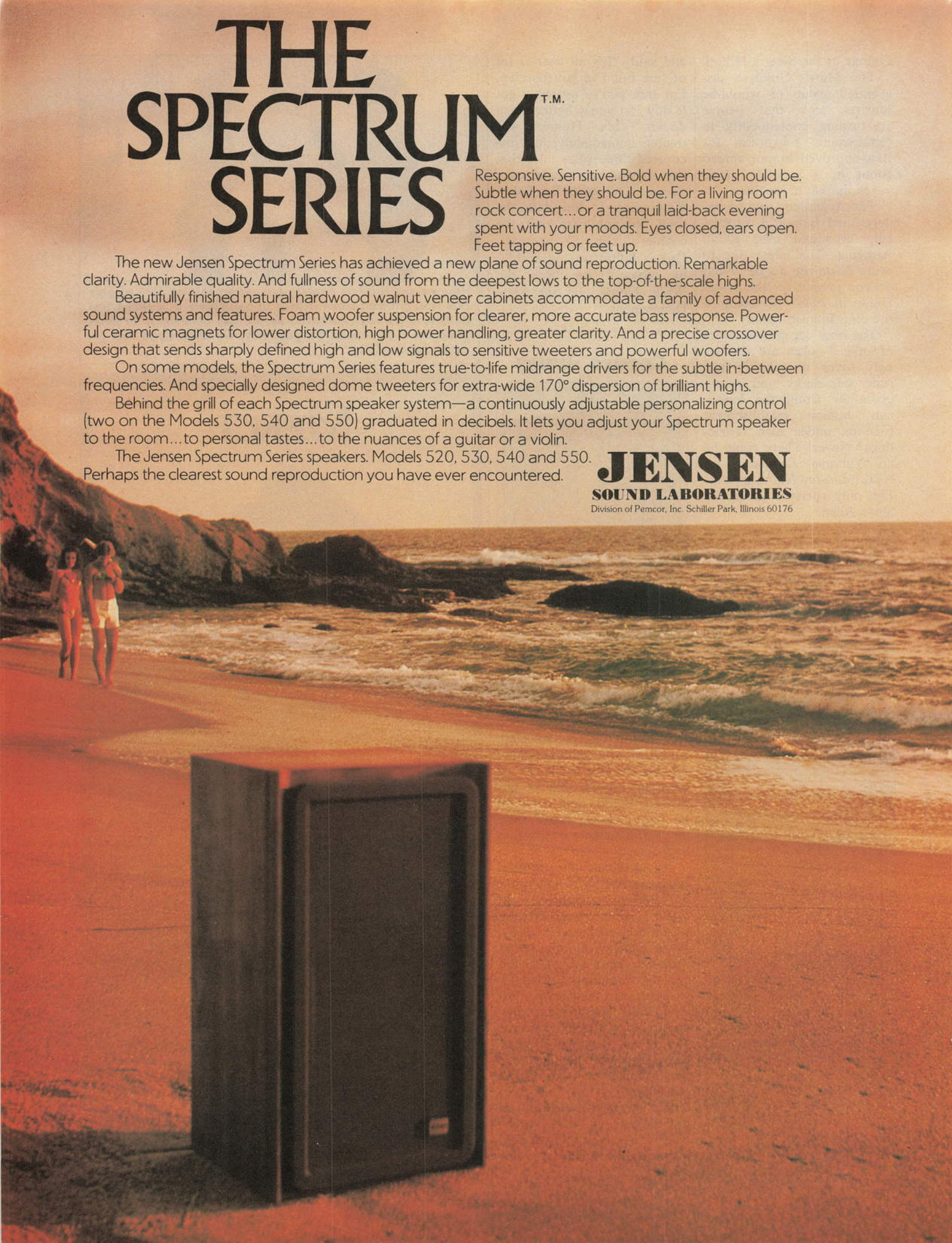


SEX TAPES

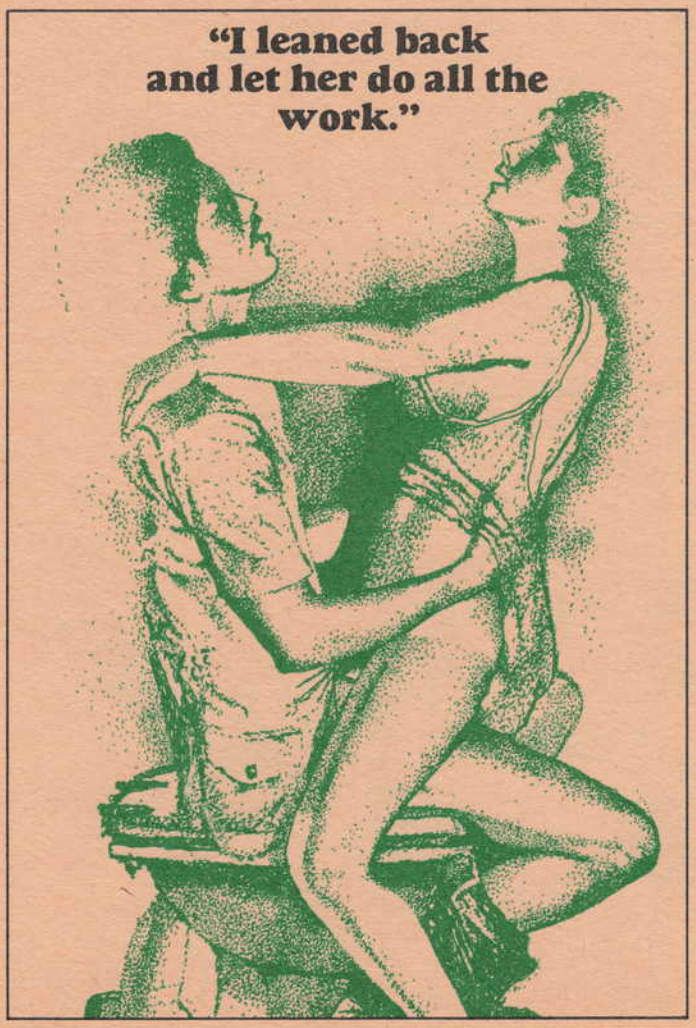
SEX AND PSYCHOTHERAPY

According to Freud, all human personality disorders are rooted in sexuality. It follows naturally that psychiatrists and other therapists spend a fair amount of time with their patients discussing sexual problems. Many patients, moreover, become quite attached to their therapists, and it is no surprise to learn that, in many post-Freudian therapies, doctors and patients actually get involved sexually. In certain parts of the country, psychotherapists combine familiar verbal techniques with nudity, massage and communal bathing. In such intimate settings it would be abnormal if sexual feelings were not aroused. Whether or not such practices are beneficial to the patient remains open to debate; what this month's "Sex Tapes" do reveal, however, is that when it comes to sex, therapists are just as shy, horny, talented and perverted as the rest of us.

George H., 28, construction engineer: I met a psychiatrist and his wife at a party given by friends a couple of months ago. The guy spent all evening delivering a monolog on the sex lives of his patients, down to the minutest detail. It would have been embarrassing except that we were all trying to be sophisticated and chic and, after all, the guy *was* a professional. He had this one patient, he told us, who was an expert in sadomasochistic sex techniques. This patient had a female slave who enjoyed being handcuffed to the bed and spanked. The doctor's face got red with excitement as he told the story. It never dawned on him that the last thing the women at the party wanted to hear were *macho* tales about the subjugation of females.

I got tired of the kinky garbage and headed for the bathroom for a private intermission. A few seconds later the door opened, and the psychiatrist's wife was standing there, all glassy-eyed and potted. When I asked what she wanted, she said, "You know." Now, I wasn't about to make a pass at a guy's wife in the john when the guy was only a few feet away and I could hear his voice through the bathroom door. She could have been Raquel Welch—which she wasn't—and I still would have declined the offer to fool around. But she wouldn't leave and I had to take a leak. On top of that, I got a hard-on, which meant my aim was bad enough without the headshrinker's wife groping, grunting and rubbing up against my ass. I couldn't have pissed into Lake Erie with all that action.

So I lost my balance and found myself sitting on the toilet bowl with my good gabardines down around my ankles and my cock angled upward like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Mrs. Shrink hiked her cocktail dress up around her ears, stepped out of one leg of her panties and sat on top of me. Almost immediately my cock went all the way up her cunt, and she began to slide up and down on it, moaning in her deep voice. I leaned back, closed my eyes and let her do all the work. She shoved her chest into my face and I felt her nipples harden under the thin jersey of her dress. I reached up and pulled at the material until one of her breasts popped out. I tickled the nipple with my tongue and she reacted by clamping those pussy muscles around the tip of my prick so hard that I groaned.



Just about that time the hostess knocked on the door to ask me if I was OK. "He's throwing up," my female rapist panted through the closed door, "but he'll be all right in a minute." Despite everything, maybe *because* of everything, my cock began to pulse and seconds later I shot my jism deep inside her. My hard-on finally shriveled and Mrs. Shrink hopped off my lap.

"Couldn't you have waited for me?" she said, pulling her cocktail dress down and slipping into the other half of her panties. "Jesus Christ," I heard her muttering as she unlocked the door of the john, "they're all alike. They only care about themselves."

Beth J., 32, secretary: After about a year of private therapy, my analyst insisted that I attend a weekend session of the group that he held at his

Hollywood Hills home every weekend. I'm not the most outgoing woman in the world, and it took some doing to convince me that I was ready to face a collection of prying strangers. Dr. K.'s ace in the hole was that there would be no point in continuing my therapy if I wasn't willing to grow in what he called interpersonal group relationships. His threat nearly gave me an anxiety attack. I'd really become dependent on my therapy. Who else would listen to my problem—fat Shirley at the office? All she cared about was whether we were going to eat deli or Italian for lunch.

When I arrived that Friday for the group's weekend marathon, everyone was assembled around Dr. K.'s heated pool. I didn't say a word; I just listened. At first, it was all pretty much small talk about children and dogs and *Mary Hartman*, but after a few glasses of wine, everybody started to talk about sex.

Dr. K. suggested that the group would function better if we all took off our clothes—and if nobody objected. We took a vote clockwise around the pool. I was the only objection. The other members assured me that it was perfectly all right, that I had a right to my opinion and that everyone understood. And they did—for about 20 minutes. Then the backlash started and I found myself being called a sexual hypocrite by a woman who ran a kennel in Bel Air.

Finally I told them that if they wanted to strip I certainly didn't mind. That did it. In two minutes they had all taken off their clothes and were sitting naked around the pool. I felt so ridiculous that I took off everything but my bra and panties.

"I think she's hostile," said another one of the group's female members who was, I think, a dental assistant. No, I wasn't, I said, but the dental assistant insisted that I didn't like her, and Dr. K. said that I should tell her in positive terms that I liked her. "Don't tell her you don't dislike her. Tell her you like her," he said. "I like you," I managed to mutter and, frankly, I really didn't like the dental assistant at all. "And I really like *you*," she said across the pool in a loud voice.

"Well, of course, I really like you, too," I lied again, and before I knew what was happening everybody was telling everybody else how much they liked one another. *Really* liked them. And then, before I knew what was happening, like turned to love, and everybody was telling everybody else how much they *loved* them—counterclockwise around the pool.

That's when the dental assistant broke down and began to cry. She said everyone was lying, and so everyone rushed over to her side of the pool to console her. People started to put their arms around her and to kiss her and then to put their arms around one another. One thing led to another and all of a sudden I found myself in the middle of one massive group grope. I mean, naked bodies were piled high. Sometimes you'd see an arm or a leg and the rest of the body would be behind another body. That's how it seemed to me. Of course, the lights were dim and I'd had a couple of glasses of Almadén rosé. I thought the whole thing was ridiculous, but then I was still in my bra and panties.

"Come on, you like us," this guy wearing glasses said to me. "Come on, tell us you like us." While I struggled to get the words out, he and Dr. K. and the kennel lady somehow managed to get me out of my bra and panties. They went to work on me as if I were their last meal on death row. Dr. K. massaged one of my breasts while he nipped playfully at the other with his teeth. The kennel lady slipped between my thighs and buried her face in my pussy. I tried to close my legs, but there were so many hands on me that I couldn't. Besides, I discovered very quickly that the kennel lady sure knew what she was doing. She worked her tongue slowly from my vagina to my clit, going in ever-widening circles in the most tantalizing manner. As my body began to shake, the guy with glasses grabbed my foot and began sucking on my big toe as if it were an enormous nipple. He wiggled his tongue in between my toes and I thought I would die from the ticklish but incredibly erotic sensation. There was so much going on that it was hard to concentrate on any of it. I opened my eyes and saw that while the three of them were working on *me*, other people were sticking their mouths and pricks into *them*. It was all so crazy. The dental assistant kept screaming for the men in the group to fuck, fuck, fuck her. She was that gross. And she made more noise than all the rest put together, what with her grunting and groaning and slurping and filthy talk.

I got an anxiety attack and managed to get away to the other side of the pool and pick up my dress and my purse. They could keep my underwear. I looked back just before I opened the wooden gate to let myself out, and I could see Dr. K. mounting the gross dental assistant. By that time, I didn't like any of them.

I bumped into Dr. K. a few weeks later at the Egyptian theater in Hollywood. I was polite and he was polite and we made small talk about the movie, which I didn't care for at all. He didn't mention the fact that I'd dropped out of therapy completely.

Then, as he was heading for the boulevard, he turned back and smiled. "You know," he said cheerfully, "we still *love* you."

"I found myself in the middle of one massive group grope."

Anne A., 26, waitress: I went to a shrink when I was 15. It was my mother's idea; she was upset because I didn't want to be a perfect lady. As it turned out, the goddamned shrink wasn't my idea of a perfect gentleman. He gave me a lot of sympathetic bullshit about my adolescent anger while he puffed pipe smoke in my face and patted my shoulder.

Once, when his fingers slid down the side of my boob as he took his hand off my shoulder, I noticed the bulge in his pants. Even at the age of 15, I knew that that wasn't

where he kept his tobacco pouch. I may have been a wiseass kid, but I was a virgin and I was terrified.

When he sat down on the couch next to me and started to pat my leg with one hand and his bulge with the other, I excused myself and went to the john. You can bet your sweet ass I never came back to finish the session.

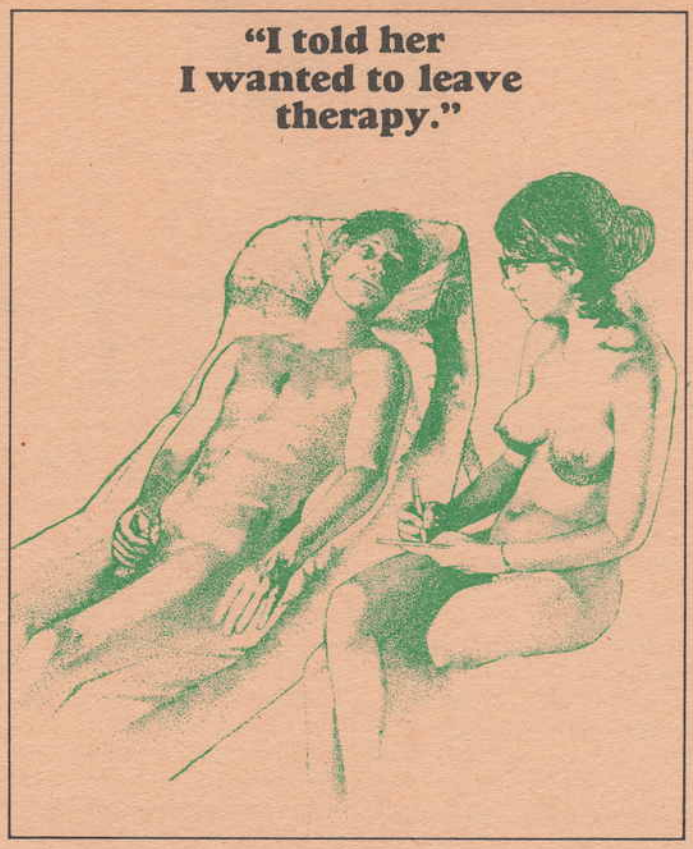
Peter J., 25, restaurant manager: My female analyst insisted that our 50-minute hour be conducted in the nude. As soon as I had my clothes off, I'd forget everything but the sight of her luscious body. How do you tell your analyst that you've got this overwhelming need to fuck her during the 50-minute hour? I sported a hard-on about five minutes into every session, and it wouldn't go down until I was in the elevator headed for the lobby. Of course, she noticed my erections and sooner or later we always got to talking about my cock, since that seemed to be where all my anxiety was focused.

No, it wasn't smaller than average, she assured me. Yes, it was as hard as most, and yes, it was healthy to whoop up a hard-on in the presence of a nude and attractive member of the opposite sex.

One day I confessed I could no longer endure our sessions while staring at her naked body. I didn't see *just* a woman and *just* my analyst. I saw milk-white skin and big soft boobs and a teasing little bird's nest that was always partially hidden behind crossed legs. I told her I wanted to leave therapy because of my sexual obsession. It kept me from concentrating on the things that really bothered me.

"Well, then, let's do something about your sexual obsession," she said, and she dropped to her knees, took my raging pecker in her mouth and began to suck. She used her long fingernails to caress the insides of my thighs and then she slipped her hands underneath my ass and squeezed my cheeks together hard. I arched my back, dug my heels into the nubby tweed of the couch and urgently tried to fuck her mouth. "Hold it, big boy," she said, taking her mouth away for a minute. "Only children insist on instant gratification. The mature person knows that he has to earn his reward." With that, she got on top of my chest, put her knees on either side of my head and lowered her fragrant pussy to my mouth. I let my tongue linger between her vaginal folds for a while, teasing her to the brink of orgasm. I felt her start to fall off the couch so I stopped, pulled her off my chest and then got her down on the floor. I was in her in a second. She wrapped her legs around me and pulled me tight. "Fuck me hard," she whispered, arching up at me urgently. I paid no attention and kept up a slow, easy rhythm until she was thrashing about wildly, begging for release. I wanted to teach her a lesson and make her wait but I couldn't stand it any longer, either, and I came in a long series of convulsive jerks. We rested for a while and then spent the rest of the 50-minute hour licking each other off some more. I noticed when I left her office that all my anxieties had disappeared.

For the next few months, we started every session with a blow job, which left me so relaxed that we were able to make some major breakthroughs regarding my other hang-ups.



Darryl J., 32, analyst: I've been tempted to mix business with pleasure with some of my patients, but believe me, that would be disastrous. Most of my patients come to me because they want to change in one way or another. They see me as a stern father figure, and that's *exactly* how I behave. When they do something good, I reward them; when they do something bad, I reject them. They make this parental transference to me. If I were to give in to sexual attraction, I might as well throw their therapy out the window. I'd lose control and they'd become outraged. It would get really ugly, believe me.

Nevertheless, I've had some incredible fantasies about a few of my patients. One was a former porno-movie queen, and she had the most humpable body in the world. Unreal. She was a nymphomaniac, but she never experienced any real sexual pleasure. She'd just fall on her back and spread her legs, and when she had to be active, she just did a lot of acting, or so she said. Apparently she was pretty good at it, as she was a fairly well-known sex queen.

I used to fantasize about licking all that gorgeous whipped-cream skin from toe to eyelid, especially those *tits*. Marshmallow moons! She loved to tease people with them by wearing see-through blouses and unbuttoned shirts tied around the waist.

After she'd leave, I'd spend the last ten minutes of the hour imagining her stripped-down and spread-eagled on my desktop, with those marshmallow moons straining upward and those delicious pink nipples just aching to be sucked. And she *smelled* so good—like incense. I'd start salivating like Pavlov's dogs just from the thought of getting my tongue inside all those hard-to-get-at places.

But I didn't *dare* do it. Believe me, sometimes it's not easy to be a shrink.

Lynn B., 24, go-go girl: One of the regulars in this dive where I used to work was a psychiatrist. The dude was a dead ringer for Cary Grant and he was always dressed to the teeth, notches above the average son of a bitch who'd come to drool at my tits and ass. One night we got to talking and he asked me if I would take on a private customer. I said sure, and from then on we'd meet on Wednesday night at my apartment. His trip was being abused—you know, *subjugated*. He liked to crawl on all fours in his underwear on a leash while I spanked him. But his biggie was—are you ready?—*enemas*, administered in the bathtub while the warm water was running. He'd always sit in the tub while we were waiting for his "rush" and run down the reasons for his bizarre sex trips. He chalked them up to toilet training, his first wife's chronic constipation and a subconscious fear that he was queer.

He always paid me a bundle, about the same price he'd get from one of his patients for a session. But frankly, I was beginning to see there was no future in it. He was always too busy taking notes on his kinkiness to enjoy it—*or* me. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

Seeing is believing

I get turned on at least five or six times a night by people making out in the back seat of my cab. Young kids, especially, can really neck up a storm—if you can call it necking when they've got their clothes half off and they're all over each other. A lot of girls give blow jobs back there, too. First the girl's head disappears out of range of my mirror, and then I hear gagging sounds, and the guy gets this shit-kickin' grin on his face. Meanwhile I'm driving around with a hard-on I could use as a gearshift. One time a couple got right down on the floor and did it—the works—but it was real quick. Then the guy got out, and while I was driving the chick home, I just asked her outright if she'd do the same with me. She was still pretty horny, so she said OK. I parked and climbed in back with her. She was really aggressive. She unzipped my pants and had my cock in her mouth before I even had a chance to kiss her. I decided to relax and enjoy it. After a moment, she got up, leaned over the front seat and told me to give it to her from the rear. She had a nice firm ass and I held it tight while I slid my pole into her steaming pussy. Oh, Lord, was she hot. In the middle of all this, a fare opened the door. I think it was a middle-aged lady, but she slammed the door shut so quickly that I couldn't tell for sure. To be honest, a herd of elephants could have marched through the cab and I wouldn't have noticed.

ED B.
Detroit, Michigan

One night I was at a party with my boyfriend Paul and some friends I hadn't seen in years. We smoked grass and got to reminiscing about the psychedelic Sixties. Then one of the fellows got out some pills. I don't know what they were, but all of a sudden it was 1967 and I felt like a flower child all over again. We got out old Beatles records and soon I was back in those strawberry fields looking at Lucy in the sky with diamonds. Paul started rubbing my foot. He always did that when he wanted to make love. I opened my eyes and saw him looking at me urgently, so we got up and went home.

Paul first went into the kitchen to make himself a sandwich; he said he had the munchies something awful—isn't that just like a man? Anyway, as I started to take off my clothes in the bedroom, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My mind started playing tricks on me and I felt as though an audience was sitting there, just waiting for me to undress. All of a sudden I was part of that audience, and I began whispering to my reflection to take it all off. While I was standing there nude, I started running my fingers lightly over my breasts and tummy and then down between my thighs. My mind was reeling; it seemed as if the audience was converging on me. My hand felt like 100 hands and I knew I had to lie down or I'd faint.

When Paul came in, I was thrashing around on the bed with my legs spread and three fingers in my honeypot. He nearly dropped his sandwich. He'd never seen me masturbate before and he was fascinated. He told me later that it was like watching a woman possessed: My face was contorted, my breasts had swollen, my legs twitched uncontrollably and my toes were curled. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. He put down his sandwich, pulled my fingers out of my pussy and began to eat me with the same ravenous hunger he'd had for food. It was incredible. I came so hard that I cried. The audience applauded. Then we fucked for what seemed like a dozen curtain calls.

Our sex life hasn't been the same since. It's not always as spectacular as that night, but Paul continues to get a charge out of watching me touch myself. Just last night he came into the kitchen while I was cooking dinner and caught me doing weird things with the spatula handle. Did you ever get fucked in the kitchen sink? Well, it's different.

ANNIE T.
Oakland, California

My favorite place to watch people fool around is at a drive-in movie. Of course, I like to do more than just watch. First my boyfriend and I neck a bit. If it's a scary movie—and I just *love* scary movies—my heart beats real fast and I get goose pimples. Don knows how to touch me ever so lightly then and I nearly go through the roof. Then he moves over to where I'm sitting and turns me around so that I'm on his lap. I never have to do anything special to get him hard. He seems to get that way the moment he sees me and he stays hard all night. Anyway, it's not long before he's got his powerful prick lodged neatly up my pussy. I can't see the movie with my head in Don's shoulder, but I can listen. Don does watch the film and he times his most energetic thrusts with the screams of the person getting murdered on the screen. It's very exciting.

After a while, we take a break and get some popcorn and soft drinks, and then we poke around to see what everybody else is doing. Sometimes I've seen car windows so *(Continued on page 132)*

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REVUE

Sci-fi 1976: cosmic strokes for strange folks

For bug-eyed readers of science fiction, 1976 is turning out to be a fittingly Bicentennioid event, a year in which a crop of fresh old faces demonstrate why and how they dominate the genre.

Now, no one is better at getting your consciousness erect or at lubricating your dream passages than Roger Zelazny, an impish word dancer who'd put on a satisfying show no matter what literary field he was plowing. Jolly Roger's got two new ones out (so far) this year, **The Hand of Oberon** (Doubleday) and **Doorways in the Sand** (Harper & Row).

Oberon is the fourth—but not the final—book in Zelazny's *Amber* series. These comic-cosmic adventure novels trace the brilliantly Machiavellian doings of a family of gods who vie for power in a universe that is a part poetic, part tongue-in-cheek embodiment of Platonic forms. Describing the plot lines of these four books would be like trying to macramé a model of a DNA molecule—you'll just have to begin with the first one, *Nine Princes in Amber*, and let the addiction take you where it may.

Doorways is a punnish spiritual mystery, an intellectuals-'n'-robbers yarn about one Fred Cassidy, a man who has been a full-time collège undergraduate for 13 years. (His trust fund will be donated to charity on the day he graduates.) The book details the delightfully improbable events that finally bring Fred to post-graduate *Menschhood*.

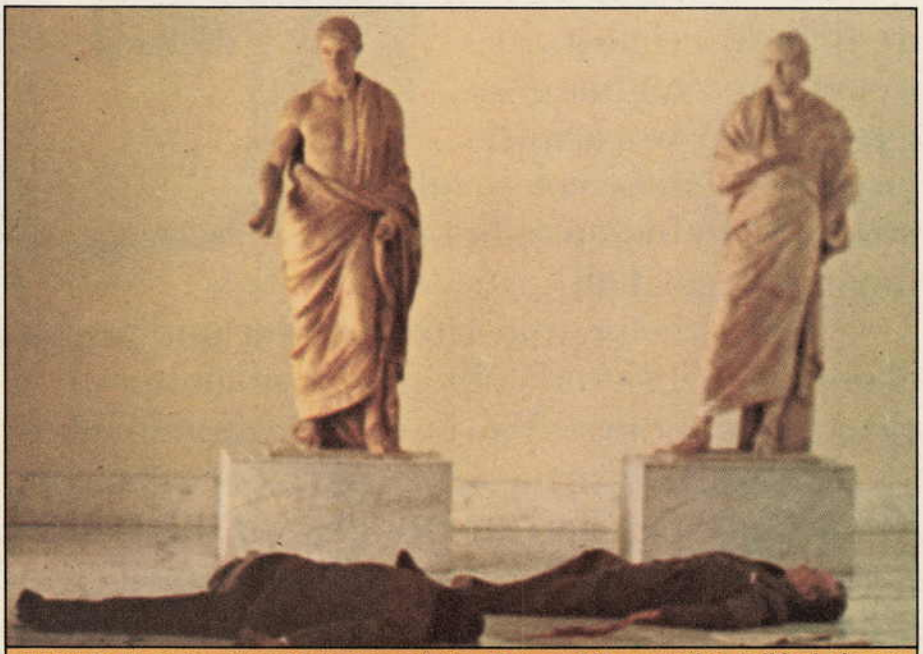
Like all good detective stories, *Doorways* is related in the sarcastic first person, as the hero encounters a menagerie of bizarre witnesses, villains and ominous cops—in this case, alien interstellar fuzz who go plainclothes by disguising themselves as a donkey, a kangaroo and a wombat.

Imperial Earth (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich) is Arthur C. Clarke's annual mind boggler. Though it hasn't quite so much boggle as last year's instant classic *Rendezvous with Rama*, it is a respectable tribute to Clarke's unchallenged mastery of the meet-Mr. Wizard-school of sky phi: *Did you know that Titan, largest of Saturn's satellites, is the only moon in the Solar System with an appreciable atmosphere, even if it is poison? That folks might make the subsurface habitable and then make a living by "mining" hydrogen from the atmosphere?*

What sets Clarke ahead of most hard-science authors (besides sheer discipline—this is his 52nd book) is that in addition to being able to bring life to a description of an astronomical anomaly, he can bring life to the description of a human being. The passages in which a Titan-raised man visits earth for the first time are superb, especially those in which he meets his first space monster—a horse—and goes on his first safari—in Central Park.

Clifford Simak is another author who has been in the business for so many decades that ugly rumors have begun to circulate about mysterious disappearances of virgins in his neighborhood. Simak is such a craftsman that he can take a god-awful premise such as having a spaceship, piloted by three human brains linked to a computer, look for—and this is a quote—"the meaning of the universe" and somehow turn it into a fast-paced, sly fable.

His **Shakespeare's Planet** (Berkley) is



PREVUE: Italy is currently turning out the most exciting, creative political cinema in the world and *Exquisite Corpses*, a crime thriller by Francesco Rosi, is a masterpiece of the genre. The exquisite corpses of the movie's title are those of four judges assassinated in rapid succession in a southern Italian city. A police inspector summoned from Rome gumshoes his way to the conclusion that the judges were murdered by a pharmacist who thought he had been falsely condemned by them. The inspector's superiors, however, insist that the murders constitute a campaign of violence by the extreme left, which must be repressed. The inspector, played by Lino Ventura with beautifully understated anger and stubborn honesty, nevertheless holds to his thesis only to be stopped in his tracks by a fifth murder—that of the chief justice of the Italian supreme court—who had no connection with the pharmacist whatsoever. The political corruption in which the judges operated is exposed and it is clear that the powers that be are determined to turn the judges' murders into a political opportunity to clamp down on the Communist Party—even if it means wasting more of their own men, like the chief justice. The murders have indeed become acts of political provocation from above.

Rosi's uncompromising movie is brilliantly paced and the climax delivered with a power and sureness of touch that relegates Costa-Gavras (of Z fame) to the farm club in which he belongs. —JACK ALTMAN

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a world teeming with mysterious appearances: specifically those of two humans born several thousand years apart; a cat named Carnivore, whose table manners are atrocious; a highly intelligent and highly smelly puddle of goop; a dragon trapped in a bottle of frozen time; and a ghost named Shakespeare. No revelations are delivered, but there are a few giggles.

Robert Silverberg came thundering out of the Sixties in a cloud of sharp, painfully honest tales of mystical/pharmaceutical transcendence; whether located on forbidding planets where elephants and apes metamorphose into one another, or in a futuristic 1000-story self-enclosed city, all his books are really about finding a way to live with yourself. Silverberg returns to that theme with **The Stochastic Man** (Harper & Row), but this time he comes up with a rather unconvincing solution: learning to tell the future. Still, the book makes for a good light read because of its dismally plausible picture of New York City in 1999. One of Silverberg's better licks here is Transit, a religion that is based on the sanctity of chaos.

Someone probably will be peddling Transit to us in the near future, say shortly after *The Stochastic Man* has been translated into Korean.

—BURY ST. EDMUND

Mano on the Devil's children; scary things come in small packages

Since *Rosemary's Baby*, you can't be sure anything'll come out right. Today a woman knows she's pregnant when the rabbit drops dead of fright. Satan, see, has caught on about Immaculate Conception. *The Omen*, *The Devil Within Her*, *It's Alive*; and there's probably womb for five or six more. Heck, they make money. Feel relieved if your wife's just having it off with the milkman. Baby shoes are cloven. Some infant says "Goo" and people cross themselves. It's the best PR for abortion since Thalidomide. Me, I'm getting a tubal ligation. You can't be too safe: Who cares what they say down at the steam room?

Actually I've got it a lot worse. Christopher, our five-year-old, thinks he's God. (I'm dead serious.) At dinner, he says, "Thank me for what you're about to receive." Yeah, and then he won't eat the damned cauliflower. It's no joke: You try telling God to eat His own cauliflower. Our priest, though, finally set me right. I don't give him an allowance anymore. I tithe.

The Omen is about this cranky child with 666 (Satan's area code) printed on his scalp. Crosses make him cross; dogs follow him as though he were a bitch in heat; people die spectacularly. One is skewered by some sort of lightning rod the way a Swedish meatball is skewered by a toothpick. In other words: nothing new. It's a first-rate production: You're being took, but you don't mind very much. Top stars: Gregory Peck, who looks like a leftover Democratic Vice-Presidential possibility; Lee Remick, who looks past child-bearing. There's the inevitable priest whom nobody believes because we've lost our faith, doncha know. Of late, more folks have been brought to God in movie theaters than in churches: which image is further reinforced when they pass a collection box for the Will Rogers hospital. Wafer-shaped popcorn next. *The Omen* is in good taste. That priggish, innocent face never gets distorted either by make-up or by special effects. An excellent commercial item. Christopher liked it, though he thought the book was better.

The Devil Within Her is an unholy mess. Gratuitous sex has been added, to no avail: just a lot of things that go hump in the night. During one scene, this eight-month-old demon-infant tries to drown his nanny: first time a nurse has been thrown out with the bath water. Mind you, I can understand his feelings. Donald Pleasance aside (Pleasance's agent must've been possessed), performances are infernal: The kid isn't a murderer, he's a critic. Nonetheless, *Devil* manages—don't ask me how—to scare people. For some reason, I saw it with a mostly black audience. There were shouts of "Hole dat cross," "Lay religion on it." After Pleasance's head got shoveled off, someone began singing *Oh, What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. The inevitable priest is an Italian nun who chants, over and over again, "It's the Deyvil; it's the Deyvil." One woman behind me said, "Man, she can't speak English. It ain't Dey-vil; it's Debbil." The fiend turns out to be a rather handsome midget who had previously possessed Joan Collins, in both senses of that word. I take this personally. The implication is: Short men are evil. Not true. I, for one, could be evil *and* tall.

Children are strangers. They arrive trailing clouds of glory and diaper rash. Who knows what you've got there? It's like going on a blind date for 20 years. Children aren't born with those little paper slips that say "Inspected by #29." Kid-demon films exploit a fear we all have. Male and female chromosomes embrace, arm-wrestle in darkness, and from this will come something that always goes through the right knee—never the left—of his new jeans. It's as much mistake as miracle, as mystery.

PREVUE: *1900* is a film of unashamed propaganda that is also a great work of art. Without putting his talents at the service of a political party, Bernardo Bertolucci has produced a Marxist epic of breath-taking grandeur and beauty. In its original five-and-a-half-hour form, as shown at the Cannes Film Festival, the movie traces the ambivalent struggle between north Italian landowners and peasants in the 20th Century—through the gut-wrenching era of fascism into the uncertainties of postwar recovery. It is also the story of two men born on the same day in the summer of 1900—one the heir to a land fortune (Robert De Niro), the other a peasant (Gerard Depardieu) who leads his fellow workers to rebel against the land-barons' exploitation. As boys and young men, the two are friends; then inevitable class differences turn them into enemies. Bertolucci's strength is his singular ability to use actors. De Niro and Depardieu perform a superb duet; Dominique Sanda reveals a hitherto unsuspected sardonic wit that seasons her delicate sensuality; Donald Sutherland is frightening as a Fascist farm foreman; Sterling Hayden is brilliant as Depardieu's bitter, world-weary grandfather; even Burt Lancaster is moving as the impassive old patriarch left stranded by the times. But the real star is the cinematography itself—the meticulous detail and exhilarating sweep of which convey Italy's complexities better than all the words currently being written about that country. Brezhnev and Kissinger, eat your hearts out. **—J. A.**

There are times when all children are possessed, and you couldn't hire Lucifer himself to baby-sit. I note, though, that possessed children in films are invariably upper middle class or upper upper. This isn't just economic prejudice. If a hard-hat's kid started ducking away from crucifixes, making strange dogs bark, I suspect he'd have the hell beat out of him.

•

Two weeks or so after the Israeli air force touched down in Uganda, I got a news release from Paramount. It announced that rights to this snazzy adventure had been bought for *90 Minutes at Entebbe*. (Sidney Lumet will direct: He could call it *Dog Day at the Airport*.) My question is: Were negotiations concluded before or after? In Israel or in Uganda? Did Moshe Dayan say, "Let's take Entebbe. We can get a movie out of it"? Seems like ambulance chasing. Anyhow, I don't worry about World War Three now. Who could afford the rights? —D. KEITH MANO

French whine

French wine has been getting its lumps in large doses—scandals in Bordeaux, shoot-outs with the *flics* in Corsica and southern France over imports of cheap Italian wines, and now: the worst blow of all. At a blind tasting in Paris, an authoritative panel of ten French wine experts (including winegrowers from Bordeaux and Burgundy, a wine-institute official and two three-star restaurateurs) placed the best of California ahead of the best of France.

It's a wonder that this unthinkable event took place on French soil, but it was inevitable sooner or later. No doubt some of the experts agreed to participate only because they were convinced that French wines couldn't lose. Pride goeth before a fall, etc.

The man who came up with the idea is Steven Spurrier, an English wine merchant who lives in Paris. It was organized by his Académie du Vin winetasting school after he had made a tour of the best California vineyards.

Two types of wines were entered in this historic match: red Cabernet-Sauvignons and white Chardonnays, six of each from California versus four of each from France. The French wines had the advantage of not having been jostled around during a transatlantic crossing only two weeks earlier.

California's 1973 Stag's Leap—red wine from Napa Valley—came in ahead of three *premiers grands crus classés* of Bordeaux: Château Mouton-Rothschild (Médoc), Château Haut-Brion (Graves), and Château Montrose from the outstanding 1970 vintage.

The French whites suffered an even worse put-down. First was a 1973 Château Montelena (Napa Valley). Second place went to a *premier cru* of Burgundy—a 1973 Meursault-Charmes—but third and fourth places were also taken by California with a 1974 Chalone and a 1973 Spring Mountain.

How did it happen? Because Californians have been busy while the French have rested on their laurels. Huge amounts of money as well as careful study and selectivity have gone into making the best possible wines from the relatively uniform California conditions of soil and climate. Unfortunately the California wines tested are expensive (up to $10 a bottle), are produced only in tiny quantities and, so far, are all but unobtainable outside of California.

Let this be a lesson to the French. They would do well to make sure their wines are produced with more care. If they do, France will have little trouble staying on top of the grape heap. After all, only two types of wines were in the running and the French make hundreds of different wines in highly varied soils under widely differing climatic conditions that just do not exist in California or anywhere else. —JON WINROTH

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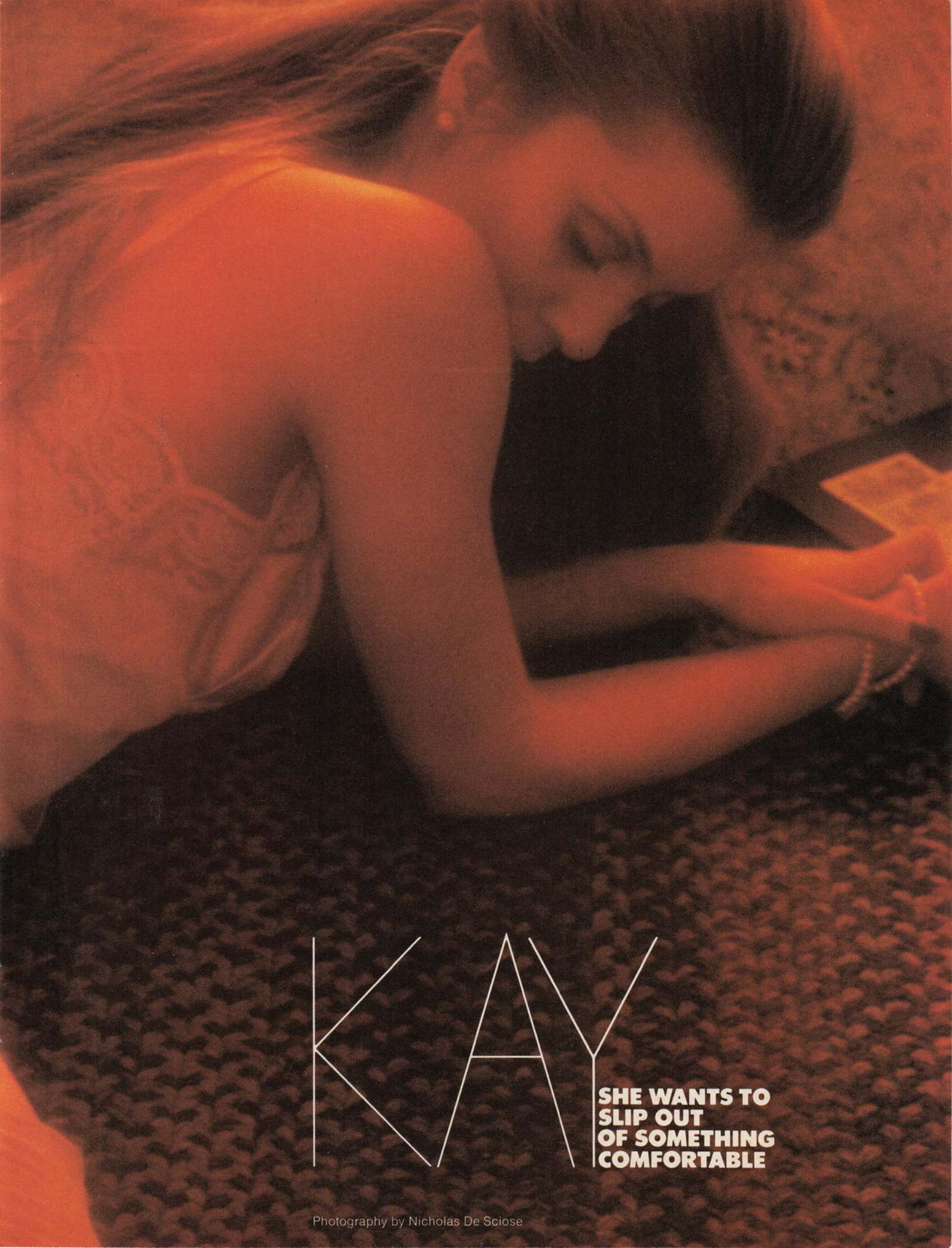
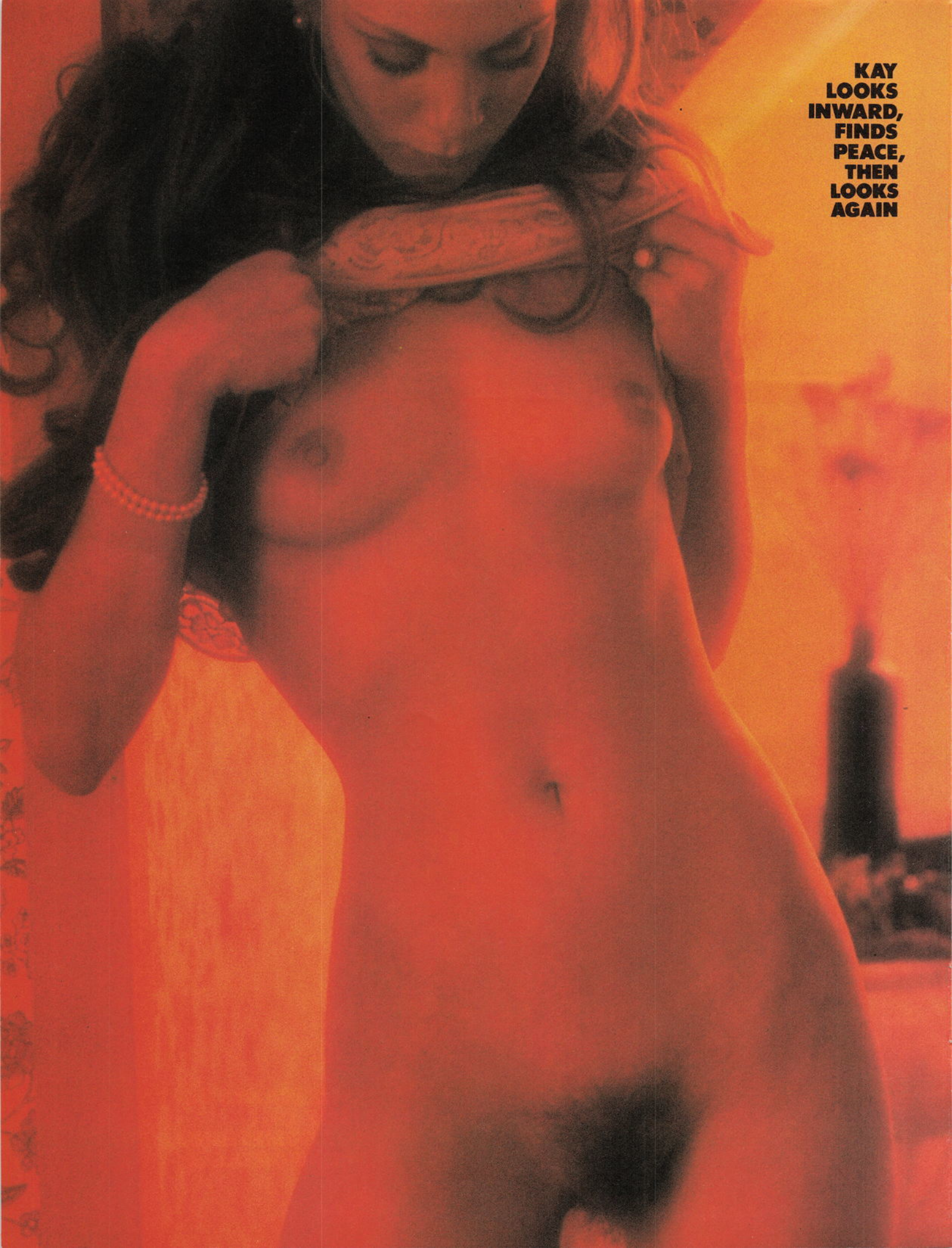
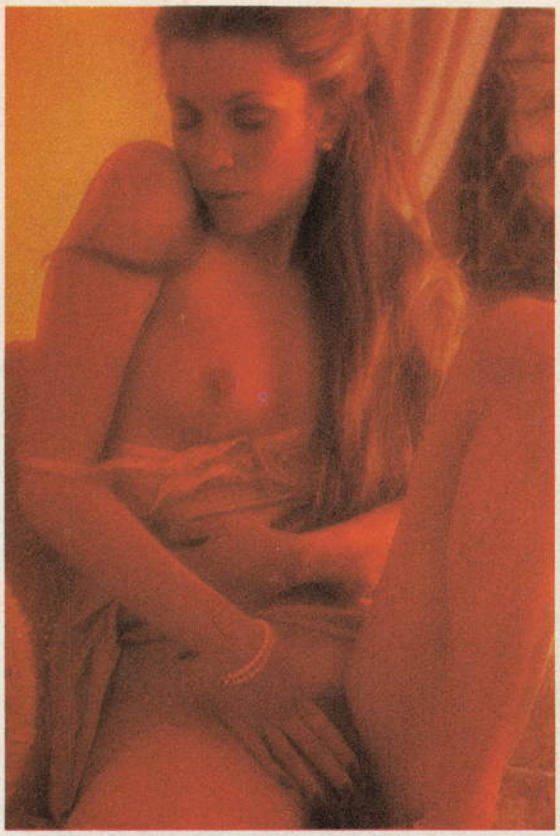

KAY
SHE WANTS TO
SLIP OUT
OF SOMETHING
COMFORTABLE
Photography by Nicholas De Sciose


KAY
LOOKS
INWARD,
FINDS
PEACE,
THEN
LOOKS
AGAIN

People these days are comfort junkies. Especially Kay. She's used to having the finer things in life: rack-and-pinion steering, shoes that always fit, a nice ass. She has never tasted a Bordeaux that was less than 15 years old. She can play three sets of tennis without shedding her talc. She's spoiled right down to her Pappagallos. She used to accept that the way one would accept a joint. Then for a while she thought she needed a change. Comfort has its drawbacks, after all. Comfort is the absence of passion. Comfort is blue jeans without the stiffness. Comfort is not breaking in your own boots. Comfort is taking your lover for granted. Fuck comfort, she decided. Until recently, Kay thought she was ready for the meat and potatoes of life. The brown sauce and gravy. The stadium steaks and beer. She wanted to tap new resources. Resources deep within her. She hunted for those resources. She probed her recesses. She dived deep within her body. Kay is a creature of habit who went cold turkey. Her parents, wealthy Houston petrochemical capitalists, had smothered her with gracious living and dental specialists. To find herself, to tap her potential, she had to forsake her charge accounts, her BMW; she had to pull up stakes from her old man's house and try her wings. She went to Los Angeles. She didn't like it. "It tries to be a



really class town, but it has to fake it. Everybody's into some kind of personality therapy. I met a guy who started his rap 'I'm OK, you're OK.' I laughed at him. Of course, my name is Kay. How stupid. Then I met a guy named Werner who was into insulting people. But he wasn't very good at it. In order to be a really good insulter, you have to have something the insultee has not: beauty, intelligence, or the knowledge of how to make great pasta. He kept saying things like 'What is, is.' That makes sense, of course, if your mind is locked into hopeless linearity. But it doesn't explain why he changed his name. Besides, he's really unattractive and he dresses horribly. In high school, we used to call guys like him nerds." Kay returned to Houston. "I guess you can say I missed the comforts of home. The more I tried to get away from my background, the more I realized that it was an inextricable part of me. Besides, there's all this talk about ethnic pride and how you should be aware of your roots. Well, that's for me. I'm proud I'm a WASP; it hasn't been all that rosy for us WASPs, you know. We had to step on a lot of toes to get where we are. I didn't, of course, but my grandfather or somebody else in the family did. And if I'm to take my rightful place as a privileged, spoiled person, the least I can do is know the history and extent of that privilege and spoilage." It appears that Kay's spoilage remains preserved.

SHE
DISCOVERS
HER
ROOTS,
PULLS
OUT
WEEDS

KISS
ME

TEEN SEX

ROLLER COASTER TO HELL— OR JUST A GENTLE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME?

ARTICLE BY DONALD BOWIE

Recently the Department of Health, Education and Welfare announced that "some 918,000 school days are lost each year by young women in the United States because of gonorrhea and its complications." That means that, because of gonorrhea, 5750 girls are absent from school *each day*. Though young adults (20 to 24 years of age) run the greatest risk of infection, teenagers (15 to 19 years of age) are the second-highest risk group. People do not ordinarily think of gonorrhea as a childhood disease, but they might be tempted to if they knew how many kids get it, or if they were aware that it ranks first among reported communicable diseases in the United States. (Chicken pox, a long-established childhood disease, is second.) In 1974, 260,267 cases of gonorrhea in teenagers were reported—in other words, more than one out of every 100 kids in the country contracted the disease. Nobody knows how many kids got notes from their mothers excusing them from classes because of it.

One sure-fire way of getting out of classes used to be getting pregnant. This excuse no longer works in New York City. *The New York Times* reported that "the city now maintains six special schools for pregnant girls" and that there have been "two deliveries on school premises—one in a bathroom and one by a school physician." It has been estimated that, in 1974, between 450,000 and 460,000 teenagers needed abortions. And what does all this mean? For one thing, it means that the guys at the V.F.W. who cry in their beer because they think kids today are getting more than they did have a right to be bitter. A 1971 study by Johns Hopkins University Professors John Kantner and Melvin Zelnik revealed that 2,400,000—three out of ten—unmarried women between the ages of 15 and 19 had experienced sexual intercourse. And the rate is gradually rising.

Research establishes broad trends. It tells us, in a general way, where we are headed as a society. Sometimes, accidentally, research confirms our unscientific but ever-popular myths. For instance, the boys at the V.F.W. would be pleased to hear that the one about the farmer's daughter is probably true. Kantner and Zelnik found that the girls with the highest rate of sexual experience were those who had once lived on a farm but moved away. A country girl who moves to the city usually has as much experience at the age of 15 as a city girl at the age of 17. None of this holds water if the girl stays down on the farm, where apparently a guy can still wind up with a shotgun poking him in the back.

Everybody has heard the sexual myths about blacks, the folklore about black prowess and the size of black equipment. Of course, it's not what you've got, it's what you do with it. And blacks do a lot more. Kantner and Zelnik estimated that 54 percent of black women between the ages of 15 and 19 have had sexual intercourse. For white women in the same age group, the rate is 23 percent. So blacks have roughly double the pleasure, double the fun. Kantner and Zelnik also discovered that blacks begin to have sexual relations at an earlier age than whites—although all teenagers, it seems, are starting earlier than in the Fifties, and sex among teenagers is becoming increasingly widespread. A study by Madelon and David

TEEN SEX *Today in many high schools, kids raise their hands in sex-ed. class and ask about fellatio. Practical-minded girls take notes on the side effects of the pill.*

Finkel established that the mean age for first coitus among black males is 11.6 years. For white males, the mean age is 14.5 years. What is more, the second most common source of sex information among black males—after male friends—is *female friends*. For whites and Hispanic males, the second most common source of sex information is professionals: teachers and doctors. So, if you are an adolescent male—young, gifted and black—you are very likely to have found a young, black female who can tell you how the gift is given.

But back to broad trends. Michigan State University researchers Arthur Vener and Cyrus Stewart discovered that in one small town in their state, 33.4 percent of the teenage boys and 22.4 percent of the teenage girls were sexually active. Three years earlier, the rate had been 27.8 percent for boys and 16.1 percent for girls.

According to the law firm that is counsel to the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, 26 states and the District of Columbia have affirmed the right of minors under the age of 18 to obtain contraceptives. In 25 states and the District of Columbia, minors under 18 have been given the freedom to obtain abortions without parental consent.

Unfortunately the moral code that most Americans live by has traditionally been sexually restrictive. This is not Samoa. The ideal is the exclusion of all forms of sexual behavior except within the context of matrimony—and even married sexual behavior is supposed to be limited. If the sodomy laws the Nixon court recently refused to overturn were actually enforced, everyone outside the Bible Belt would be in jail, including the 91 percent of young women who engage in oral sex and the 48 percent who engage in anal sex, according to *Redbook* magazine.

The awful truth has nevertheless been recognized by most teenagers: What Betsy Wetsy has is not just for wetsying, and there is a part of Howdy Doody that stands up without strings.

Today in many high schools, kids raise their hands in sex-ed. class and ask about fellatio. Practical-minded girls take notes on the side effects of the pill—in 1974, 30 percent of the clients of organized-family-planning programs were women under 20. Teachers cover incest, sodomy, sadism, bestiality and fetishism.

I attended a sophomore hygiene class in a suburban New York high school. Hygiene is the most popular euphemism for sex ed.—it sounds like the pleasant-tasting mouthwash the dentist uses. Sitting at the back of the room in my graduate-student disguise—a corduroy jacket and a knit tie—I was mildly surprised to see that this was a class just like any other. The guys were sprawled in their chairs in the usual adolescent male pose, which is not very different from the slouch of a hooker in a doorway, while the girls stacked themselves fairly neatly in their chairs, like the piles of books they always seem to be balancing on their jugs.

The subject matter for the day was "relationships." One boy complained about "all the bullshit about relationships." He said, "If you go out with a girl, she's either going to sleep with you or she isn't. If she isn't, she should say so right away and not lead a guy on. Either she wants to have sex or she'd really rather be singing for *Up with People* or something. I got better things to do than fool around with a bunch of Anita Bryants."

This speech brought hisses from the girls and comments like "What makes you think anybody'd want to sleep with you, anyway?" and "Why don't you go hang yourself with a jockstrap, you male chauvinist pig?"

After the class, the teacher said that he had been pleased with the discussion. The emphasis on relationships and role-playing in this class was not exactly what I had expected, but it was, as I found out, typical. There is a feeling among teachers, students and researchers alike that the sophomore year in high school is late to be giving kids basic biological facts. Seventh grade would be more like it. As it is, kids still get the fundamentals of their sex education from friends—Madelon and David Finkel reported that only 11 percent of today's teenagers ever hear anything about sex from their parents, who are as easily embarrassed, apparently, as the Supreme Court—and about all the high schools can hope to do is clear up misconceptions about the relative danger of pregnancy before, during and after menstruation.

One sex-education teacher I talked to bitterly condemned the repressiveness of the Catholic Church, which, he said, has made so many generations of kids suffer guilt and the terror of eternal damnation. One of this teacher's students, a Catholic girl, had been visibly shaken, he said, on the day that the class discussed abortion. After the bell rang, she tearfully confided to her teacher that she had had an abortion two weeks earlier. When she went to confession, the priest remained silent for a time, then said, "You are not forgiven." The girl has not been able to sleep well since.

Today kids in Catholic high schools have a tendency to moan when birth control is brought up: "Oh, no. Not the rhythm method again." The fact is that about as many Catholic teenagers use the pill, condoms or I.U.D.s as do Protestant and Jewish teenagers.

The futility of teaching the biology of the birds and the bees, let alone religious dogma, to a generation of kids older than their years was vividly illustrated for me by a young sex-ed. teacher from Connecticut. He said that some of his girls seemed to get bored in class and amused themselves by trying to arouse him sexually, especially in the spring.

"They open their legs so that I can see their panties, or they point their nipples at me," he said. "They know damn well what they're doing. And a lot of young teachers experience the same thing—it's not just me. And I have to stand there with the chalk caked to my hands and big circles of sweat under my arms. I'm telling you. They're bitches."

If research has established the growth among teenagers of what used to be called promiscuity, it has also proved that some fundamental things still do apply. Among these fundamental things is the tendency in women to want just one man. Almost all the girls I talked to said they had lost their virginity to a steady boyfriend. Kantner and Zelnik found that three fifths of the sexually experienced young women they interviewed had had only one partner and at least one half of the girls were sleeping with the boy they wanted to marry. Boys, who are less romantic, were found to have had more partners; their sex lives are more sporadic. Boys seem to masturbate about as often as they go to the bathroom. Girls lose themselves in romantic daydreams; boys jerk off. A 13-year-old boy who is a student at an expensive private school in Manhattan said, "When the maid puts colored sheets on the bed, I masturbate there, 'cause it doesn't show up. If she puts on white sheets, I go into the bathroom." I asked this kid and two of his buddies, "Well, what do your parents think you *do* for two hours in the bathroom?"

"My homework."

"Squeeze zits."

"I think my mother probably knows."

One or two girls from the same school admitted to masturbating: "I listen to my Peter Frampton album and finger myself."

Though *(Continued on page 118)*

HOW TO BE COLLEGIATE IN A CHANGING WORLD

ARTICLE BY KURT ANDERSEN AND MARK O'DONNELL (FORMERLY OF THE *HARVARD LAMPOON*)

For decades, the ambitious and uninitiated have sought to uncover the lucrative secret of being collegiate. But information is scarce. The Sears, Roebuck *Fashion Catalog for Big and Tall Men* (1976 edition) makes a veiled allusion to it, and there's a passing reference to it in Shakespeare's famous play *Hamlet*. The *International Encyclopedia of Livestock Maladies* contains no mention of it. We could go on, but one thing is unmistakable: The information is being withheld. A conspiracy of an elite few who look down on you and the authors (or at least on you) seeks to monopolize awesome power.

But in our crusading tradition (see last month's *What You Have to Go Through to Become a Mason*), we will continue to unleash the most closely guarded of secrets to those with the least business knowing them and even less ability to employ them gracefully. Ours is a no-holds-barred, don't-care-whose-toes-we-step-on journalism that makes Woodward and Bernstein look like Ollie and Kukla or a couple of kids from a high school newspaper.

Conscientiously applied, the following instructions—written so that even *you* can understand them—will make you virtually indistinguishable from the lucky legions of pampered and self-confident sybarites presently enrolled in our nation's colleges. And unlike real collegians, the durability of your new-found appeal won't be threatened by a diploma or appeals for money for an alumni association, and it won't cost you a red cent!

Chances are you're an all-night-pizza deliveryboy or a security guard at a fishing-tackle works. Thousands of desperate young men exactly like yourself—and believe us, there are thousands—have tried to duplicate the old college try without first getting expert advice. Some, consequently, have, in perfectly functional apartments, replaced soundproof walls with paper-thin partitions, discarded ordinary bookcases in favor of cinder blocks and boards and hired local itinerants to make noise in their hallways or to toss Frisbees outside their windows. Other foolish pseudocollegians have gone so far as to charge themselves prohibitive tuition fees. One pathetic fellow outfitted himself with a cumbersome raccoon coat, a straw hat and a pennant reading BEAT STATE. Another better-left-unidentified unfortunate (better is not best: His name is Walter Joss and he lives at 5685 Woodlawn, Chicago) confused college with a nearby dictionary definition and spent four years of his life "cutting and pasting bits of paper, cloth, scrap materials and feathers" to his body "in order to create an over-all artistic effect."

Be honest, now. Don't you recognize a little of yourself in these just-mentioned fatuous dorks? We do. We recognize a little of yourself in them. So read the following college personality profiles carefully. Select the college personality you would most like to adopt. Clip and save the section that pertains to that personality and fasten it to your refrigerator door with tiny, fruit-shaped magnets. If your life is still tedious and unhappy, bear in mind that suicide itself is one quintessentially collegiate alternative.

THE HIPSTER

As recently as five or six years ago, this was *the* collegiate persona; in 1970, this guide, if written at all, would have been called *How to Be Hip in a Changing World* and would have been written in a comfortingly incoherent style with random quotes from Kahlil Gibran and Alan Watts. But the contemporary collegiate hipster can be content with merely *saying* that he lives "on the edge, man."

This unrestricted license to have one's cake and eat it is an attractive staple of current collegiate hip. Are formal occasions part of your social agenda? No need for hand wringing over protocol these days: The sneakers-and-tuxedo combination certifies beyond any doubt your suave irreverence, and you'll save pennies on footwear in the bargain. For more casual wear, we offer a few simple and inflexible pointers: Blue jeans, torn at one or both knees, are still a must, with a kerchief (if only dangling from a back pocket), all topped off by an expensive but oh-so-impressive Irish-knit fisherman's sweater. Any strange and vaguely uncomfortable-looking shoes will do. The general sartorial watchwords here are foreign, secondhand and inappropriate.

THE WONK

The smallest, and hence the easiest, step up from your unutterably mundane lifestyle to the glamor of the collegian is by becoming a wonk. Whatever moniker you hang

Lettering and border illustrations by John Youssi

on them—wonks, nerds, ferns, geeks, even the inexact bookworms—wonks project an aura unique to university life, though it isn't the sort of aura that makes starlets sit on your lap on the train back from New Haven.

Even in the nude, wonks look rumpled and unkempt. Their clothes and, indeed, themselves, always seem to be two sizes off. With an almost Oriental lack of flamboyance, they tend to favor solid pastel-colored shirts of synthetic fibers, usually pink or lime green, with a primer coat of gray. Wonks seem babyishly clean yet somehow dog-eared and untouchable; they look hairy and balding at the same time. In short, wonks look and walk like a deservedly endangered species. They spend all their public hours in fourth-rate fast-food outlets, doodling with felt-tipped pens, pocket calculators and loose-leaf binders. But don't be intimidated: Wonks are not smart. No more than librarians embody the apex of intellectual achievement do wonks testify to a parched self-purposefulness that couldn't as easily be manifest in locusts, rhinoceroses or even yourself.

What kind of woman does the wonk attract? None. However, some women will settle for life with a wonk. Such last-leg Lolitas usually are tiny and oddly shaped and own more than four umbrellas.

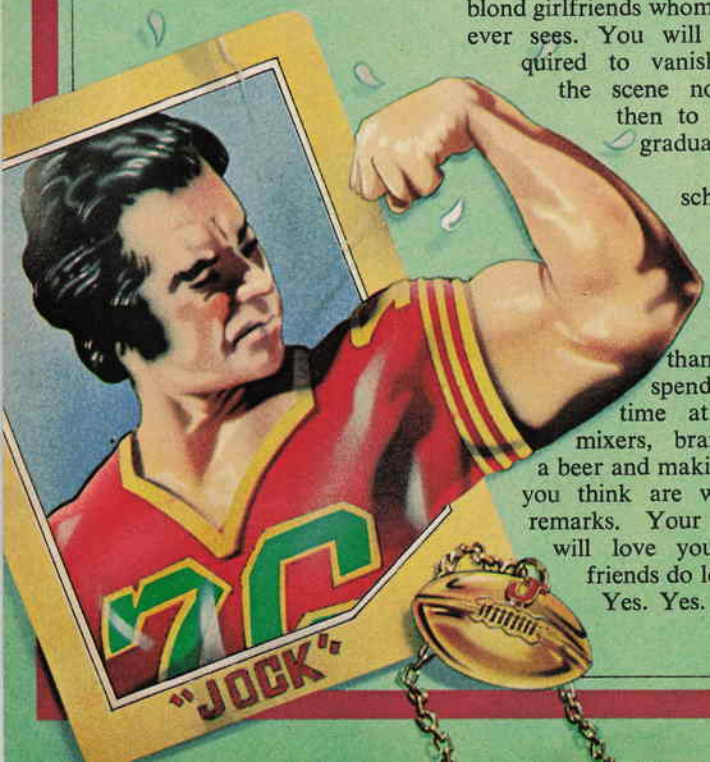
THE JOCK

The collegiate jock, even out of his environment of barbells and indoor tracks, is easy enough to identify and imitate. He and a few pals can be glimpsed in museums, touching the breasts of classical statues, or decorating the door of their living quarters with lurid invitations to passers-by—combining magazine ads and Polaroid photos of themselves.

To look like a jock, wear sweatsuits to meals—or at least track shorts and a tank top. Lurch, slouch, look drowsy and hostile. Never wear suits, only mismatched pants and sports jackets, one of which must be bright red. Or choose a loose-weave football jersey with those sievelike perforations that allow the wearer to resemble a muscle-bound Band-Aid. And always, for formal occasions, wear a foolish cap replete with Scottish pompom, fisherman's can openers or an ersatz leopard-skin band.

To convince others that you are a jock, be in a state of continuous fervent play with imaginary sports equipment. Dribble nonexistent basketballs as you wait for your date to answer the door. Throw invisible footballs around in restaurants. Catch unseen pop flies in long hospital corridors.

Your sex life should be domestic and unprofound. Most jocks have cute little blond girlfriends whom no one ever sees. You will be required to vanish from the scene now and then to see her graduate from nursing school or attend her father's funeral. Other than that, spend your time at overlit mixers, brandishing a beer and making what you think are withering remarks. Your friends will love you. Your friends do love you. Yes. Yes.



THE DEVIL IN SAN JOSE STATE UNIVERSITY

ANOTHER DORM RULE BITES THE DUST

ARTICLE BY LOUISE RANSIL

The girl fingered her filmy negligee as she closed the bedroom door, then stood there for a long moment looking at him as he lay on top of the bed. She untied her negligee and let it fall silently to the floor. Next she sat down next to him on the bed and he put his hand on her.

"Cut!" screamed the director. "Angie, you missed your mark! Please follow the tape line on the floor and, when you stop, stop on the X next to the bed. Can we take it again from the door?"

Angie looked annoyed but put her negligee back on. The guy in bed just looked bored.

"Now this will be a take, so I want you to really get into it," the director instructed the actors. "I want you to remember that you are playing two very kinky people who have never met before. Let your fantasies take over.

"Hold off as long as you can," he continued. "Take the time to explore each other thoroughly. I want this to be very sensual, very erotic—and Angie, please get that fucking gum out of your mouth!"

This drama did not take place in a skin-flick studio somewhere in North Hollywood but in a dorm room at San Jose State University—and the actors were S.J.S.U. students, who are working their way through school by producing two or three pornographic films per week for sale to porn wholesalers.

The company includes a producer-director, a cameraman, about 25 actors and actresses and nine gofers who alternate as guards.

During the past two years, they have filmed more than 200 films ranging in length from 15 minutes to one and a half hours.

Steve, the producer and director, poured himself a shot of Jack Daniel's while the actors put on their clothes.

"I consider filming pornography to be a job just like any other job," he said. "I'm just working my way through school. And I consider porno a challenge: You have to shoot it right the first time through. A lot of times you can't just say 'Cut! Let's take that over.'

"It's also a challenge to find new things to do with porno," Steve continued. "I really try hard to come up with new fantasies—my ultimate fantasy would be to film in the San Jose State University library. Mr. All-American-Joe college student in glasses and a letter sweater goes to the check-out desk and meets Miss Stereotype librarian. Their eyes meet and they take off each other's glasses. She lets her hair down and they rip each other's clothes off right there on top of the check-out desk. I'd like to zoom in for a close-up of them balling on top of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*."

Steve pointed out that pornographic-movie production is not unique to San Jose State University; he knows of similar production companies at UCLA and some of the "more prestigious, Eastern Ivy League schools." The movie *School Girl*, for example, was shot in a classroom at the University of California at Berkeley. The crew had gone into a classroom at about six o'clock and had planned to say

that they were merely doing a class project if a custodian or somebody walked in on them.

Steve said *he* had begun filming pornography partly as a lark and partly for a little spending money. His first porn movie was filmed at an S.J.S.U. campus party as a joke.

"I had a friend who did an incredible impersonation of this one superstuffy old teacher," he said. "We had several girls from his class rip his clothes off. It was supposed to be just a joke, but the girls kept right on going—and we kept that camera right on rolling. It was very spontaneous. I had never guessed that shooting porno was so easy."

Shortly afterward, Steve heard about film makers who were profitably selling their pornographic films at the San Jose Flea Market.

"It turned out to be a gold mine," Steve said. "I took six copies of my film there, asked $50 for each of them and sold them all, sight unseen, within an hour."

Steve produced six more porn movies and sold a couple of dozen copies of each. He quit his job with a dry cleaner, moved out of the S.J.S.U. dorm to an apartment and traded his Volkswagen for an expensive new sports car. Soon a local pornographic wholesaler contacted him at the flea market and made a deal to buy all of his films.

Steve shoots the films on-campus, then drives them to a friend in San Mateo for developing. He then edits them himself in his apartment and contacts the wholesaler when the product is ready to ship.

"Getting actors has not been particularly difficult," Steve said. "Finding actors requires just money and contacts. I used to go all over the place to get actors," Steve said. "Now the word has gotten around campus and a lot of them come to me—especially the chicks. The girls who offer to be in my films are surprising, too. Most of them are well-raised, mom-and-apple-pie types you wouldn't pick out as porn chicks."

Steve said he has more difficulty getting men to be in his movies. While most of his actresses are S.J.S.U. students, he sometimes has to hire offcampus guys. Steve said he has found men to be "much more uptight and self-conscious" than women about acting in pornographic films.

"For fairly straight sex, I have no problem getting campus chicks," he said, "but for the more unusual things, such as the lesbian or whip-and-chain scenes, I usually have to get hookers. I try to avoid using hookers, because I can't seem to get much acting out of them."

Though filming pornography does not violate the law, selling it violates section 311 of the California Penal Code. Conviction can draw a penalty of up to one year in a county jail and a fine of up to $10,000. Because of this legal jeopardy, Steve hires cautiously. Whenever possible, he picks actors from a list of about 25 students who have acted for him before.

Steve has an elaborate system of guards with walkie-talkies who keep an eye on things around the dorm during filming. "If anything looks funny," Steve said, "I know about it in 60 seconds. Within two minutes, the lights and cameras disappear, people put their clothes on and we become a group of students studying together."

Upstairs in the same campus dorm, Angie fixed her hair for an S.J.S.U. play tryout. As a theater-arts major, she said that acting in porn films is just a first stage in her acting career. "With movies the way they are now," Angie said, "an actress can't afford to be squeamish about sex. Porno can actually be good training."

Angie considers herself "pretty sexually liberated" but refuses to do lesbian scenes. "I also stay out of any film with sadism or animals," she said. "That kind of thing makes me sick."

Karen is an S.J.S.U. home-economics major and another star of campus pornography. Her little-girl face and conservative, casual appearance make her an unlikely porn performer. Besides, she was raised very strictly in convent boarding schools by wealthy, divorced parents. "I went through the whole men-are-evil indoctrination," she said. "I came out of boarding school thinking sex was this really perverted, deep, dark, mysterious thing. I was scared to death of it. Then I went away to college, and I went wild."

A virgin at 19, Karen had made three pornographic movies six months after her 20th birthday. She became involved with pornographic movies through a friend and discovered that she enjoyed doing that kind of work.

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When I turned in a piece similar to the above to the *Spartan Daily*—the San Jose State University paper—my editor warned me to expect a few ripples of displeasure from the school administration. These ripples turned out to be a vast tidal wave of controversy. TV, radio and newspaper people, as well as their audiences, voiced righteous indignation while simultaneously searching for every lurid detail.

When I walked into the college newspaper office the morning after my article was published, there was a circus of newspaper and radio reporters and camera crews from five TV stations.

"Did you act in any of those porn movies?" one of the TV men leered.

"How many sex acts did you see? How many types of sex acts did you see? And how many people participated in those sex acts?" leered another.

The four telephone lines of the paper rang continuously. Everyone wanted to know about the college porn film makers. There were police who wanted to arrest them, psychologists who wanted to study them, Jesus freaks who wanted to save them and still other people who just wanted to join them. Parents called me to see if their kids were "making it" in the movies. A political activist insisted that the incident should be used to oust the university president, Governor Jerry Brown and even President Ford. A detective who had seen me on TV suggested that I would make the perfect James Bond–style industrial spy. My teachers advised me to leave school and avoid the police until I had found a good lawyer—so I spent an evening at a friend's house crying, drinking white wine and making frantic phone calls.

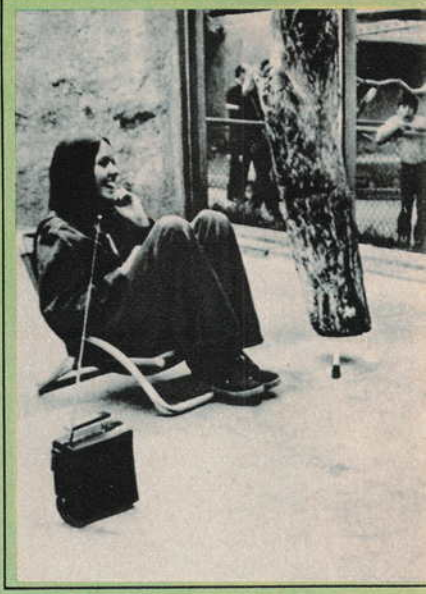
Then, after a week, the storm of controversy died down nearly as quickly as it had begun: The news media moved on in search of new sex and scandals. And the president of the university reassured the college community and parents that a "thorough investigation" of the "alleged incidents" had not turned up "one solid shread of evidence." He promised to continue the investigation to "prove the alleged incident not to have happened."

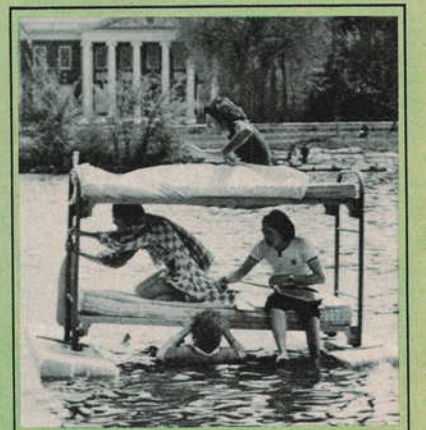
STILL SET ON FOUR BIG YEARS?

College is the national laboratory where, by a process comparable to natural selection, 1000 flowers bloom but only a handful make it to the big vase on the national dinner table; most, mercifully, are allowed to die in the same campus hothouse that gave them birth. Still, if your mind is set on being collegiate, follow the garden path hewn by any of the people on these two pages.

The career of goldfish has paralleled that of the university itself. In the Twenties, students ate goldfish. This University of Michigan illustrator wears them.

American college students are always the first to test the waters of changing sex roles. Harvard students, above, attempt to prove the proposition that men have tails as pretty as Playboy Bunnies, whereas Lynn Rampp, left, and 80 other women in the entering class at the Naval Academy, attempt to demonstrate that women are as seaworthy as men. At Trinity College in Hartford, the last bastion of male privacy—the locker room—has gone the way of coeducation.

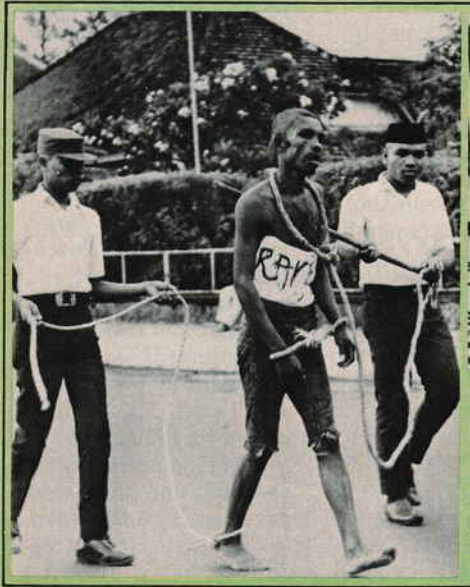




The race is not always to the swift but to the weird. These Harvard students, inspired apparently by wild rumors about stateroom luxury aboard cruise ships, devised a river craft that sleeps two.

College is not all fun and games. The Pasadena City College students, left, are engaged in a serious study of animal psychology; the Illinois students, above, are looking into the way Indians built huts.

If not for American college students, left and right, there would probably be no *Guinness Book of World Records*. The students at Illinois Benedictine College, left, demonstrate bridgebuilding. The Temple University students, right, are trying to break the world's record for balancing spoons. Above left, the Kent State prez sustains a pie kill. Above right, Wisconsin kids vehicularize polo.



Plans for junior year abroad? Watch out for hazing, left, in Indonesia. And consider the Argentine, above, whose friends just wanted him in something uncomfortable.

THE WHOLE COLLEGE CATALOG

PLATO, SNOWMOBILE SAFETY, ETC.

The catalog is the book in which a college expresses its personality. As people differ, so do colleges—so do college catalogs. The following is a sampling of this year's academic fare from around the nation. Heady stuff. If you really want an education, college will serve one up.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, STOUT

INDUSTRY AND TECHNOLOGY 110-279. SNOWMOBILE SAFETY INSTRUCTOR'S COURSE: Technical and administrative teaching for snowmobile-safety programs.

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, CORAL GABLES

MUSIC 538. RECORD-INDUSTRY OPERATIONS: A detailed investigation of the record industry, including technical, economic, copyright and contractual factors involved in the creation, production, marketing and distribution of records, tapes, cassettes and cartridges. Also included are various usages of recorded material such as radio, TV, wired music and video cassettes.

TEXAS A. & I. UNIVERSITY

COMMUNICATIONS 311. NONVERBAL COMMUNICATION: Kinesis, haptics, paralanguage, proxemics and environment.

MAHARISHI INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

TOPIC 10. WESTERN PHILOSOPHY AND SCI (the Science of Creative Intelligence) FROM PLATO'S REPUBLIC TO MAHARISHI'S WORLD PLAN: The lectures in this course examine first Greek and then modern Western philosophy in terms of the three major ontological, epistemological and ethical themes of the Science of Creative Intelligence, namely:

1. Transcend and discover being, or self
2. Knowledge is structured in consciousness
3. Established in pure creative intelligence, inform action.

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

LATIN 6A. LATIN LOVE POETRY: The varieties of love and the language of amatory expression will be studied in the poetry of Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus and Ovid. This course will satisfy the language requirement.

BARD COLLEGE

BIOLOGY 208. NATURAL HISTORY OF THE MARSH: Natural history and human ecology of local wetlands. Much field work; may meet on weekends. Conservation projects. Some technical reading and writing. Students must like mud and water. Prerequisites: one ecology course, acclimation to cold, consent of instructor.

HOW TO BUY

THE MAN IN THE BOW TIE IS A STEREO DEALER. THE PERPLEXED LADY IS A CUSTOMER. WATCH HIS PROGRESS. WATCH HER PROGRESS. SEE IF SHE DOESN'T GO HOME SMILING.

Maybe all you know about electronic toys is that you don't turn them on if you're standing in six inches of floodwater. You can still walk into the fanciest hi-fi shop in town and come out with something that works. You don't have to be a genius, and you don't even have to understand the highly developed jargon. Most musicians and recording engineers don't understand the language of hi-fi, either (after all, bullshit is bullshit); and they perform—on stages and in studios—far more delicate feats of sound engineering than you'll ever have to as a listener. Rule number one is: Have—and bring—a lot of money, because if you spend enough, you can't go wrong. If you want a component set—and only component sets give you true hi-fi sound—then make sure you pick your speakers first (how you do it is detailed on the following spread); then let your speakers determine the kind of amplifier you buy (again, see overleaf). By the way, the amount of distortion produced by most amplifiers today is below the perceivable level—another reason to concentrate on getting the right speakers. In amplifiers, the most important factors are wattage and controls—and, in the case of preamplifiers, the number of things you can hook into them (quadraphonic sound *is* going to take over eventually, so you want to be able to convert without dumping your present equipment). In a preamp, you want to keep hum to a minimum. It's listed in minus decibel figures, and −60db is a pretty safe figure (but the lower, the better). The more baroque the design, the greater the likelihood of damage; simple is best. On the same principle, remember that you want to spend for sound reproduction, not for gimmicks. What is a gimmick? Anything that looks, feels or sounds like a gimmick. Rule number two is: Take your time. Don't let The Man rush you; it's your money and your finely developed sensibility.

The gathering above may look like a robot convention, but these mechanical wonders are not really plotting against you, even though they're almost smart enough to do that. They're just preening in competition for your home-entertainment dollar, though the truth is that they're probably sounder than your dollar. Sound is, in fact, what they're all about. Integrated stereo receivers—that means a tuner, preamp and amplifier combined in one piece of equipment—account for about 80 percent of all sales. Maybe the sound isn't the greatest, but it's fine for most listeners, and integrated receivers, as distinct from component systems, are low on hassle as well as expense. The Superscope

A STEREO SET

AKAI AA-1050 RECEIVER
TECHNICS BY PANASONIC SA-5560 RECEIVER
MARANTZ 6300 TURNTABLE
SHERWOOD HP 2000 AMPLIFIER
JVC JR-5600 RECEIVER
BIC 980 TURNTABLE
TECHNICS BY PANASONIC ST-8600 TUNER
TECHNICS BY PANASONIC SU-8600 AMPLIFIER
BSR ADC ACCUTRAC 4000 TURNTABLE

Photography by Bill Arsenault

is a bargain machine with connections for a tape monitor, headphone and two sets of speakers, and a loudness contour switch for extra bass at low settings ($300). The Pioneer receiver gives 65 watts per channel, has a phono equalizer with a wide dynamic range, a self-restoring circuit that prevents damage from overloads; it handles two tape decks (approximately $500). If you're going for components, you might want to try the Marantz, made by the Superscope people. The preamplifier uses negative feedback to reduce noise and distortion ($600); the tuner has special filters and demodulators, plus an oscilloscope and a four-channel broadcast decoder ($600); the power amp gives 300 watts per channel, which is definitely enough ($1000). Now we have some more integrated receivers to consider. The Craig is another strong bargain model ($300); the Kenwood is a high-powered luxury item with lots of connections and 80 watts per channel ($530). The AKAI gives 50 watts and, like the Kenwood, provides for three speaker sets, two turntables and two tape decks ($450). The Technics by Panasonic has 85 watts per channel, with very little distortion, plus complex speaker-protection circuits and a 41-position click-stop volume control ($500). The Sherwood amp is a monster indeed, with lots of power—120 watts—a distortion level that's virtually unmeasurable, a four-channel adapter circuit and the usual connections (approximately $700). Also for the fanatic is the JVC receiver, a super-powerful (110 watts per channel) instrument with a wide variety of controls ($750). In a more modest price range are Technics' tuner—it's got superclean sound and picks up those hard-to-get high tones ($330)—and amp, which gives 73 watts with minimal distortion and has two turnover frequencies for bass and treble controls ($350). In the front row, meet The Spinners: the direct-drive Pioneer, with brushless DC servo-motor and supersensitive tone arm (approximately $300); the JVC, also direct drive and DC servo, with a selectable repeat-play system ($250); the Craig, with polyurethane belt drive and synchronous motor ($190); the Marantz, with direct drive, automatic lift-off and strobe-light pitch control ($270); the BIC, a belt-drive manual with strobe control and multiple-play options ($200); and the BSR ADC, the first computerized turntable, which lets you sit in your rocking chair—or lie in your Mexican hammock for two—and select tracks from whatever record is already playing ($500).

AND NOT BLO

MARANTZ HD-88 SPEAKER

AKAI S-123 SPEAKER

ESS AMT 1A SPEAKER

CRAIG 5702 SPEAKER

Speakers are the least-negotiable ingredient—"the bottom line in hi-fi," according to one enthusiast—and you should select them first. Given the importance of their function, it behooves you to train for buying them by going out to hear what live music sounds like first (your local A. F. of M. chapter will surely bless you for it). It's also smart to investigate the systems used by friends and find out what they went through in the process of acquisition. Next, pick out one of your own records to serve as test material and listen to it a few times. Then take it downtown with you. Do all your speaker testing—it should be long (a half hour) and soft—in one room (chances are the dealer has a shrinelike facility for this very purpose). Check all speaker sets with the same power unit and run the same music through all of them. How do you form your judgment? The same way the world's greatest record producers do—with total subjectivity: "If it makes your spine tingle, your sphincter close and your left nut move up three inches, then it's the right speaker for you," says one famous hi-fi maniac. The woofer that moves yours just might not move ours—and vice versa—so it's a simple case of deciding what you like. Nevertheless, it's a good idea to make sure that the differences between high- and low-efficiency speakers are compensated for when you test them. Efficiency? That's a ratio of power input to speaker activity; the greater the efficiency, the less power needed. Most air-suspension speakers—the popular bookshelf kind—sacrifice something in efficiency and require more amplifier power. The reason for compensating in testing is that high-efficiency speakers will sound a bit louder at the same level, and there's a psychological tendency to go for the sound that's louder. Also pertinent is the fact that your speakers will determine the amp you buy. It's a good idea to get an amp with twice as much power as the speakers need, because if you have to run the amp at full throttle, the sound is likely to start breaking up (you must also make sure the amp won't do something that the speakers can't handle). Remember, too, that each pair of speakers sets an equal fraction of the power from your amp, so that a 100-watt amp driving three sets of speakers has only 33 watts to give each set. The topography of the room also matters, since more amplifier power is required for a large room and for a room containing a great amount of draperies or other sound-absorbing material. Remember, too, that regardless of your scheming and planning, the speakers you buy will sound different in your home than they do in the showroom. Some stores will let you take speakers on a trial basis. If your neighborhood sound emporium won't let you, take heart: If the speakers you buy don't sound good after a few weeks of use, you can

W YOUR FUSES

go ahead and just score another pair for the living room, and use the ones you've got somewhere else (it's an expensive hobby). Which reminds us: If you think there's any chance you will be adding speakers later, try to avoid speaker impedances of less than eight ohms, because when you hook up two eight-ohm jobs in parallel, you wind up with an over-all four-ohm impedance—meaning the resistance of your set to the flow of current—and that's the lowest possible without your having to worry about wasted transistors, blown fuses, or blown-up amps (let the terrorist organization of your choice handle any and all explosive devices).

These are the devices that shape the sound from your hi-fi; those on the preceding pages only push it along. Picking your speaker of the house ought to be a pleasure, unless browsing around in a room full of tweeters and woofers makes you nervous. Opposite page: The Marantz is an air-suspension speaker with 300-watt capacity, relatively high efficiency, hemispheric domes for wide dispersion and a molded cone that's strong but light ($400 each). The AKAI features high-frequency and midrange controls on the front panel and a 12-inch rolled-edge woofer for good low-frequency sound ($190 each). The ESS uses an air-motion transformer, with an accordion-pleated plastic diaphragm for the tweeter (you can see it!) and a heavy-duty, 12-inch woofer; the result is a speaker that sounds good even when driven with 150 watts, with uniform sound over more than a 90-degree angle. A recessed panel behind the transformer has midrange and treble controls for finite adjustments ($427 each). The Craig speaker system has separate controls for its cone-type midrange and 12-inch woofer ($160 each). This page: Pioneer's 100-watt, four-speaker system uses a carbon-fiber-blended woofer and high-polymer supertweeter (approximately $300 each). Ultralinear's vertical alignment takes less than a square foot of floor space; with a ten-inch woofer, self-enclosed midrange transducer and an aluminum-domed high-frequency radiator, it also gives a lot of sound for the money ($129 each). The JBL superspeaker duplicates the sound of its studio monitor with a 150-watt capacity. You can get clean sound with as little as ten watts per channel, because this has a high-frequency driver that goes beyond human hearing, a midrange horn/lens construction that compresses sound waves, then disperses them 120 degrees horizontally, 40 vertically; a 15-inch low-frequency transducer tightens up the bass ($960 each). The BIC system can handle 125 watts—and, with two supertweeters and a pair of midrange horns, the speakers can be placed almost anywhere, regardless of room size ($295 each).

MUFON
CENTER FOR UFO STUDIES
ROGER
HUYSSEN

THE UFOLOGIST ESTABLISHMENT

IT'S A QUESTION OF WHICH STRAINS CREDULITY MORE: FLYING SAUCERS OR SOME OF THE FLYING-SAUCER INVESTIGATORS

ARTICLE BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Travis Walton was driving with six other woodcutters on a logging road near Snowflake, Arizona, when he spotted the flying saucer—a double for a Venusian scout ship, 18 feet across and eight feet high—hovering over the trees in a clearing 200 feet from the road. What a coincidence! Why, just that week, Travis had told his mother, "If I see a saucer, I'm gonna run and contact it." And now he had his chance. The 22-year-old laborer jumped out of the truck and ran for the saucer, dodging tree stumps like a cosmic O. J. Simpson.

But, Travis claims, he took the saucer by surprise; he was zapped by a bolt of blue energy and he fell to the ground. His friends thought he was dead and hurried away. When they returned moments later, the saucer was gone. So was Travis.

Five days later, Travis insists, he woke up, stumbled into a phone booth ten miles from the abduction site and called his

THE UFOLOGIST ESTABLISHMENT *You'd expect the saucer movement to be infused with religious feeling and the flying-saucer investigators to be bright-eyed optimists. And then there's reality.*

sister, mumbling about "entities" who'd taken him aboard the ship to heal him. He was, an investigator reported, "dehydrated and in shock." Travis didn't care about his condition, though: He wanted to tell the world about UFOs even more than he wanted to rest.

At which point, Travis Walton was abducted again—this time by the UFOlogist Establishment, an amalgam of flying-saucer lobbyists, theorists and self-appointed spokespersons for the alleged extraterrestrials. They belong to groups that have space-agey acronymic code names which read like NASA parodies: the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization is APRO, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena is NICAP, the Mutual UFO Network is MUFON, and the National UFO News Information Network is NUFONIN. And, like the official space agency, the UFO Establishment has superstars: Dr. J. Allen Hynek, "the Pope of UFOlogy" who was for 20 years the Air Force consultant on UFOs, and physicist Stanton Friedman, "the Ralph Nader of UFOs." And, of course, there are the spoilers, independent UFO buffs who swear that they know what's behind the persistent sightings: the messianic "Him" and "Her," saucer designer Terry Mitchell, and assorted followers of George Adamski, the first earthling to make contact with the 200,000 Venusians who have come to earth to run a chain of California restaurants and save the planet.

Travis Walton never had a chance against this crew. Scorned by scientists, ignored by the major media, he ended up getting devoured by these supposedly friendly forces.

On Thursday, November sixth—the day after Travis disappeared—Jim Lorenzen, the co-founder of APRO, activated a Rapid Reaction Team and flew up to Snowflake. It was crucial that APRO be first on the scene: Based in Tucson, APRO is the national organization with headquarters nearest to Walton's home; also, Coral Lorenzen, Jim's wife and the guiding force behind APRO, was planning a book on abduction cases.

On Sunday, Lee Spiegel's NUFONIN broadcast the report about the missing woodcutter over 195 radio stations.

On Monday, Travis Walton rematerialized. The investigators were waiting for him.

NICAP sent two men. At first, they were impressed by Travis' account. Then they learned that the lie-detector test that five of Travis' woodcutter buddies had taken was inconclusive. Worse: They discovered that Travis had called the local radio station a few nights *before* the sighting, announced that he'd been on a saucer and asked to be interviewed. The program director reportedly told him then, "We don't interview kooks." So one of Travis Walton's first calls after his saucer ride was said to be to the same station. "Now who's a kook?" he asked. The NICAP investigators concluded that the Snowflake abduction was probably a hoax.

Next Dr. Hynek called from his Center for UFO Studies based in the Chicago suburb of Evanston, Illinois. He offered to fly to Arizona at his own expense and interview Travis—thus tempting Walton with the possibility of a scientific endorsement that none of the other UFO organizations could deliver. The Waltons should have been delighted; instead, they told Hynek to wait in line. And even if he did that, they suggested, he could not be guaranteed a private session with Travis. Hynek thought perhaps there'd been some mistake. He called the Waltons again. And again he got the brush-off. Hynek concluded that perhaps the trip was not worth taking at that time.

MUFON was also disinclined to validate Travis Walton. The MUFON man interviewed the residents of Snowflake and heard that Walton had been singularly impressed with the fortune that Hickson and Parker—the Pascagoula, Mississippi, fishermen who were abducted by a UFO in 1973—had allegedly made from their experience. A smarter approach to the Walton investigation, the MUFON man suggested, would be to locate Walton's earthbound hideout.

The *National Enquirer* was less ambivalent: It sent a team of its reporters to Snowflake to interview the befuddled sheriff and to pay the Waltons for the exclusive right to the story and then attempted to convince its readers that a miraculous event had occurred.

APRO also swallowed the Walton story. Having recognized the existence of occupants inside outer-space craft since 1954, the Lorenzens were deeply committed to maintaining their leadership in the area of contactee research. "Anything that's worth while in the field, we pioneer," Coral Lorenzen boasted. "In the future, that means we'll be concentrating more on landing and occupants and abductions. These are the high-information-yield cases."

APRO's plan was to put Travis through a three-part examination: written personality testing, a thorough lie-detector exam and deep-regressive hypnosis. Coral Lorenzen did not think this would be a waste of time or money, nor did she think there was a danger that the aliens might have fogged Walton's memory. "We know more about people than aliens do," she insisted, "and we can overcome any mental block they put in."

Mrs. Lorenzen's ardor in the face of massive skepticism about the case had less to do with Travis Walton than with the internal politics of the UFO Establishment. To put it simply, Mrs. Lorenzen believes that her colleagues are either CIA agents, dupes of the scientific community, hypocrites or merely unscrupulous competitors, who will do anything to displace APRO from what the Lorenzens perceive as its position of supremacy in the UFO research field.

Poor Travis. Nice kid, but not too clever when it comes to the nitty-gritty of UFO politicking; this innocent actually thought that UFOs are real objects that have been around for thousands of years. That's what Erich Von Däniken said in those paperbacks that keep selling out at the local drugstore; that's what Travis had previously read in the *Enquirer* and what he had seen—only a few weeks before his own blast-off, at that—in the TV-movie version of John Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey*.

What Travis didn't realize, however, was that he was little more than a piece of prize booty in a bizarre intraorganizational war, and that flying saucers have almost nothing to do with it.

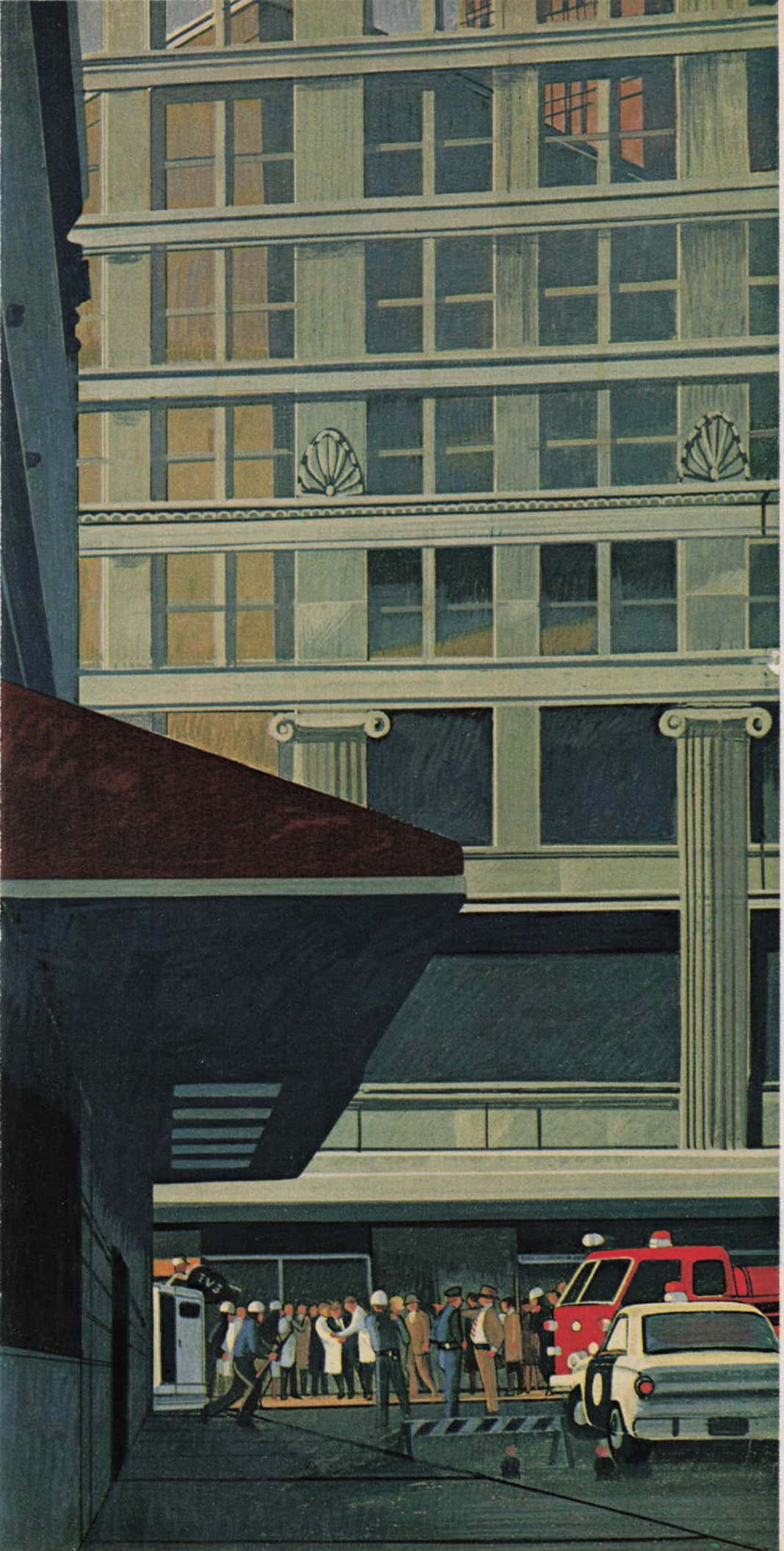
Flying-saucer explorers, no matter how trivial their battles and how petty their disagreements, are cosmic Galileos. If the saucers are out there—and there is ample evidence that *something* is out there—and if the occupants are willing to communicate with us, these folks are going to have the incredible satisfaction of being right about the biggest event in modern history: the meeting between planets. Better, these may be the Chosen People, the new Israelites who alone will be warned of impending disaster and either rescued from this terminal planet or given the key to wisdom that redeems a world of heathens. You'd expect, then, the saucer movement to be infused with religious feeling and the flying-saucer investigators to be bright-eyed optimists.

And then there's reality.

How do you feel about your coworkers in the field, Mrs. Lorenzen? "The Government has failed the people. It knows that there's evidence that these things are dangerous if you get too close—and Dr. Hynek is too concerned about image to acknowledge that these things happen, so we'll have to do the dirty work for him. Stanton Friedman? He's too busy *(Continued on page 121)*

"Looks like the sultan has become an equal-opportunity employer!"

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson



FINAL SCORE

Fiction
by Emmett Grogan

Leo Warren, an expert safecracker and aging ex-con; Terry Sage, a disillusioned ex-leftist; and DayDream, a consummate getaway driver and free spirit, plan a 13-step operation to steal plutonium from an Upstate New York nuclear-power plant. They hope the sale of the plutonium to a foreign buyer will set them up for life. This excerpt from a nail-biting new novel details the rip-off of the power plant's security plans from the offices of a Manhattan insurance company.

Wearing a gently flared blended-wool dress with toast-and-peach stripes beneath an unwrapped Dacron Polyester British-tan cloak, DayDream resembled many a young woman absorbing the crowded drudgery of a plodding subway ride away from the stenographers' pool.

Early that morning, she had arrived punctually to work at the Centurion Insurance Building on the Avenue of the Americas. From nine o'clock until noon, she rode the elevators, emerging at each floor a pert young Kelly Girl to temporarily fill a vacancy that she'd discover with a brief, unassuming look around must be on a different floor. And without a word or pout to anyone, she'd continue searching for the nonexistent job.

By lunchtime, she'd seen what she wanted on every one of the 51 floors and made sure she was on the 19th to mingle with the same group she'd been following to various luncheon water holes once a week over a period of months. With countless wigs, costume changes, facial make-ups to lessen her attractiveness and assorted props, she had jotted down what her memory could retain from the shoptalk she'd inconspicuously managed to overhear.

After lunch, she'd spent the entire afternoon reaffirming what she already knew about the

FINAL SCORE *The fingers of his left hand moved beneath her cloak, pawing the contours of her flanks, on down her shapely ass and up her lusty loins. Prince Charming was certain of conquest.*

adjoining buildings, underground garages, taverns and the four-to-six-P.M. changes in security personnel assigned to guard the properties through the night, as well as the janitorial, custodial and maintenance employees who worked inside the Centurion after dark.

When the Lexington Avenue Express stopped at Union Square to allow more daily workers to pack themselves aboard, DayDream felt long, thin fingers begin nibbling their way beneath the open flap of her Dacron Polyester cloak, across the toast-and-peach stripes of her blended dress, tapping lightly over her well-formed braless breast, dancing after a nipple to excite.

Like many women trapped in a teem of disregardful strangers, she seemed determined to endure the slurring touch rather than draw attention to her embarrassing predicament.

As the train continued its less-than-rapid transit, the unseen hand grew more daring. The fingers slipped inside the modestly cut dress and tipped about her milky cleavage to slide up the moistened satin of her buxom tit in a flustery caress.

DayDream did nothing more than remain herself to conceal that she knew the manicured, uncalloused hand belonged to the gaunt, felt-hatted topcoat pressing against her rear right side.

Once the subway slowed to a crawl inside the tunnel, Prince Charming really speeded up his act. His right hand squeezed at the fullness of her breast in an effort to make her heart skip a beat. The fingers of his left hand moved beneath her cloak, pawing the contours of her flanks, on down her shapely ass and up her lusty loins.

Prince Charming was certain he'd finally made a conquest. Tonguing long strands of her natural, ebony hair, he relinquished her breast to lower his right hand and snatch the final prize. But the train lurched suddenly from the tunnel. His paw hesitated on the curve of her slender thigh as the train pulled into the Borough Hall station.

When the doors closed and they were again in motion, his hands were startled to feel her body turn. Startled because she did not turn away, Prince Charming raised his eyelids and stared nervously at this wondrous creature who showed no anger, fear or loathing—just a captivating symmetry of face expressing nothing other than, he thought, submission.

As the express halted at the Flatbush Avenue station to give riders 30 seconds in which to trample one another, Prince Charming broadened his leer in anticipation of performing his entire repertoire of ageless lechery on this youthful woman. He excitedly watched as she eased her tame grip from the pole, as she ever so gracefully straightened a gentle forefinger and delicately, accurately, stuck it bluntly into his eye.

DayDream turned on her heels and joined the fringe still pushing onto the platform. She stalled briefly at the token-seller's booth to take a tissue from her shoulder bag. She wiped her fingertip and continued through the station.

Terry Sage stood on the 45th landing of the emergency stairwell and waited. An hour earlier, he had arrived at the Centurion Insurance Building and entered through the main lobby. Wearing an olive-brown Brooks Brothers suit, a chestnut shirt, an almond tie, a charcoal-chocolate tweed overcoat, and with his hair comb-dyed and quietly styled, he resembled a young salesman who spent all his money on appearance.

He pressed a button on his digital watch. The numbers glowed. It was 5:07:39 P.M. He opened a large attaché case and removed a pair of thick, colorless rubbers. He tugged them on over his low-heeled Italian shoes.

He picked out seven highway flares and, attaching a strip of gaffer's tape to each, stuck them in the patch pocket of his overcoat. He uncapped a spray can of brown paint and lifted the case under his arm without latching it. He felt like taking a good, long piss.

The digits read 5:09:20. Terry watched the seconds tick and caught their rhythm by counting one–one hundred, two–one hundred, until it was time. He unlocked the fire door, pocketed the master key, and entered at 5:10. The floor was newly leased and being remodeled for the future tenants. The construction crew had quit work in midafternoon. There was minimal lighting. He carefully avoided tripping over structural materials. Conscious of the passing seconds, he ran down the corridor dividing the gutted empty space. There was no one.

He set the case in a remote corner of the floor and propped open the lid, picking out a military canister filled with brightly colored smoke. He moved fast to the center of the floor where a pair of closed-circuit television cameras overlooked the area in front of six passenger elevators. Standing on his toes and reaching up, he sprayed the lens of one with brown paint, then rushed across to the other and did the same. He pulled the snap on the bomb and rolled it behind a stack of sheetrock. It burst with a blunt noise and swirled around the floor, billowing a dense cloud of red and yellow smoke.

Igniting six of the highway flares, Terry taped one over each of the thermal-activated elevator buttons. Their heat would draw the passenger cars to the 45th floor, keeping them there for as long as the flares burned. From the case, he took a piece of cardboard with letters cut out and taped it to a wall, spraying it with the paint. The stencil read WOBBLIES UNDERGROUND. He peeled it off and, holding it by the strip of tape, ran with the case to the far end of the floor, where he repeated the procedure.

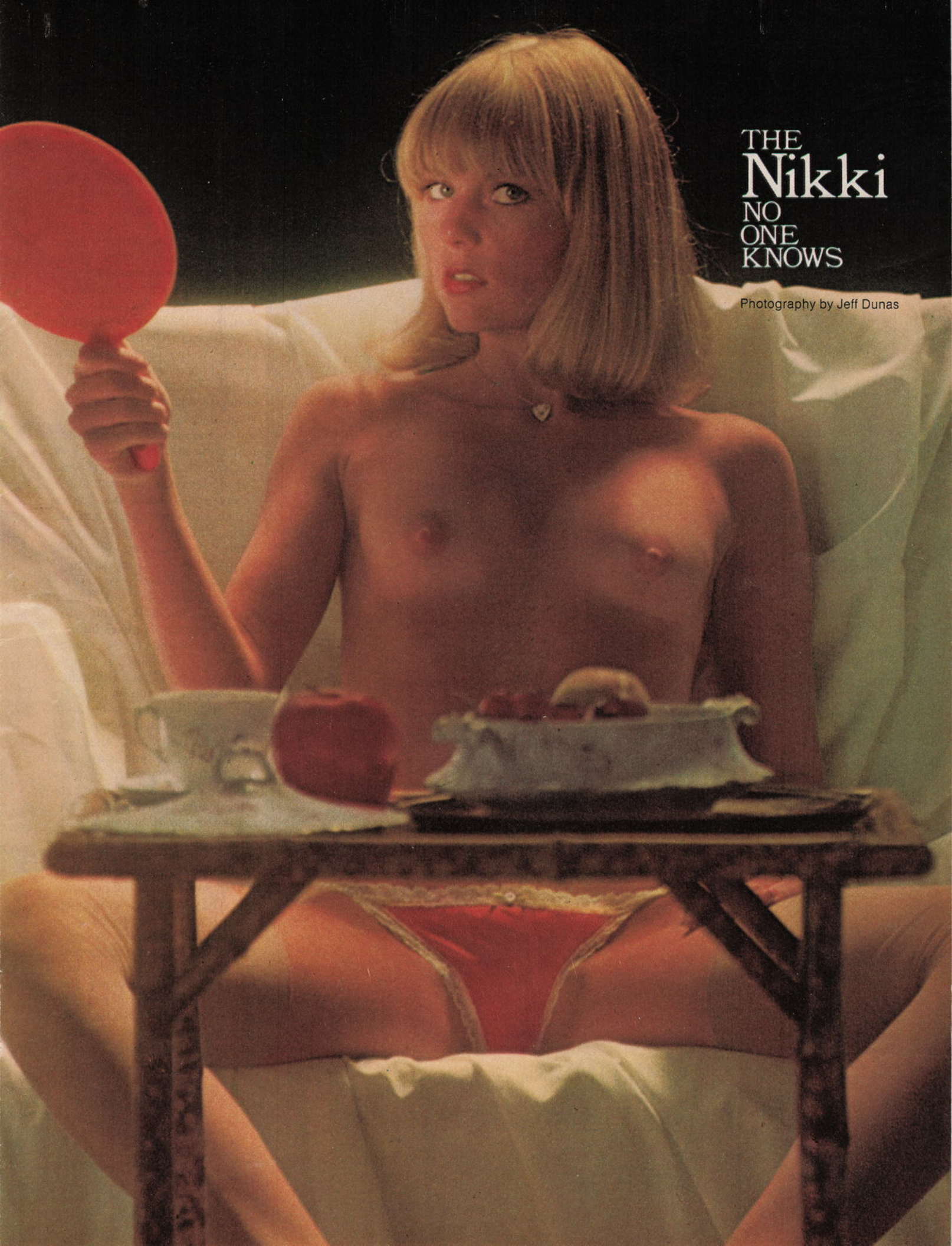
Terry tossed the paint can aside and pulled the pins on three more smoke bombs, exploding them in different directions on the floor. He checked his watch. It was 5:13:25. He snatched up a pair of pepper-gas grenades and reclosed the attaché case. Using the high flame of a Cricket lighter, he torched a corner of the cardboard stencil and stuck the fire up into a sprinkler. Within seconds it reacted, gushing water and signaling a barely audible alarm.

Terry dropped the burning cardboard, lifted the case, and ran to the emergency exit. He sat on the panic bar to open the door and jerked the clips from both grenades, lobbing one back to the shipping area and the other in front of the passenger elevators.

A menopausal security guard was sitting alone at his station in front of a central alarm module below the main entrance. His shift had just started and he didn't appreciate the signals being received during these first few minutes on duty. The tape-monitoring system reported a fire on the 45th floor. While the message was automatically relayed to the fire department, he pushed a button on the closed-circuit visual alarm. There was no indication that the television cameras on that level were inoperative, yet there were no pictures being transmitted onto the screens. He pushed another button on a panel labeled AUDIO. There was a faint hissing sound.

He pressed closer to the speaker box. Suddenly there was a thunderous rumble. He reached for the control knob to lower the volume, thinking the sound was that of elevator doors opening. The shrill chorus of screams that knocked him straight out of his chair confirmed his suspicions.

With his head vibrating, he was on his feet frantically attacking the dial to reduce the sound. It felt like someone blowing a bugle in his ear. He flipped a switch to kill the uproar, then pushed another button to activate the public-address system. He leaned into a microphone, telling the people in the elevators to remain *(Continued on page 128)*

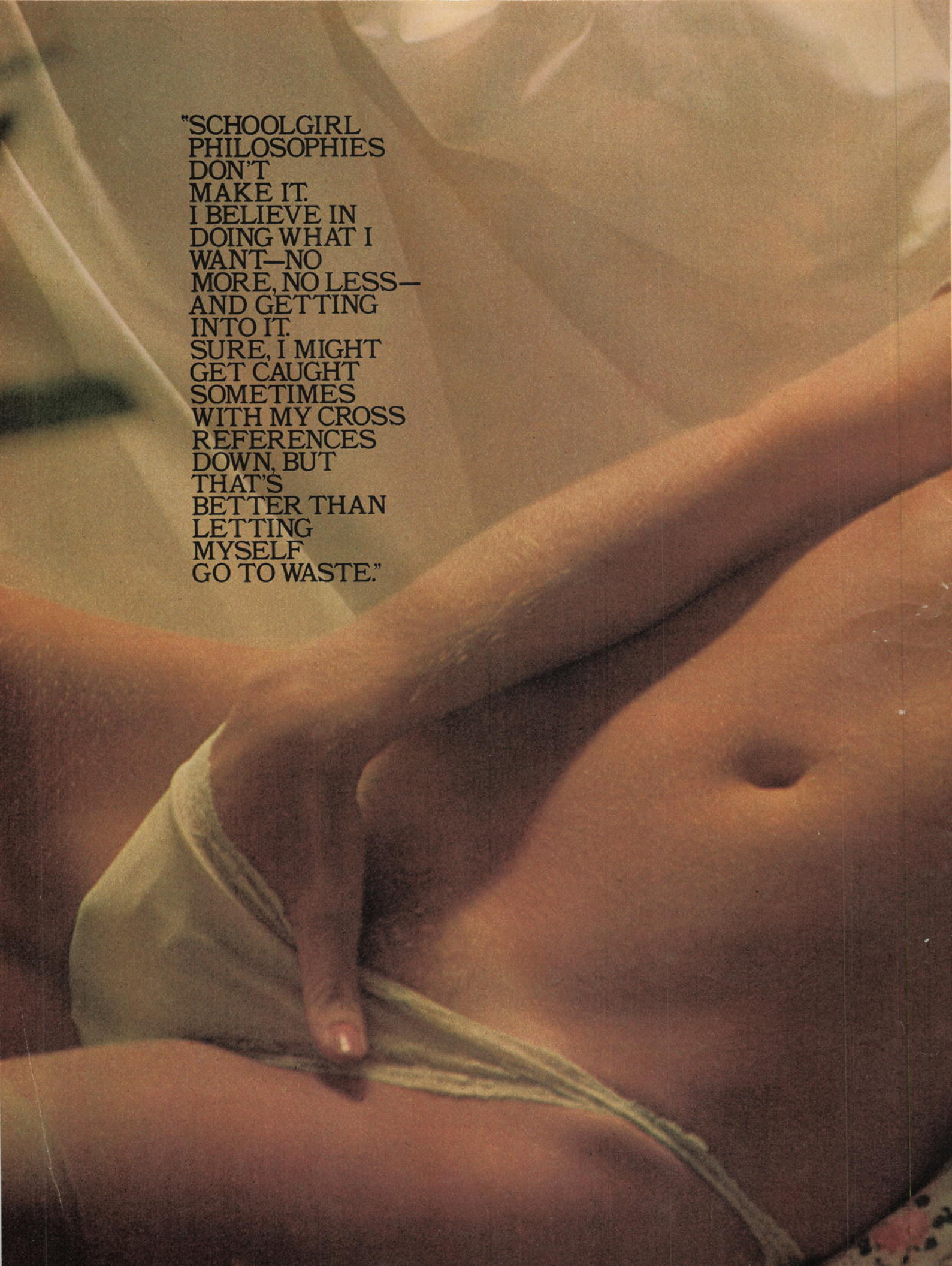


THE Nikki NO ONE KNOWS

Photography by Jeff Dunas

"SOMETIMES I HAVE TO SIT DOWN AND LET MYSELF CATCH UP."

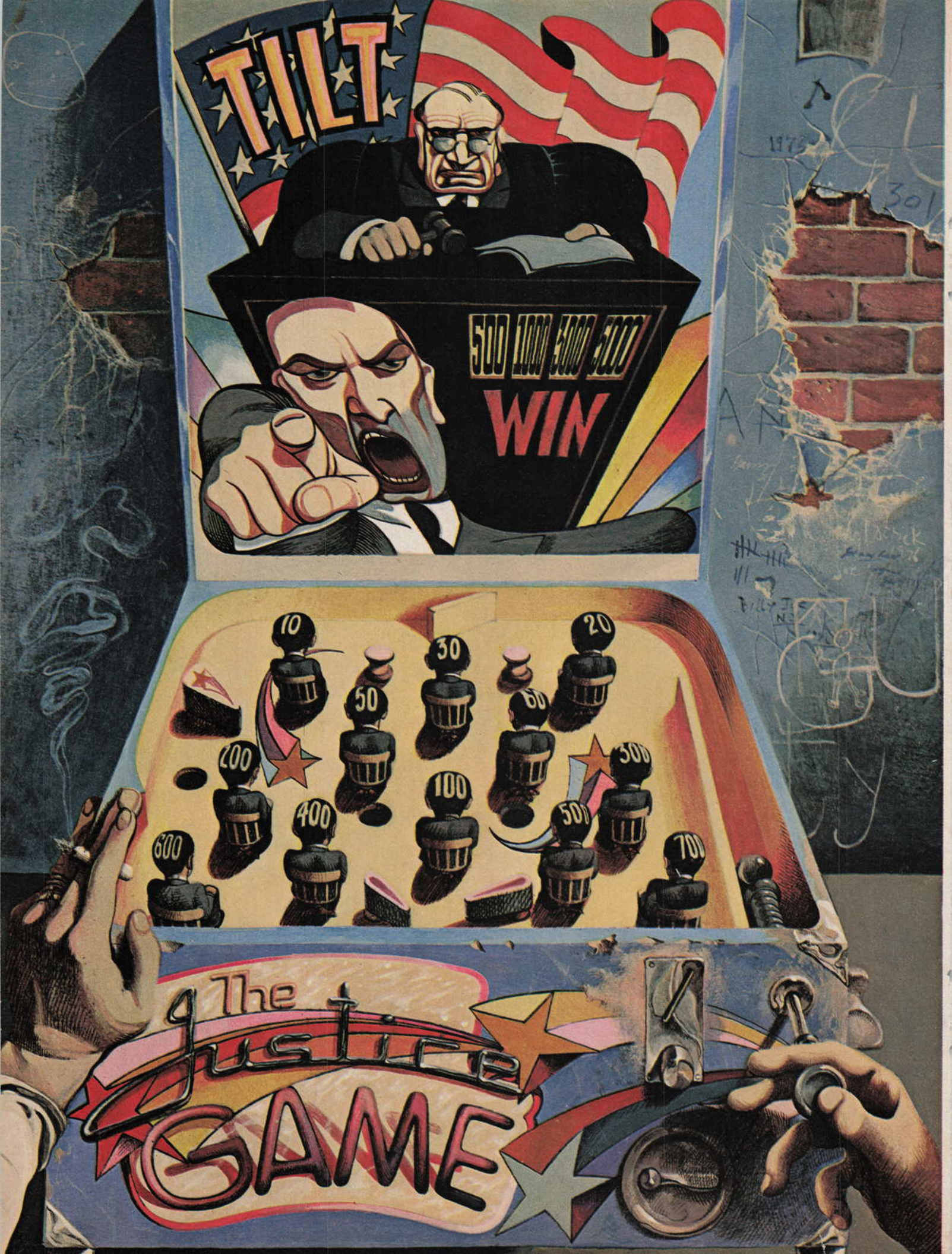
At the *discos*, Nikki's the fox with the all-night wiggle who's always squealing encouragement to her fellow revelers. At the beach, she tries to get to the middle of the water-polo game, and she splashes a lot. The waiters at the fine restaurants she gets herself taken to smile when she appears; they know they're in for some amusement and a generous tip. At the boutiques, she buys fast and with taste informed by the several European editions of *Vogue*. She intimidates the men who have to get up and play scenes with her at acting class. At the library and the opera house, she is reserved. Philip, who takes her to rock concerts where they go backstage and herb it up with the musicians, some of whom he manages, appreciates her for the way she lights up everyone but douses his flame exclusively—or so he thinks. They cruise alongside the ocean at night, and she likes to drive while he smokes and looks out for grizzlies. Ted, the schoolmate she still sees every few weeks, takes her to Hare Krishna festivals and to softball games. He uses different names and faces; some observers think he's a plainclothes cop, others think he sells dope. Actually he's a lifeguard. Sometimes he and Nikki ride bikes; when the weather's unfriendly, they go to Ted's place and sing old rock songs together. People who've known Nikki since her cheerleader days in high school think of her as a fast mover who drinks a little bit more than she should and who is always trying to catch the eye of someone at the next table. They think she's the type of girl who needs to be surrounded all the time by gay, convivial and admiring people. It's generally assumed that her bottom is round because she hasn't sat on it since 1957. But the gadfly Nikki who thrives on social intercourse isn't the only Nikki. There's


"SCHOOLGIRL
PHILOSOPHIES
DON'T
MAKE IT.
I BELIEVE IN
DOING WHAT I
WANT—NO
MORE, NO LESS—
AND GETTING
INTO IT.
SURE, I MIGHT
GET CAUGHT
SOMETIMES
WITH MY CROSS
REFERENCES
DOWN, BUT
THAT'S
BETTER THAN
LETTING
MYSELF
GO TO WASTE."

also a Nikki who can be by herself and let the time pass any which way. A Nikki who can slow down enough to appreciate simple things—cold mineral water instead of cold duck, for instance, or the fuzzy tumescence of a peach as opposed to the baroque textures of gourmet dinners. A Nikki who studies the mirror to see if her memories show on her face. A Nikki who lets the weird things in her subconscious bubble up and declare themselves. A Nikki who follows the trajectories of the motes of dust in the sunlight, hearing the voices in her head as well as the sounds outside —the screeching of birds, the drone of distant machinery, the muffled yawps of angry men at work. It happens that a cloud of discontent has filled the valley; in this unbalanced and eruptive part of the world, it may signify the onset of a natural disaster. Or it may simply be the accumulation of unwanted energy. Nikki feels the static. She also feels that someone is watching her. The sensation gets her hackles up. On her couch, her body begins to create heat and light. If the world has a problem, maybe she can work a solution out of her flesh. She's amazed at how much her hands have learned during her years of dependence on others. If she weren't supposed to reverse her current, why was she given the ground switch and why do her hands happen to meet there? Now the dust cover becomes a flying carpet. Sculptured sand dunes swing into view, then crumble away. The room fills with her visions. The vibrations of her womb thrill the secret airways of Southern California and power its engines for a few teasing moments. Bus boys and sanitary engineers stop snarling. Ripoff men stop bashing their victims' heads unnecessarily. A poet in the park fancies that he heard a sob in the wind. Nikki has flicked her ground switch.

"THE ONLY WAY TO STOP TIME FOR A WHILE IS TO COME."

oui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The Justice
GAME

ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION:

JUSTICE FOR SALE?

Six of America's top lawyers discuss their fees, their deals, their responsibilities and whether or not you stand a chance of getting a fair trial in America today

There is a piece of graffito that turns up frequently in out-of-the-way niches of university law schools: "A jury is 12 people deciding who has the best lawyer."

This jest probably says more about the state of justice in the United States today than does the U.S. Constitution. Over the past few years, jury trial, which the Constitution guarantees, has become less a process by which a defendant's peers determine his guilt or innocence and more an arena for gladiatorial combat between lawyers. And good lawyers, of course, are expensive—as are polygraph experts, private investigators, handwriting analysts, legal researchers and all the other people and instruments that are necessary today for a strong courtroom defense.

The increasing cost of a courtroom defense has prompted the question of whether or not a person who isn't wealthy can obtain a fair trial. It is a question that an increasing number of legal scholars are answering in the negative. True justice, they contend, is fast becoming a matter of privilege, to be enjoyed only by the upper class.

However, the crisis facing the judicial system goes further than the problem of cash determining guilt or innocence. The principle of equal justice has also been undermined, in the eyes of many, by the Government's abuse of the grand-jury system and its concoction of weak cases against political radicals, and by an increasing reliance on the part of prosecutors and defenders on plea bargaining as a legal short cut.

To probe the judicial crisis and analyze the issues that have contributed to it, **OUI** *assembled a panel of the nation's leading attorneys, representing all points of view and types of legal experience. Members of the panel are:*

F. Lee Bailey, perhaps the nation's most famous and most vocal defense lawyer. Bailey has represented such celebrity defendants as Dr. Carl Coppolino, Dr. Sam Sheppard, Albert DeSalvo (the Boston Strangler) and, most recently, Patricia Hearst; he has also been a defendant himself, when the Government charged Bailey with financial conspiracy in the Glenn Turner Dare to Be Great case.

William Kunstler, the nation's leading radical attorney. Kunstler has represented such diverse clients and causes as the Chicago Seven, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, H. Rap Brown, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the American Indian Movement.

Joseph Oteri, the most successful drug-case defender in the land. Oteri is also a judicial activist who was instrumental in decriminalizing marijuana in his native Massachusetts and in having the Supreme Court limit the Government's right to attach the property of those under indictment.

Percy Foreman, the famous Houston criminal lawyer who has won acquittals in more than 90 percent of the 1250 homicide cases that he has tried. Foreman, known for his flamboyant courtroom techniques, is now among the highest-paid lawyers in the business.

Vincent Bugliosi, former prosecuting attorney from the Los Angeles County district attorney's office. Bugliosi tried 13 murder cases, of which the most famous was that of Charles Manson and five of his family members. After leaving the D.A.'s office to return to private practice, Bugliosi wrote of the Manson trial in the best-selling "Helter Skelter" and is now helping to investigate the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, a case he describes as being "far from resolved."

Alan Dershowitz, Harvard law professor and leading civil libertarian. Dershowitz bridges the gap between defense and prosecution as one of the country's foremost appeal lawyers. In addition to challenging the Government in such landmark First Amendment cases as those involving the Pentagon papers, the musical "Hair" and porn-film star Harry Reems, Dershowitz has also defended Bailey, Kunstler and Oteri in their scrapes with the Federal Government.

OUI *assigned free-lance-writer Peter Manso to moderate the discussion and asked him to try to get the panelists' opinions on what is wrong with the American judicial system and what can be done to correct its deficiencies. He reports: "The debate was lively, but it was also intellectually trying. Attempting to keep the discussion focused was a major problem, because the real issue is society itself, since the way the judicial system operates is nothing but a reflection of the times. Still, the simplest way to begin sorting the issues out was to address the question of how a defendant's wealth affects his fate in the courtroom."*

OUI: The charge has been made that it is possible to buy a not-guilty verdict in any court in America, and that, therefore, justice is only for the wealthy. Is this charge true and, if so, to what degree are lawyers responsible for having created this situation?

KUNSTLER: A criminal attorney is said to be a hired gun—a mechanic—who will work for anyone for a fee. Indeed, this is the way most attorneys are. My own motivation—and that of other radical lawyers—is to prevent people from going to jail for political reasons and, more basically, to represent people who are getting screwed by the system—people like Joan Little, for example, who is not a radical but whom the system has decided to go after. In a case like this, money isn't the ultimate good. Money does concern the majority of American lawyers, though, whether they're doing trial work or looking after the affairs of General Motors. They are

JUSTICE FOR SALE? *Given our adversary system, the Government is dealing from a stacked deck, since it has virtually unlimited resources—the grand-jury system, the services of the FBI, the IRS. . . .*

pirates who capitalize on the fear of punishment and they capitalize doubly by perpetuating the very system that instills that fear.

BAILEY: It's hardly that simple. It's fine to represent minority-group members who might not otherwise get representation, but a lawyer also runs the risk of confusing his client with his cause. The client, obviously, may suffer in the process.

KUNSTLER: Not at all, because the people I represent participate in their own defense. These are people in whom the frustration and bitterness perpetuated by this society have reached a point where their court strategy is often an extension of their politics. I handle a case the way the defendant wants me to; I provide legal expertise; and I don't interfere with the statement they want their trial to make.

FOREMAN: Fine, but that still doesn't answer the question. An attorney's first responsibility is to his client, and a wealthy client is obviously going to get a better defense than a poor client. And it's not just the attorney that is expensive. There are expenses for things like a trial transcript at the end of each day, which costs three or four dollars a page. A psychiatrist's testimony in a mental-impairment plea can cost as much as $2500 a day plus expenses, and a handwriting expert—one who has written books and has professional standing—can cost anywhere from $1500 to $2500 per day. So, without a doubt, it's far easier to prepare a defense if funds are unlimited. The trial of a case can be likened to buying an automobile: You can buy a 1942 Chevrolet or a 1976 Mark IV. That's the way things are in this country. The people who talk about how the blacks and the poor are not getting fair treatment in court assume that the judge is there to see that justice is done, which just isn't so. A judge's job is to referee between two gladiators, to see that they don't land any rabbit punches. There is no such thing as abstract justice. Our adversary system of justice is nothing but a bunch of rules to fight by, and the gladiator who is the strongest and most resourceful walks away with the victory. As long as this is a capitalist country and lawyers are not subsidized by the state, that's the way it's going to be.

DERSHOWITZ: Money isn't everything, though. In criminal cases, 90 percent of winning or losing depends on the facts and only ten percent depends on the lawyer. If you have a committed lawyer, money is secondary, and fortunately there are a lot of lawyers who believe that money *should* be secondary.

KUNSTLER: They're a minority, though. Most criminal attorneys select their clients just as their clients' bankrolls select them. They'll represent anyone so long as the money is right and there's no connection whatsoever between their legal work and their politics. In fact, most have no politics at all, apart from money.

OUI: Is it fair to say that the politics of a case is the sole determinant of whom you'll defend?

KUNSTLER: Of course. I don't subscribe to the traditional civil-liberties approach that says a lawyer's got to represent everyone, even an occasional fascist. That position is taken by people who accept the premise that the Constitution protects everybody. It doesn't, and I won't pretend that it does.

DERSHOWITZ: Actually, though, there really aren't such great differences between lawyers—regardless of the fee they charge—once they actually start to operate. Philosophically there are two kinds of attorneys: those who wait until an indictment comes down and those who take affirmative action to prevent an indictment in the first place. Nine times out of ten, however, their cases will be the same. Selection of cases aside, the methods used by most lawyers are very, very similar.

KUNSTLER: Well, if someone from the American Nazi Party needs a lawyer, it's not going to be me. There are plenty of people in this country who'll take that case, but there aren't many who'll represent a Russell Means or a Joan Little. And that *is* a major difference between lawyers—and a crucial one.

OUI: But aren't you pursuing equal justice through the back door, by putting yourself in league with people you consider to be your political opponents?

KUNSTLER: Take the differences between myself and a Nixon or a Mitchell. They argued that anything was proper so long as it ensured the re-election of the President, which they saw as being in the best interests of the country. And I would argue the same—namely, that the end justifies the means. Only my *goal* is different. Daniel Berrigan and company, whom I defended in the Catonsville Nine trial, were charged with burning Government records; at the same time, though we didn't know it then, John Dean and L. Patrick Gray were also destroying records. I see Dean's and Gray's work as bad because the goal was bad, while to me Berrigan's act was OK. It's just a question of goals.

DERSHOWITZ: There's another approach, though, and that's to take cases that appear to be unwinnable and to challenge the Government whenever possible, almost as a matter of principle. Given our adversary system, the Government is dealing from a stacked deck, since it has virtually unlimited resources—the grand-jury system, specialists in every field, the services of the FBI, the IRS, Customs, the Postal Service. Once you realize how this affects the administration of justice, you have the obligation to challenge the Government at every turn, to show how it frequently violates people's civil liberties. Sometimes you can do this with a political defendant, sometimes with a defendant who has nothing to do with any cause at all—but what you have to do is let the Government know that it may not be worth it to play around with people's rights. I want to keep the Government honest by making it both difficult and expensive for the Government side to get convictions. It doesn't matter if the Government is going after a politically reprehensible person—if you have a commitment to civil liberties, you've got to try and make sure the Government plays by the book.

BUGLIOSI: On the other hand, the roles of defense and prosecution have been changing. Historically the defense attorney has been the only *lawyer* in the courtroom, and he has used slick Perry Mason–type tactics to embarrass a bumbling Hamilton Berger–type prosecutor. The politics of the courtroom have traditionally featured a conservative prosecutor and a liberal from the public defender's office, and it's important to recognize that these stereotypes are changing. Over the past few years, more liberal-minded people have been going into prosecution as they have come to realize that a prosecutor has an infinitely better chance of achieving justice than does a defense attorney. If a man is innocent, a prosecutor has the power to dismiss the case in court, the power *not* to prosecute. I think that more and more young lawyers are beginning to realize this.

OUI: Yet how often does a prosecutor actually dismiss a case? Don't prosecutors, like defense attorneys, keep an eye on their winning percentages?

BUGLIOSI: In areas where everything proceeds by way of a grand jury, as in New York, that is a major problem; but in California, where less than one percent of cases go to a grand jury, I'd say about 50 percent are dismissed. Many cases are thrown out because of insufficient evidence, true, but when I was in the Los Angeles D.A.'s office, we frequently *(Continued on page 101)*

"Let there be no obstacle to the impassioned desires of honest men."
—Thomas Paine

BIG CITY BLUES AND GRAYS AND WORSTEDS

Photography by Jean-Paul Goude / Pierre Houles

FASHION FOR THE FALL RUSH HOUR, TESTED IN THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND

The test of a good suit? Looking good at the end of the day. Flash is the fringe benefit. Native New Yorkers know that big-city clothes have to make it in the crunch. Richard, the securities

analyst (with *Barron's* under his arm), wears a pin-stripe suit by Arthur Richards ($200), an Arrow shirt, a Bert Pulitzer tie ($13), Derby wing tips by Bally of Switzerland ($95), a Peter Barton's Closet briefcase ($250) and a silk hanky by Alexander Julian ($15) for good measure. Harry, the TV executive next to him, is three-pieced, pin-striped ($200), white-shirted ($23) and tied ($20) by Sal Cesarani for Cesarani. Shoes are honey-colored wings by Intercueros/Cole Haan ($60). The suede gloves are Aris ($25) and the briefcase is by Peter Barton's Closet (about $135).

These folks got on at Times Square. Richard Merkin, the art guy in his traditional heavy incognito, sports a velvet jacket ($120), gabardine trousers ($45) and a challis vest ($37) all by Sal Cesarani. A Peter Barton's Closet briefcase ($160) is for his stuff. Jacques, who favors several shades of black, wears trousers and a jacket with matching vest from The Tillman Organisation Ltd. ($195), a silk-knit tie by Robert Stewart ($15) and Charles Jourdan wings ($100). Mike, with the Paragon cap ($4), knows when push comes to shove. He wears two shirts—fashion

these days is layer city—cotton underneath, plaid flannel on top, both from Crossroads by Robert Stock ($23 each) and white bucks from Intercueros/Cole Haan ($40). Papo, the light heavyweight, wears a Paul Ressler for Gist jacket ($65) over an Yves St. Laurent shirt ($19) with an ascot by Cisco ($8), flannel Sal Cesarani pants ($45) and Riviera sunglasses ($10).

Paul, who puts polish on the Big Apple, wears a flannel pin-stripe suit from Hickey-Freeman ($450), a Sal Cesarani shirt ($23), a Robert Stewart tie ($10) and Charles Jourdan wing tips ($100); his Ashear Brothers hanky ($8) is folded neatly. Phillippe, a womanizer with the best intentions, wears a double-breasted suit from Polo by Ralph Lauren ($350), a Bert Pulitzer shirt with French cuffs ($30), a wool tie by Eros for Tucker ties ($13), Polo wing tips ($95) and a Polo hanky ($15), and he carries a zipper-back briefcase from Peter Barton's Closet ($160). Connie, far right, who takes things in stride, is furred by Schiffman Furs ($225), dressed by Clovis Ruffin for Ruffinwear ($50) and jeweled by Patricia Von Musulin.

57TH ST
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B
LOCAL

Willie, in the glasses and the comfortable big smile, is just as comfortable in his Chinese blanket-jacket by Pierre Cardin Relax ($85), an Yves St. Laurent plaid shirt ($19), Gil Cohen for Boulet pants ($25), Arthur Richards vest ($25), Bert Pulitzer tie ($13) and loafers by Intercueros/Cole Haan ($34). Tooky, with the radio, is looking for the perfect way to balance on one foot in a crepe jump suit by Claude Payne ($180) and Charles Jourdan high-heel pumps ($72). Vincent, beside her ready to help her in her search, first put on a shirt ($35), then added a wool miner's overshirt ($65), both by Alexander Julian, and topped them off with a woven blanket-jacket by Michael-McCabe ($350). His B. Jeffrey Madoff for Benje pants ($45)

have buttons on the pockets, and his shoes are by Intercueros/Cole Haan ($34). For information on where you can buy these rush-hour clothes in your very own city, turn to page 127.

PABLO HAS A SMALL CAN AND LARGE DESIGNS, WANTS TO BE ANOTHER PICASSO

THE HOWARD HUGHES RUMORS

• Howard Hughes's confidential file on J. Edgar Hoover was better than Hoover's file on Hughes. In fact, Hughes had so much dirt on so many public officials that he had virtual carte blanche in Washington and extorted billions in defense contracts as a result.

• Howard Hughes's fingernails were more than a foot in length.

• Howard Hughes was injected daily with the blood of male and female virgins in an effort to achieve rejuvenation.

• After the death of Jack Kennedy, Howard Hughes and Aristotle Onassis flipped a coin for Jackie. Ari lost.

• Hughes-supported medical research has discovered positive cures for 13 types of cancer, but since none of these was for the type he suffered from—renal carcinoma—he never allowed the research findings to be released.

• Virtually all of Hughes's billions were paper wealth, and at the time of his death, Howard Hughes's liquid assets could scarcely have bought him a cup of coffee.

• Howard Hughes's business acumen has been vastly overestimated, as witness a conversation between Hughes and top aide Noah Dietrich at a time when Hughes purchased some jets for TWA; $415,000,000 was needed to purchase the aircraft, so Dietrich called Hughes and asked, "Where are you going to get this $415,000,000?"

Hughes seemed shocked. "What $415,000,000?" he sputtered.

"The $415,000,000 for the jets," Dietrich said.

Hughes [angry]: "I didn't ask for $415,000,000 for jets!"

Dietrich [patiently]: "I have the contracts in front of me."

Hughes [more angry]: "I don't know what you're talking about!"

The next day Dietrich got a call from Hughes, who was upset and impatient. "Where's that $415,000,000 for the jets?" Hughes asked.

• In 1968 Hughes had a clandestine colostomy performed on him in Salt Lake City, Utah; the surgeons were two Mormon elders who could be counted on to keep mum about Hughes's alter anus.

• Howard Hughes's megalomania, drive for power and paranoid secrecy all derived from the fact that his testicles had failed to descend.

• Howard Hughes had been a fanatic acidhead since 1971 and at his death, he left behind the most colossal store of legal and illegal drugs on the planet.

• Howard Hughes is being kept alive by a technological complex that makes the average patient's life-support system look like a Tinkertoy; he is little more than a head attached to a biochemical maintenance system.

• For the past seven years, Howard Hughes slept under a triangular canopy built to scale with the Great Pyramid at Giza, in an attempt to forestall the aging process.

• LSD was an experimental Howard Hughes project involving civilian mind control that kind of got out of hand.

• The sinking of the submarine Thresher and the shooting down of Francis Gary Powers' U-2 spy plane were engineered by Hughes in an effort to pressure the Defense Department into granting him contract concessions.

• Howard Hughes was the only non-Italian to be formally admitted to the Mafia General Council.

• Howard Hughes's empire was gradually taken over by the elders of the Mormon Church; when Hughes later refused to tithe his holdings to the Latter-day Saints, the church had him starved to death.

• Howard Hughes's penis was so big he had to carry it in a custom-made harness. This device gave him the idea for the cantilevered bra Jane Russell wore in the Hughes-produced film *The Outlaw*.

• Howard Hughes has not died but has retired to his top-secret island headquarters, which has such a sophisticated security system that anything coming within 200 nautical miles of it is "disappeared" from the face of the earth. This secret site is in the exact center of the Caribbean area popularly known as the Bermuda Triangle.

• In the late Forties, according to intimates, Howard Hughes claimed to have been graced with a vision of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, and of the angel Moroni, the celestial being who had originally appeared to Smith and instructed him to start a church; in the vision, Hughes said, he received "a commission to prepare for the Millennium." Years later, desperate for another astral connection, Hughes went out into the Nevada desert where he spent two rugged days awaiting a second heavenly visitation from Smith and Moroni; he finally gave up the quest and, grimy and bleeding, struggled to a highway where he was picked up by a passing motorist, pump jockey Melvin Dummar. The confused and sun-maddened Hughes thought his savior was the reincarnated Joseph Smith and so left Dummar $125,000,000 with which to start a new church in competition with the Mormons who had ripped Hughes off.

• Howard Hughes's face, disguised in a period wig, appears on the back of the new two-dollar bill.

• It is also on the cover of *Beggars' Banquet*.

• In keeping with his penchant for quirky behavior, Howard Hughes actually "died" for a *second* time on April 5, 1976. During the second week of July 1974, when Hughes's intestinal condition worsened and it became apparent that he had but a few days to live, an elaborate cryogenic process—code-named Operation Chilly-Willy—was begun, in which Hughes's body underwent a multiphase program of electrochemical freeze inside a glass and steel-alloy chamber. The process completed, the frigid Hughes was flown to Costa Rica and placed in a specially prepared room deep within the fortress/playground of millionaire fugitive Robert Vesco; the room was the same one in which Vesco kept large aquariums filled with rare sea creatures, and he soon found himself unable to resist the temptation to take certain V.I.P. guests into the sanctum sanctorum to view Hughes's

Here, before his bones have turned to dust, are the greatest stories ever told about America's favorite eccentric billionaire

frosty nude form. On April 1, 1976, a malfunction occurred in Hughes's technological cooling board, when two resistors burned out and caused a temperature increase of a critical nature; it is suspected that the cryogenic chamber was sabotaged. By the time engineers arrived to correct the malfunction, Hughes's body had begun an irremediable deterioration. After hurried telephone conversations between Vesco and members of Hughes's Summa Corporation in Los Angeles, it was decided to fly Hughes's body to Acapulco, where a hand-picked team of doctors was waiting to implement a cover-up of the bizarre circumstances in which Vesco and Hughes had been operating.

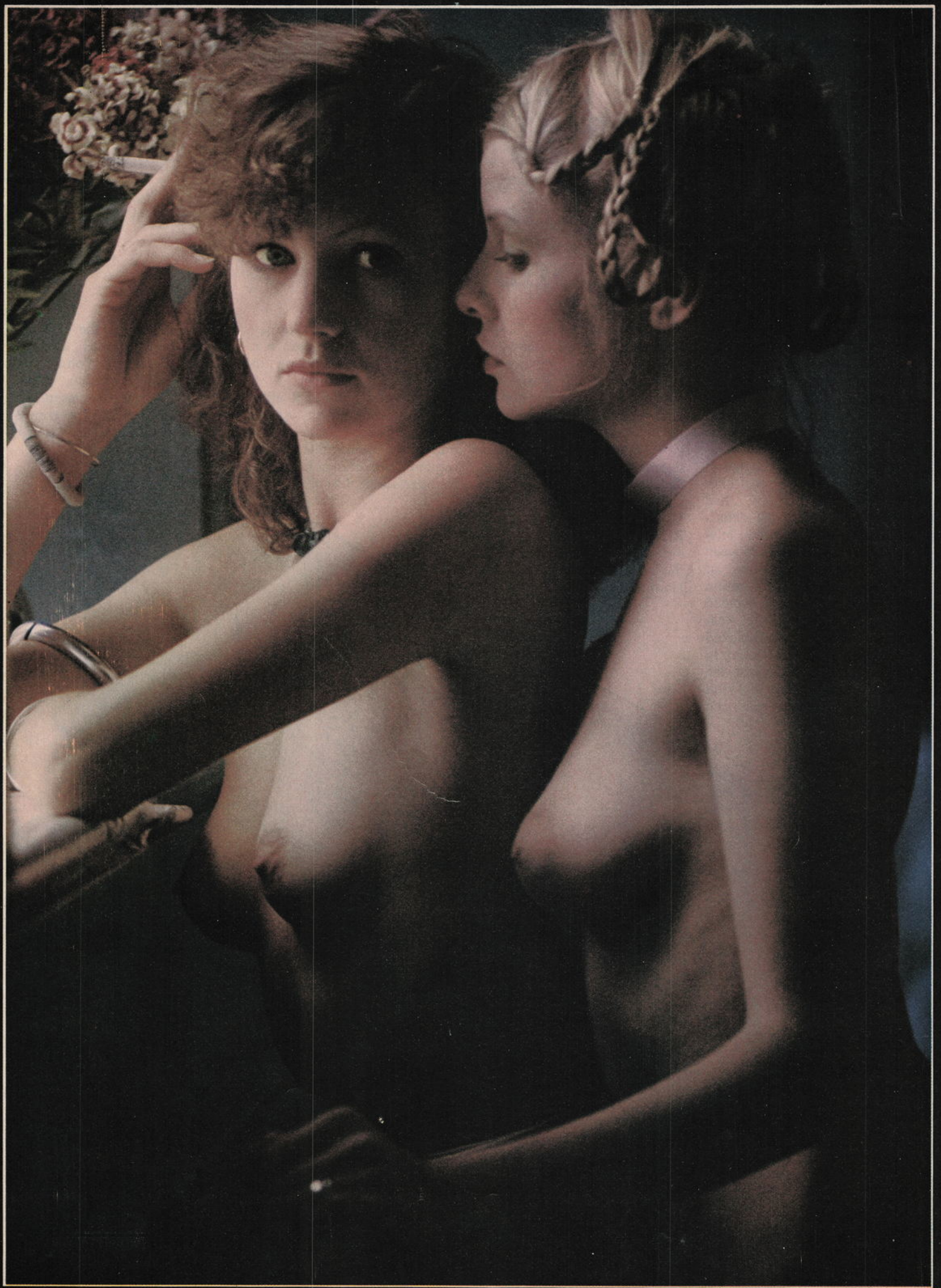
• Sometime in 1949, Howard Hughes made a standing offer of ten percent of his net holdings to any woman who could get him up and get him off. There were no winners.

• Howard Hughes brainstormed, manipulated or financed such diverse projects and personages as Robert Vesco, est, nuclear power, Richard Nixon, the CIA, the breakup of the Beatles and the assassination of Dag Hammarskjöld.

• Howard Hughes's kidney problem could have been due to his lifelong addiction to absinthe and cocaine.

• Howard Hughes is alive and well and living in the small North Dakota community of Craterville; other residents include community founder Judge Joseph Crater, Amelia Earhart, the Lindbergh baby, James Dean, former President John F. Kennedy, Jimmy Hoffa, Jim Morrison, former Representative Hale Boggs and the crew of the Mary Celeste.

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati



Photography by Leslie Turtle

Ballet Dancers

Nothing in the world is greater than friendship. Dancing is a masochistic business. Patricia, at left in both pictures, has been dancing since she was five years old. All of her early lessons were in how to push herself. She was taught how to push herself at the *barre*, onstage, at home. Her life was satin shoes and calluses. Her classmates had friends. She had acquaintances. At 11 years of age, a girl is too young to have colleagues. She would leave the theater smelling of cold cream and take a cab back to her mother's apartment. At the age of 16, she was lunching with her agent and spending her afternoons off at museums with her aunt.

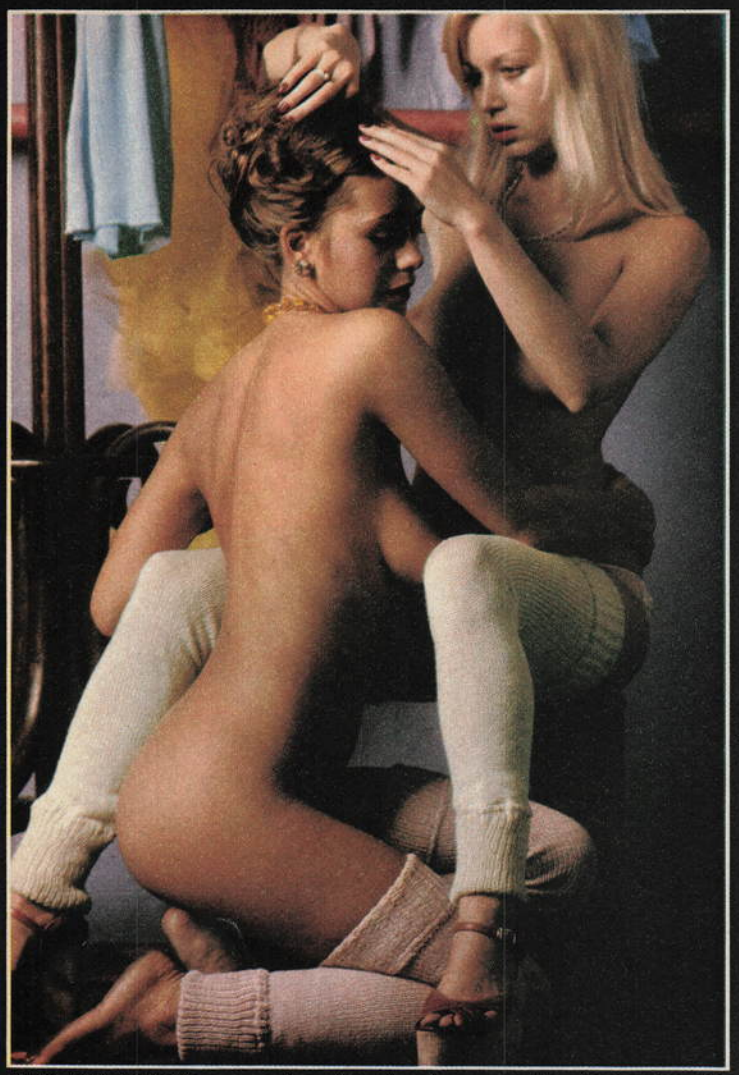
In August, when she joined the company, she met Reggie, at right in both pictures, whose real name is Regina. Reggie has been with the troupe for five years. She and Patricia met at a technique class at the company's summer quarters in New Hampshire. The day they met, they left the studio together and sat outside on the grass and smoked a cigarette and went back to Patricia's room and made love. There is nothing greater than friendship, Patricia told Reggie repeatedly. Reggie says that everyone has a right to happiness—both in work and outside of work. Up in New England, she had her room assignment changed so that she and Patricia could live together throughout August and the first week in September. Back in the city, however, they can meet only on occasional afternoons and sometimes in the morning after class. Once in a while they go up on the theater roof and look out at the tops of the buildings. They look in other people's windows and they find women making coffee in their bathrobes and men walking around in boxer shorts. They look at their own tight bodies. They look down at newspapers strewed on the street. They like their lives.

WHEN THE MUSIC STOPS, THEY HEAD FOR THE SHOWERS

Patricia and Reggie sometimes wait for the other girls to go to lunch and then they lock the dressing room door. Time is short. So take your leotard off. Put the leg warmers back on. Put your shoes back on. They're sweaty. Come here. They sit on the same chair. They see each other in the mirror. Did I ever tell you that I always wanted my hair to be frizzy? No. I did, I wanted hair like yours. Patricia says that Reggie tastes like sweat. She likes it. Do you want to take a shower? We could go and take a shower now together before they come back. No. Sometimes they lie down on the cot and rest. I think you're gaining weight, Reggie tells Patricia. No, I'm not; I certainly am not. What's *this*, then? Maybe just a pound. Do you miss me at night? What do you mean? Do you mean do I have another lover? No, I didn't mean that, I just wondered what it is you do at night now. I wish we were back up in New Hampshire. I do, too; let's talk about something else. OK. Let's not talk about anything. OK. They hear the piano in the downstairs studio. The rehearsal pianist is playing Chopin for a class at the *barre*. Dancers walk by in the hall. They are gossiping. The dressing room smells like cold cream and sweat and Russian Leather. Someone knocks at the door. Oh, *fuck*. Just wait a minute, will you? They retreat. Patricia asks her if she wants to take a shower. No time. Well, we'll do it tomorrow, then, OK? OK. Good. I'm going to look forward to that. So am I. Good. They stand holding on to each other for a moment, then they separate and get into street clothes. Patricia unlocks the door.

THE DRESSING ROOM SMELLS LIKE COLD CREAM

SATIN
SLIPPERS ON
THEIR TOES



June, left in both pictures, has been with the company for two years. She is a matter-of-fact person, and she has done with fantasy. Enough. This is quite enough. What is the good of a sensitive nature and a beautiful body if one cannot share them? Eh? Nothing. There's no good in that at all. Who's keeping score? No one. Nobody. In 50 years, it's all over with anyway. Dancing is just sexuality manifest. That's what they tell me it is. All these bodies—onstage, in the dressing rooms, out on the streets. For Alison, right, dancing is celebration. It's the unification of impulse and action. She's been training for 16 years to eliminate those things that stand between what she feels and what she does. One must put one's training to the test. Life isn't long enough.

DANCING IS SEXUALITY MANIFEST

BARRY & BAGEL

DOES BARRY MANILOW DESERVE A BREAK TODAY?

THE BIG MAC'S BEETHOVEN AND BETTE MIDLER'S SECOND BANANA TRIES TO FILL A BIG SHOE. DIABETICS ARE WARNED AGAINST LISTENING.

ARTICLE BY ED McCORMACK

Surely it was with unintended irony that Dinah Shore once introduced Barry Manilow to her late-afternoon television audience as the fastest-rising young star in show business today—with the possible exception of Ronald Reagan! Still, the analogy seemed to fit. Although he has surfaced as a major recording star only in the past year or so, Manilow has been in the music business almost as long as vinyl. Long before he had his first hit single, *Mandy*, and long before he worked as Bette Midler's accompanist and musical director, Manilow made a very comfortable living composing and singing the jingles you hear on television commercials. He has that special knack for composing the hackneyed melody that works its way into the very adenoids of one's memory like an old-fashioned dentist's drill, and he has a voice that goes down like Pepto-Bismol, and he used them both to make himself very much in demand as both a jingle writer and a session singer.

His publicity glossies are the very picture of clean-cut youth and must evoke in some of his fans the almost irresistible passion to pinch his cheek. With blond blow-dry hair cow-licking down around adorable dimpled cheeks and a Bucky Beaver overbite that is as dazzling as the keyboard of his mirrored baby grand, he looks as if he's about to gobble his own prominent Adam's apple. Would you believe a Pat Boone for the decadent Seventies?

Up close, Manilow looks somewhat older than the 30 years to which he admits. Fashionably lank and starved to perfection though he may be, a dumpy little Mr. Peanut paunch strains against the bologna-skin body shirt he wears with only slightly more *élan* than the nebbishy Neil Sedaka. Dark baleful circles underline his eyes and weariness is visible through the Gulden's-mustard tan. Manilow looks like a Holiday Inn lounge pianist who has been asked to play *Misty* too many times.

In fairness, however, it should be recorded that we are scrutinizing him on an off day. "For a New Year's present, God decided to give me a Grammy nomination for *Mandy* and the most miserable cold in the history of the human race," the singer tells his visitor in a slightly husky voice. It is as if he were practicing shtick for his opening the following week in the place he punningly refers to as Lost Wages.

Mutely impressive, stately even in their silence, four gold records glow moonlike on the wall behind the baby grand. Otherwise, the living room in Manilow's apartment on East 27th Street is not what the interior decorators refer to as a drop-dead room: Inexpensive Aztec-pattern throw rugs interrupt a plain wood floor; one wall is mirrored, another papered with a photo mural of a forest scene in acidic greens. In a Danish modern bookcase, popular paperbacks such as *Dune* and *The Hobbit* share space with volumes on Stephen Sondheim, DeMille and the comedy of Neil Simon.

As dusk descends (like the contents of a dirty ashtray being emptied onto the tiny patio beyond the picture window) and a small Tiffany lampshade casts a

Illustration by David Willardson

DOES BARRY MANILOW DESERVE A BREAK TODAY? *"I assure you, I'm as sincere and serious about the kind of music I do as the Grateful Dead are about what they're into," the singer insists.*

tulip-shaped shadow down an *art-nouveau* poster over the piano, Manilow explains that this is all the luxury he needs. "It's the same apartment I lived in for years before I had a hit record and became the number-one artist in the country," he says.

"I was perfectly comfortable here when I was singing commercials and when I was Bette Midler's musical director, so why should I move just because I became a star overnight? I mean, being famous is fun, but it hasn't affected my lifestyle one iota. I was making a great living before I had a hit record, so this new thing is icing on the cake."

Icing on the cake: As Manilow entertains his visitor, a young man named Rick answers the phone, relays messages, refills glasses and does whatever else needs to be done, for it is one of the peculiar social codes of the music scene that personal body servants should be unliveried and able to blend unobtrusively into the environment. Rick just seems to be hanging in here, as they say. But you notice that he never stops moving, never stops serving. He is by turns secretary, valet and all-around man Friday. He always hovers near, always has one ear cocked for His Master's Voice.

"Rick helps me to keep my life together," Manilow explains, sipping diet cola through a straw and stroking his pet beagle, Bagel—a pampered pooch who seems to regard the intruder with almost as much suspicion as does the star himself. "You know, the press hasn't exactly been kind to me," the singer says, putting it mildly. "For example, this one critic recently called me a *putz* in print! It wasn't even a review! I mean, if someone puts you down intelligently, maybe you might learn something from it, but what can you possibly learn from being called a *putz*?"

Putz being the Yiddish slang word for prick, you can almost sympathize with this nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn, to whom the critics have been not only less than charitable but less than gentlemanly as well. Considering the undisguised scorn with which Manilow's music has been regarded by rock purists, it is conceivable that he sometimes feels the way the late Jacqueline Susann felt when she was dissected by the *Saturday Review* at the height of her popular success. It must irk him, too, that even some of the people connected with Clive Davis' prestigious new Arista label, on which he records, seem to regard him as an embarrassment. The hostility from critical quarters has, in fact, been so up-front that flacks whose sorry duty it is to hype Manilow do so almost apologetically, and Arista's ace publicity women have been known to put aside public-relations protocol and ask reporters point-blank if they intend to perform a hatchet job.

Even Manilow has to grin, however, at how grossly his guest underestimates him; the guest gets no closer to a polite compliment than to admit that the host's music is catchy and that the songs do tend to stick in one's head—"whether you want them to or not."

"I assure you, I'm as sincere and serious about the kind of music I do as the Grateful Dead are about what they're into," the singer insists, as he leans back on the velveteen sofa, his shiny black José Greco boots on the coffee table. "That's why I think it's ridiculous that some of the critics feel they can judge me without even listening to my music—just because I used to make my living writing music for commercials. I mean, I'm not ashamed of that fact; I was the one who let it be known. But maybe I should never have let it out, because it seems to have prejudiced people against me. The worst part of it is that I sometimes get blamed for commercials that I just *sang* but didn't write."

All right, Barry Manilow's most significant biographical detail is *not* that he sang "Youuuuuu deeeee-serve a break toooo-day—at McDonald's!"

"If one more person asks me if I wrote that shitty song, I swear I won't be responsible for what I do with my next Big Mac," Manilow chuckles as if extemporizing a line one remembers from an Arista press release. Manilow does, however, own up to having written the Bowlene Toilet Cleanser theme as well as *I Am Stuck on Band-Aid Brand* and several other commercials extolling a variety of products and services from Stri-Dex to State Farm Insurance.

"The other day I had to cancel a commercial I'd already agreed to do for Pizza Hut," he complains, "because when the people at Arista heard about it, they almost hit the ceiling. 'What—the number-one artist in the country and you wanna sell pizza? Barry, you gotta be kidding!' they said. But I dig doing commercials, and it killed me to have to cancel."

At Arista's request, Manilow has stopped hawking products other than himself. But until recently he featured in his concert performances an inexplicably crowd-pleasing medley of commercial jingles he had written or performed. "The reason I do it—besides the fact that some of them are not bad musically—is that those themes are familiar, and people really relate to them," he explains. "It also provides a bit of comic relief and helps to lighten things up a bit, since I don't really have any songs that are funny—at least not intentionally! And every concert should have at least one novelty number to give the audience a breather."

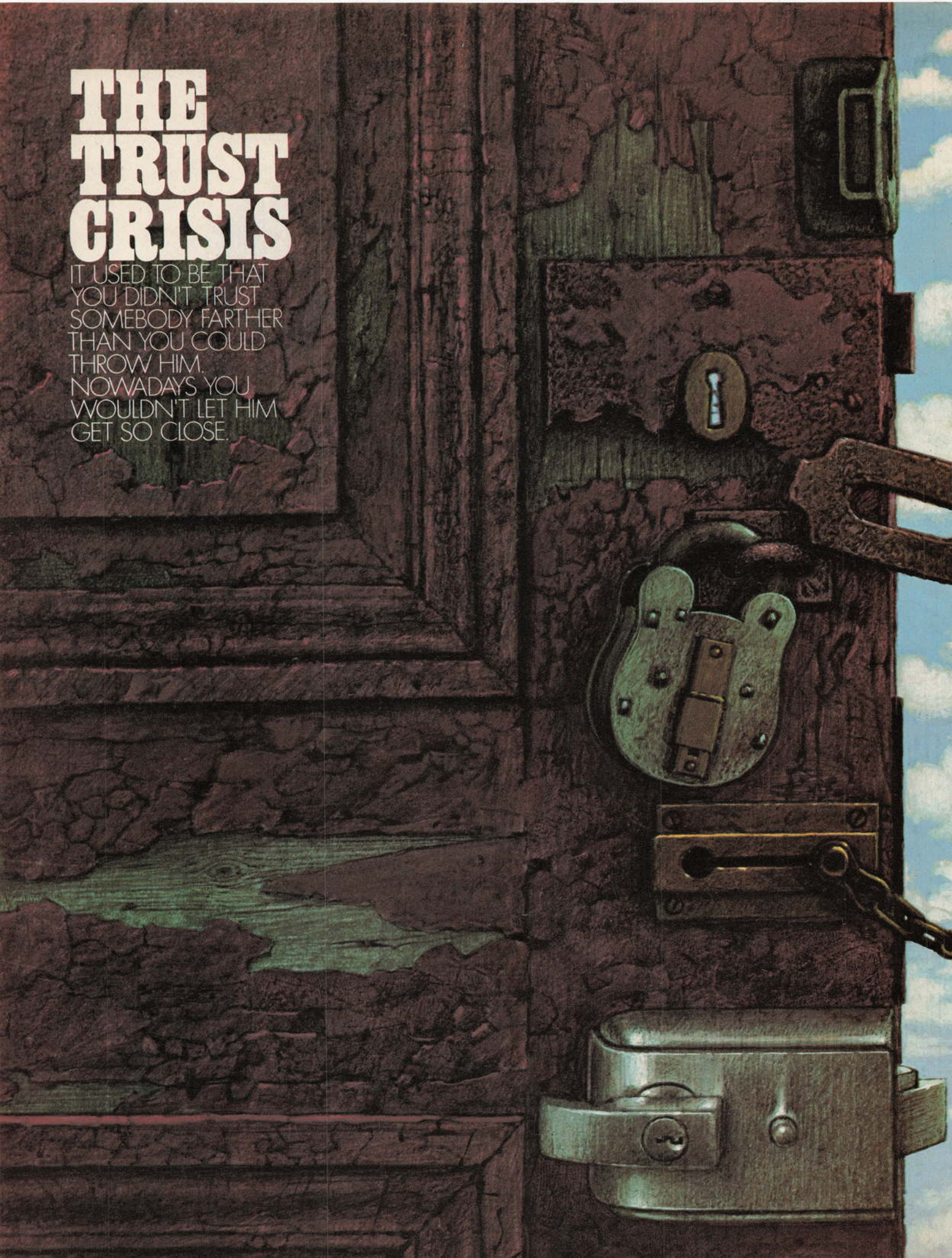
Manilow, who says that he learned this rule from his years of coaching and arranging for others, also says that he never really intended to drag his mirrored baby grand out into the spotlight and become a superstar himself. "All I ever really wanted to do was to coach singers and to be able to make the piano sound like a whole orchestra. Even when I was a kid growing up in Brooklyn my heroes were not performers. They were guys like Henry Mancini and Nelson Riddle," he says. "So finding myself in the spotlight—don't get me wrong: It's great, I love it! But it certainly wasn't what I had in mind when I started out in this business."

Williamsburg, Brooklyn, where Manilow grew up, has to be, block for block, one of the worst neighborhoods in a borough that doesn't have much going for it to begin with. Row upon row of brown rotten-tooth tenements sag in the spidery shadows of the Williamsburg Bridge, and violent racial tensions flare up despite a poverty level that renders blacks, Puerto Ricans and Hasidic Jews all more or less equal. Manilow says he remembers Williamsburg mainly as a place where there was music, however—where kids listened to rhythm and blues on the jukebox in the local candy store and harmonized on street corners.

Manilow cannot remember ever having felt poor, he says. His father deserted the family when Barry was still in infancy and his mother always had to struggle to make ends meet, but this is no John Garfield movie about an impoverished slum urchin who has to fight against local ignorance and parental objections to pursue a flighty calling. Manilow explains that, all in all, he had it pretty easy as a kid; even the absence of a father does not seem, in retrospect, to have been particularly traumatic. Being raised by women—his mother and his grandmother—he did not have to deal with some *macho* figure who might have discouraged artistic leanings in the boy as unmasculine. In fact, when he was about nine years old, nothing delighted little Barry's mother and grandmother more than to hear him perform such virtuoso standards as *Tico-Tico* and *Lady of Spain* on his first instrument, the accordion.

After graduating from high school with no particular honors to speak of, Manilow *(Continued on page 114)*

LASSALVY


THE TRUST CRISIS
IT USED TO BE THAT YOU DIDN'T TRUST SOMEBODY FARTHER THAN YOU COULD THROW HIM. NOWADAYS YOU WOULDN'T LET HIM GET SO CLOSE.

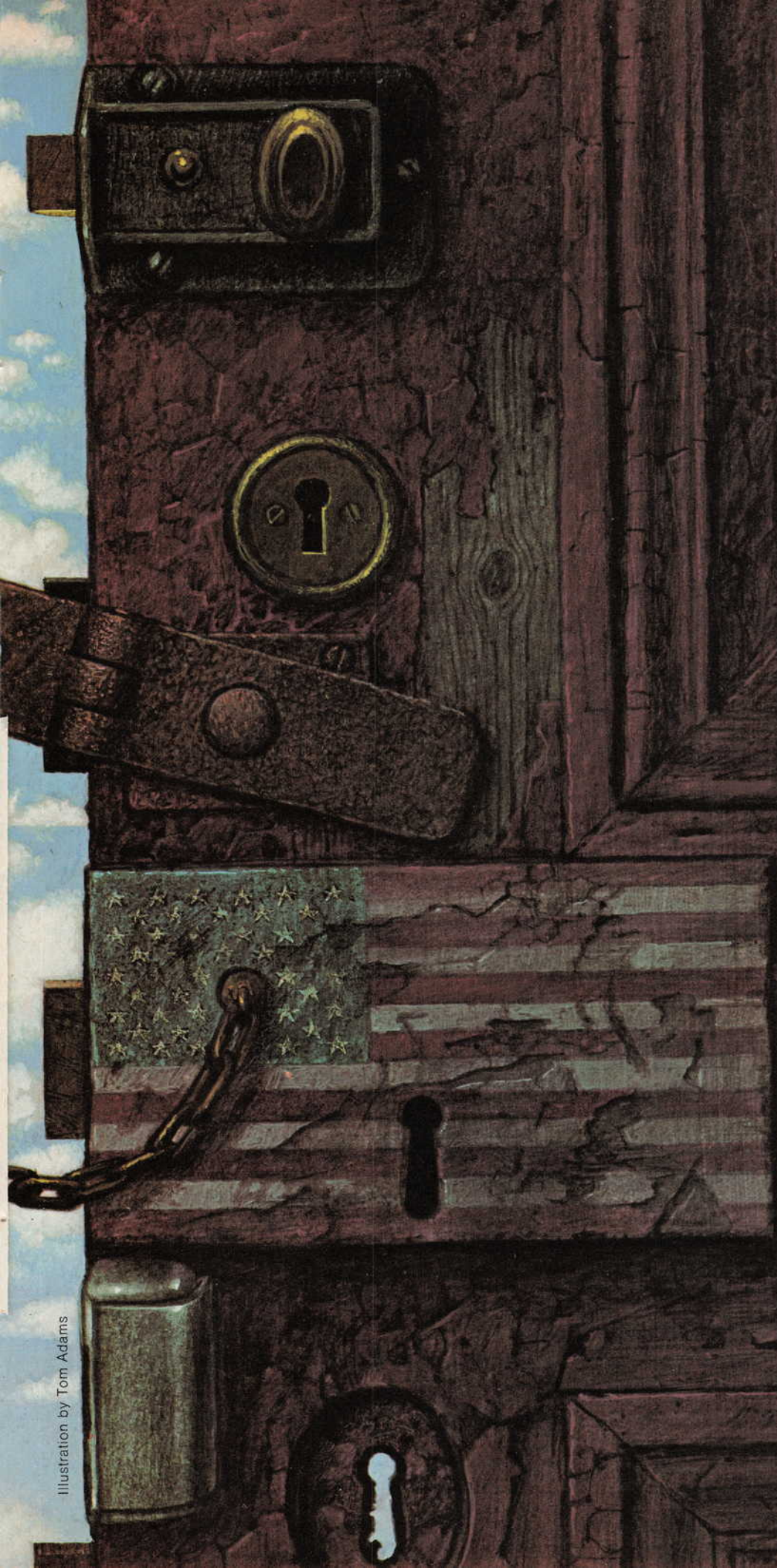


Illustration by Tom Adams

ARTICLE BY RALPH KEYES

In this election year, issues such as war and the economy have paled beside our real concern, which is: Whom do we trust? Wallace has said to trust the people. Carter has urged us to trust Carter. Ford claimed as his major achievement the restoration of trust. In Illinois, one candidate for comptroller ran as "a leader you can trust," and in California, John Wayne recommended we elect some Republican to the Senate because, "I trust him." Not long ago, a radio announcer asked a cross section of San Franciscans to rate six Californians for trustworthiness. James Turner came in second. Turner trailed only former Lieutenant Governor Robert Finch, who had been out of the public eye for a while, and decisively beat Ronald Reagan, among others. But Turner doesn't exist. Turner was a fictitious character thrown into this poll as a ringer. And David Levy is fictitious, too. Yet in 1973, Levy was found to be trusted by 42 percent of the voters surveyed in the Bronx by Oliver Quayle. Levy beat then-Governor Nelson Rockefeller by 22 percentage points and Mayor John Lindsay by 28. Energy is our resource crisis of the Seventies; trust is our social crisis. There isn't much of it to go around, and stock piles are dwindling fast. Meanwhile, signs of mistrust abound: the guard checking our bag as we leave a library; the security deposit on apartments; the plastic shield that protects the cabdriver from us; Dobermans snarling in junk-yard lots; the three I.D.s that are required to cash a check; and the picture taken during

THE TRUST CRISIS *A man who walks a dog of the same breed as the dog of the woman he approaches gets a trust bonus. Carrying a book can be helpful, but the title must be carefully selected.*

check-cashing "for your protection." Then there are closed-circuit TV cameras, convex mirrors, chains attaching coat hangers to racks and constant furtive looks. There are, we're told, some things yet to be trusted.

You can trust your car to the man who wears the star.

Trust Jergens. Soft hands are our business.

Trust Sears.

Mazola Non-Stick Spray: A Name You Can Trust.

Would you trust this moment to anyone less than Kodak?

The Christian Science Monitor. A newspaper you can trust.

Tampax. The tampon more women trust.

If you can't trust Prestone, who can you trust?

Once merchants start peddling a virtue and politicians compete to claim it, the virtue has probably been lost forever. And so it may be with trust. An ongoing survey conducted at the University of Michigan shows a startling decline—especially since 1964—in levels of public trust. Only a little more than two percent of one cross section of Americans now agree that you can trust the Federal Government "just about always." This is down from 14 percent a decade earlier. Jimmy Carter's pollster Pat Caddell learned during the primaries that about 68 percent of the population believes that the Government has consistently lied. A 1973 Gallup Poll found that two persons out of three believe that there are members of Congress who won election by unethical or illegal means. This was one year after two University of Connecticut psychologists found that politicians rank 19th out of 20 occupations in terms of perceived honesty, trailing TV and auto repairmen and just barely beating out used-car salesmen. Pollster Lou Harris says we're now at the point where garbage men outrank Presidents in public confidence.

Why shouldn't they? We see our garbage men more often than we see the President and can generally trust them to do their job with competence and integrity. My *Webster's* defines trust as "assured reliance on the character, ability, strength, or truth of someone or something." This definition applies better to my recent garbage men than to my recent Presidents.

Trust is rooted in predictability. We develop greatest confidence in that which proves itself over time—Levis, say, unchanged in over a century. Or Campbell's soup. Or Walter Cronkite. Cronkite consistently leads polls as the most trusted person in America. As well he might. The CBS newscaster has visited our homes more often than most people and proved himself dependable over time.

Our loss of trust isn't just political, either. Only 28 percent of the Americans sampled in one recent poll said they trust most people they meet—and this hardly seems surprising. Since we move about a lot, both physically and spiritually, it's become harder and harder to trust anyone. As Neil Young sings: "My life is changing in so many ways, / I don't know who to trust anymore; / I was thinking I'd hire a maid." In a life lived among kin and clan, trust is easy. You trust those close to you and distrust everyone else. A life lived among strangers poses dilemmas. Wanting to trust, yet wary, we scan one another's actions for signs that trust is or is not warranted—and for signs that others do or don't trust us.

Take a simple activity such as buckling up one's seat belt in another person's car. Many drivers see this sensible move as shouting "I don't trust your driving!" By the same token, someone with an exaggerated taste for salt may routinely sprinkle it on food even before tasting. But ask a cook what this says about trust in his ability to season properly. Then there's the movement of a woman's hand to her bodice every time she leans over half an inch. Doesn't this say with some eloquence "I don't trust you not to look"?

Male-female relations, especially in the early stages, succeed or flounder to the extent that both parties know how to manipulate symbols of trust and mistrust, and a sophisticated urban hustler knows how to manipulate such symbols to his advantage. Smoking a pipe is a good move for a man, as is walking a dog. A man who walks a dog of the same breed as the dog of the woman he approaches gets a trust bonus. Shoes are important, too, though they limit one's options. Earth Shoes stick together, and Gucci wearers tend to have confidence only in one another. Carrying a book can be helpful, but the title must be carefully selected. Adelle Davis books should be taken to the fruit-juice bar, for example, but never to a real bar. *Looking for*

How trust was busted and America lost its confidence

1914—Passage of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act.
1920—White Sox scandal: Eight members of the Chicago White Sox are charged with taking bribes to throw the 1919 world series.
1926—Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson disappears for 37 days; she says she was kidnaped, but the evidence points to a liaison with a lover.
1928—Lie detector developed by Scotland Yard.
1929—Invention of falsies.
1933—Bank failures force President Roosevelt to shut banks down.
1942—Shredmaster introduces a line of paper shredders.
1955—Some Cutter vaccine found to give rather than to prevent polio.
1958—Quiz-show scandals: Charles Van Doren shown not to be as smart as he looks.
1960—Dwight Eisenhower says U2 spy plane shot down over Russia was studying weather conditions.
1963—In House of Commons, British war secretary John Profumo denies "impropriety" with callgirl Christine Keeler; later admits that he fibbed.
1964—Warren Commission Report.
1964—Lyndon Johnson says, "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves."
1965—Demonstration of radio transmitter implanted in martini olive.
1968—Jerry Rubin turns 30.
1968—Richard Nixon elected President.
1972—George McGovern backs Thomas Eagleton 1000 percent.
1972—Crunchy Granola is found to be no more nutritious than Cheerios.
1973—Nixon tells nation: "I had no prior knowledge of the Watergate operation; I neither took part in nor knew about any of the subsequent cover-up activities; I neither authorized nor encouraged subordinates to engage in illegal or improper campaign tactics."

1974—Peter Paul's president admits that Mounds bars and Almond Joy bars are no longer covered with real chocolate; when asked what they are covered with, he replies, "I'm not sure exactly what it is."
1974—Timothy Leary turns informer.
1974—Gerald Ford says that the American people wouldn't stand for a pardon of Nixon.
1974—Euell Gibbons develops an ulcer.
1974—Ford pardons Nixon.
1975—Euell Gibbons dies.
1975—Ann Landers gets a divorce.
1976—The Reverend Billy James Hargis is charged with diddling young boys and girls at his American Christian College. ■

© Lorillard 1976

Old Gold pleasure!

Taste is why.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

THE TRUST CRISIS *In cities, trust has become such a scarce commodity that many of us have given up on people entirely and now invest our confidence only in such nonhuman beings as Afghan hounds.*

Mr. Goodbar should never be carried. Carrying *How to Pick Up Girls* could be seen as admirable bravado, but unless you're sure of your second line, such bravado should probably be avoided.

Once preliminary symbols of trust have been put forward, efforts to support them are often woefully inadequate. The woman being driven home from a campaign rally by a guy who said he was single may wonder about the little fingerprints smudged on the rear window of his station wagon. The guy who has just struck out because his date was having her period may ask himself, "So how come the cellophane isn't broken on the box of Tampax in her bathroom?" And pity the poor woman searching folds of skin for the vasectomy scar she's been assured is there.

Once a birth-control pill is developed for men, extraordinary new crises of trust will arise for women. "Sure, honey. Took my pill this morning. Don't you trust me?"

Well, did he or didn't he? Only the pilltaker knows for sure, and in today's climate of distrust and one-night stands, verbal assurances are weak, at best. Those working to develop a male pill would, in fact, do well to anticipate this problem and to devote as much attention to the trust problem as to estrogen. One unmistakable sign would do the trick, after all: perhaps, as a male-pill side effect, a bright-blue dot just beneath the foreskin.

Or would a bright-blue dot simply promote ballpoint-pen sales? The problem with any outer sign of trustworthiness is that it's always subject to being ripped off by con artists. Con man, after all, means confidence man, and a good one knows how to win your trust. The Boston Strangler gained admittance to women's apartments by wearing reassuring beige or gray uniforms. Master criminal Garrett Trapnell cashed thousands of dollars worth of bad checks by using them to buy dog food. ("When you buy dog food," he later explained, "everyone trusts you.") A homeowner in Hollywood recently blew $20,000 on a fly-by-night home remodeler whose pickup was plastered with JESUS SAVES stickers. "I figured anyone that religious wouldn't try to take me," the fleeced homeowner later moaned.

Charles Manson was an expert at manipulating trust symbols of the counterculture—especially hair. This sharp-eyed hustler realized how basic long hair had become to someone who wants to be trusted and let his hair grow long before starting to look for a harem of runaway girls. (A study of hitchhiking conducted at about the time Manson stood trial showed that length of hair is the principal factor in determining who picks up whom. Short-haired drivers tended to pick up short-haired hitchhikers and long-hairs tended to pick up long-hairs. Of all drivers who stopped, 85 percent were long-hairs.)

Of course, in the time since Manson infected our consciousness and since police departments relaxed restrictions on hair length, we have had to look farther afield for symbols that inspire confidence. Some trust symbols are nearly universal: pipes, a clerical collar, a physician's white smock (though this last is threatened by the increasing number of auto-service managers who wear white smocks less fo inspire cleanliness than undeserved trust). By the same token, there are signs that inspire lack of confidence in almost everyone: mirror sunglasses, a sales case in hand, cheap cigars.

The more we split into separate communities based on lifestyle, the more symbols of trust depend on one's style and spirit. Likes trust likes. People who drive the same kind of car usually inspire confidence in one another, particularly if the car is an odd make like the Saab 93 or the Pacer. Clothing also is terribly important in establishing trust. Message T-shirts are a means of making blatant what once was subtle. One even reads: HI. I'M CHUCK. TRUST ME. Or JEFF or DON or BILL. Jimmy Carter courted the rock vote by donning an Allman Brothers T-shirt. And one consultant in New York even advises salespeople on how to dress their way into the best offices.

Elaborate handshakes are another important development in the search for brothers and sisters to trust. The shaking of hands began as a means of inspiring trust, a way of proving to a stranger that you concealed no club or rock. In recent years, the ritual has become highly specialized, with one handshake for freaks, another for blacks, a third for bikers, and so forth. The problem here is that the handclasp that inspires trust among the like-minded is likely to have the opposite effect elsewhere. Two Oakland Hell's Angels are now serving five-year-to-life sentences for stomping to death a man they had just met. The two explained that their victim, who had responded to a motorcycle-for-sale ad, gave them a thumb-lock. This is exactly the wrong handshake to give an Angel and it so incensed the pair that they beat the handshaker to death.

This is a problem with symbols of trust in general: What helps in one setting may hurt in another. A smile is meant to inspire confidence most everywhere. But in some sophisticated urban centers, a smile from a stranger is enough to make you cross the street. What does he want from me? Is he about to pull a knife? Is he going to proposition me? Has he got something hidden behind those teeth?

In cities, trust has become such a scarce commodity that many of us have given up on people entirely and now invest our confidence only in such nonhuman beings as Afghan hounds and machinery. Doctors have found that patients will commonly reveal more to a computer asking diagnostic questions than they will to a live interviewer. A physician in Atlanta says he's even stopped entering the room where patients talk to computers, because his presence proves so inhibiting. At Stanford, a psychologist has studied the attitudes of a group of junior high school students who were taught both by machines and by humans. A majority of those questioned said they preferred mechanical teachers to live ones, because the machines were fairer and less judgmental—hence more trustworthy.

This is even perhaps the principal message of modern life: The only trust that won't be betrayed is that given not to people. Too often we've found trust in humans betrayed—by Richard Nixon or by a friend who failed to repay a loan. The need to trust is basic. Without trust, we become paranoid schizophrenics. But since the people around us—to say nothing of politicians—have proved so untrustworthy, we've refocused our trust on products, technology and television friends such as Walter Cronkite. To keep up with such changing mores, institutions will have to adapt. The Treasury Department, for example, has already been forced to legalize the sale of gold because of declining trust in paper money. Next, the Treasury would do well to examine the paper itself, which currently claims: IN GOD WE TRUST. Is this any longer true? Or, as with Presidents and greenbacks, has our faith in the Deity eroded over time? Given the crisis of trust in this country, the Secretary of the Treasury might give serious consideration to developing an alternative slogan for the one-dollar bill, in which God isn't even mentioned.

Sometimes I wonder if the cynical sign in the grocery store isn't, in fact, a last bastion of faith:

IN GOD WE TRUST
ALL OTHERS PAY CASH ▣

(Continued from page 72) didn't prosecute because we felt that a guy was innocent.

BAILEY: Nevertheless, you find the Government prosecutors thinking that even though some guy may have been wrongly indicted, he's still a bad guy and ought to be taken out of circulation. This is the philosophy behind an awful lot of Mafia prosecutions.

OUI: You're talking about Government harassment?

BAILEY: I'm talking about a concerted effort to get somebody. When Attorney General Robert Kennedy said, "I'll get Jimmy Hoffa," that was tantamount to saying, "I'll get him any way I can." This is precisely the kind of attitude that demeans the system.

BUGLIOSI: Of course there are prosecutors around who want nothing more than to get people convicted, who make a career of it. Most of them, though, are very fair. There aren't that many who'll indict just for the sake of filing an indictment, if only because they know they can get badly burned.

OUI: But this still doesn't answer the charge that the Government has greater power than the defense and that the system itself is tipped against the defendant, especially one without much money.

BAILEY: The defense has certain power as well. Under our present code, the law of discovery enables the defense to see everything the prosecution has developed, and this is a one-way street. The prosecutor doesn't know what the defense has until the last minute, and it's the prosecution that has to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. Often this situation more than evens things up.

OUI: Yet most juries assume a guy has been indicted for good reason; they side with the Government almost by reflex.

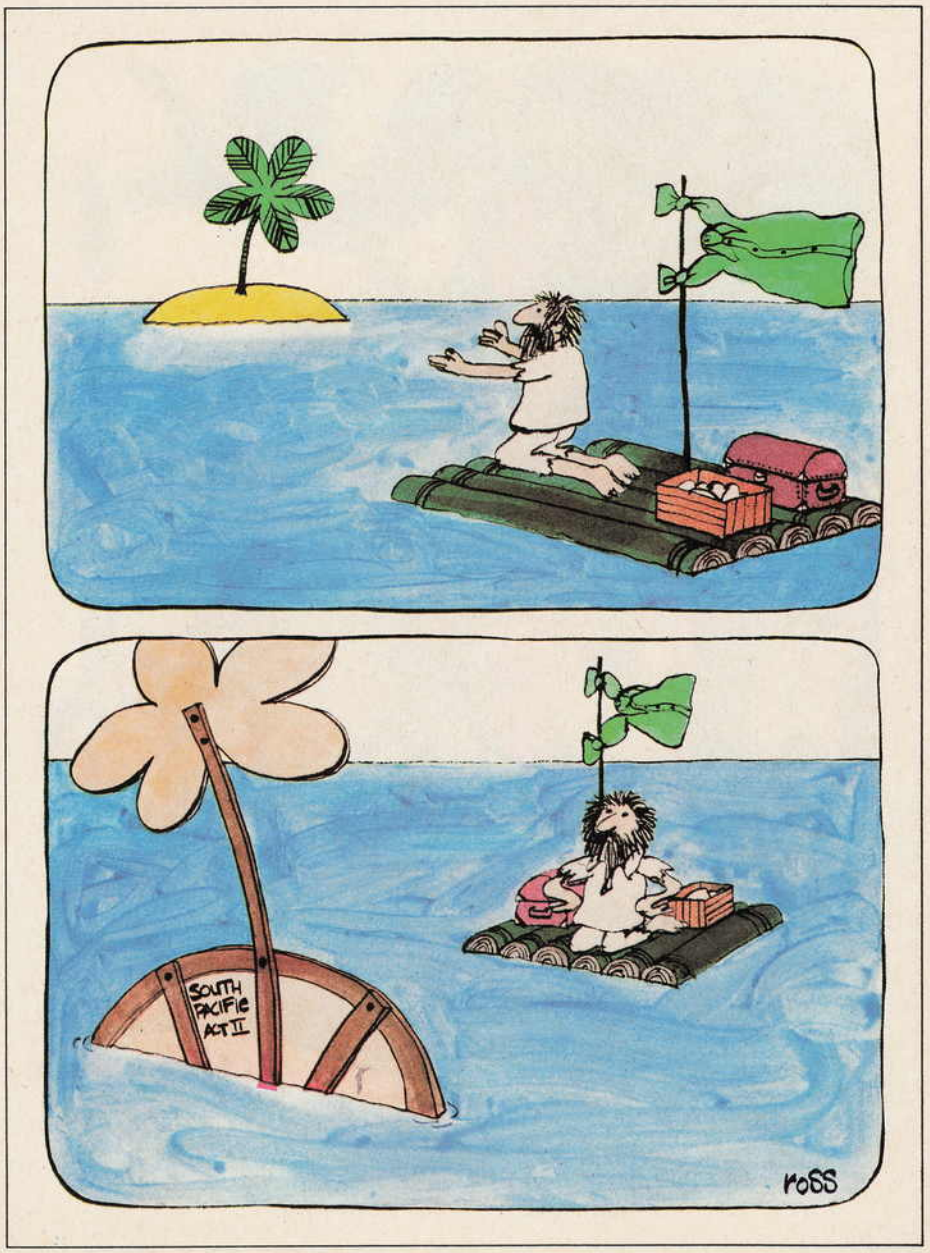
BUGLIOSI: The presumption of innocence, I agree, is fiction. Most juries presume the defendant to be guilty. What's not fiction, though, is that it's often very difficult to *prove* guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. If a case is properly argued, the defense can get an acquittal on this point alone.

OTERI: Sure, and a good thing, too. The prosecution holds every card, from 9000 cops to the FBI, and so nine times out of ten reasonable doubt is a defendant's only hope. Take the Purolator case, the biggest cash heist in American history: A guy named Louis Gafonzo was charged with conspiracy to rob and to transport more than $5000 in interstate commerce. The Government used 92 witnesses. We didn't use one; we didn't even put Gafonzo on the stand, and he walked out. With a reasonable-doubt defense, what the defense is doing, in effect, is saying to the Government: "You accused my client, you fucking prove it."

BAILEY: The flip side is that, if a defendant testifies, the jurors will tend to decide the whole case on the basis of his testimony; they reach a verdict on whether or not they believe the defendant, and they disregard other evidence. This is what happened in the Sam Sheppard murder case: Sheppard would have been acquitted the first time out if he hadn't testified, because the jury didn't think there was a case. We interviewed jurors afterward and found that they had transferred the burden of proof to the defendant and that he failed to satisfy.

OUI: Within the over-all system, what then is the attorney's role? To get an acquittal? To make money?

FOREMAN: There are more crimes committed in the name of the state than are committed against the state, and my duty as a defense lawyer is to see that my clients get their Constitutional rights. If the arresting officers violate these rights—by tapping a phone or otherwise illegally obtaining evidence—or if the prosecuting attorney attempts to railroad a defendant by introducing hearsay or by making unfair inferences, then my duty is to protect the defendant from that. Human nature isn't any different here from what it is in totalitarian countries, and without an alert defense lawyer, the individual's rights would be merely a bunch of words. So, the way



JUSTICE FOR SALE? *The most difficult cases to defend are those in which an innocent man is being hounded by district attorneys, police officers or simply private enemies.*

I see it, the D.A.s enforce the law against my clients and I enforce the law against the D.A.s.

OUI: And the fact that the defendant may be guilty is irrelevant?

FOREMAN: Yes, my sole duty is to the client. And, if I'm doing my job, I'm not only defending him, I'm defending the Constitutional system.

BAILEY: Or, alternately, you could talk about multiple responsibilities. One of these is to provide a fair trial to a person who is guilty—though not necessarily of what's specified in the indictment—and arrive at a compromise by way of a plea bargain, which will dispose of the case and, in the long run, be better for the individual. The second duty is to use every ethical means available to get an acquittal; I cannot accept the concept of a fair trial that results in the conviction of an innocent man.

OTERI: But a lawyer should be careful about making moral judgments. A guy can come in and tell me he's raped 47 women and has just been indicted for raping the 48th but if he can convince me that he was out of town on the night in question, then I'll defend him. I can't let him go to jail simply because I *know* he's a rapist. When lawyers start deciding who should be free and who shouldn't be free, the whole system breaks down.

OUI: You've never refused to represent someone?

OTERI: Sure I have, but mainly because I didn't like the way the people wanted their cases handled. People have wanted me to go into court and call a cop a fucking liar or the D.A. a perjurer, which I don't think is very intelligent. A person's guilt, though, is irrelevant. It has nothing at all to do with whether or not I'll take the case.

FOREMAN: I've learned the hard way what cases not to take. I won't defend a man who is on narcotics or someone who is passing hot checks. The reasons are totally practical. You can't depend on anything that forgers tell you; they're confidence men and everything's a game with them. You catch them in a lie and they'll give you another lie. As for someone on narcotics, that's an even bigger problem. Prosecutors habitually try to make deals with narcotics users, so the users will say absolutely anything. Defending someone caught in this situation is almost impossible.

BAILEY: The one I won't take is that of guys accused of a gang-bang, which I consider a horrendous, brutal crime. A bunch of guys tie the boyfriend to a tree in the woods, rape the girl repeatedly and then beat the hell out of her. A judge once attempted to appoint me to defend such a case; I told him to tell the defendant that, if I was appointed, I'd do my best but that I had the feeling that he was guilty and should be put in jail. That defendant would have been ill served by having me represent him.

FOREMAN: The most difficult cases to defend are those in which an innocent man is being hounded by D.A.s, police officers or simply private enemies. If a man is guilty, the prosecution will generally rely on the facts, and there will always be room for reasonable doubt. If a person is being framed, on the other hand, those doing the framing will close every loophole with perjured testimony, and a lawyer has no way of knowing what's ahead of him. Sometimes, the greater the degree of innocence, the harder it is to get an acquittal.

OUI: Does it ever make you nervous that guilty persons might be acquitted?

DERSHOWITZ: Worse things can happen in a judicial system than allowing a guilty man to go free. I have seen systems in which lawyers operate on the basis of what they think best for their country or cause or whatever, and inevitably certain people don't get adequate representation. I've seen it in the Soviet Union and in Israel. A couple of years ago, the feeling among many Israeli attorneys was that they wouldn't—in fact, were morally bound not to—represent terrorists, and while I thoroughly disapprove of terrorism and actually knew people who were killed in the Lod Airport raid, I offered to represent the

"Would you settle for a blow job?"

charged Japanese terrorists. The idea that those people could have been tried in an Israeli court without experienced counsel was for me a travesty.

OTERI: Lawyers who turn down cases on the basis of whether or not they feel the defendant is guilty or nuts or evil or some fucking thing are directly or indirectly becoming judges themselves. There's a godlike component to being a lawyer in the first place, no doubt, but if you're going to act like a god, then you'd damn well better be a generous and giving god.

OUI: What if you get an acquittal for a guy who's dangerous and who next goes out and commits a little massacre?

BAILEY: People always ask this, and there's no simple answer. In two instances, I've gone to the trial judge after an acquittal and suggested that my client should be examined to see if he needs to be committed. Both times, it was with the client's permission, and on both occasions, the client was committed. However, damn few people are going to commit themselves voluntarily, so a broader view would argue that the lawyer's responsibility is to increase the level of skill and education throughout the system so that both sides are well represented. In the English system, for example, both the prosecution and the defense always, or nearly always, have a good lawyer regardless of the funds. The English rotate attorneys' responsibilities, so that no one lawyer is exclusively a defender or a prosecutor.

OUI: Returning to the question of money, how are fees established? Is there an element of collusion among lawyers to keep their fees as high as possible?

KUNSTLER: There's a quick and easy answer to that: Attorneys' fees are piracy, monumental rip-offs. By making people think that the lawyer's only stock in trade is his time, the legal profession justifies selling its services to the highest bidder, and the end result is that people are victimized; they wind up being stampeded by their fears of going to jail and by the celebrity image cultivated by lawyers such as Foreman and Bailey.

FOREMAN: Nonsense, and I've said this before—namely, that I've done murder cases for less than $50 and for more than $550,000. There's no flat fee; there never can be. The only constant in criminal work is that you've got to get the money up front, or else you don't get it at all. Beyond that, as a matter of principle, I've never charged anyone more than he could afford.

OUI: Well, what *does* it cost to have Percy Foreman represent you?

FOREMAN: It's not a question of what it costs to have him, it's what it costs *not* to have him. I'd say that out of the 1400 to 1500 murder cases I've handled, fewer than 75 of the people indicted went to jail.

"Hey, c'mon. We agreed we wouldn't start 'The Screw' until we'd finished 'The Kiss.' "

OUI: In determining a fee, is it simply a question of what the traffic will bear?

FOREMAN: No. There's no set fee for a particular kind of case, because no two cases are alike. What the lawyer does is try to determine the amount of time the case is going to take. But this doesn't mean that he charges his client by the hour.

OTERI: He can't. There are all kinds of things involved—not just his time. There're travel and hotels, there're research, typing and stenographic costs, lie-detector examinations, private detectives, expert witnesses, and of course there's the cost of his expertise in a particular area. I'll charge more for a marijuana case simply because I'm the best marijuana lawyer in the country. In the same way, Foreman might charge more for a murder defense, just as he damn well should. It's a question of being realistic. From time to time, I'll do free work, because someone's being screwed or something about a case interests me; but when I've got bills to pay, I can't afford to do that.

OUI: On a simple pot-possession case, say, what is your typical fee?

OTERI: It's $2500. But if the case involves someone charged with holding 25 tons, I might start at $50,000. Sometimes the money comes from the individual himself, sometimes from his associates; so long as it's not stolen, I don't care where it comes from.

OUI: When someone who's been indicted comes in to see you, do you charge for the initial conference?

BAILEY: No—and most attorneys don't. The litany at that point is simply as follows: "If you are telling the truth, I will defend you as a teller of truth. This could be fatal, however, if you're lying. The tactics we use in trying to vindicate the truthfulness of a client's position are very dangerous, if, in the opposition file, there is good, hard evidence that your story is false; so, please, don't cut your own throat. Tell me the truth." Now, if I still have difficulty believing a client's story, I'm going to suggest that we see the polygraph guy.

OTERI: Most of the time you don't find clients lying to you, though. What I prefer to do is conduct a sketchy initial interview which might last 45 minutes and then check out the guy's story. I'll call the cops and the D.A.s; I'll go

JUSTICE FOR SALE? *Judges are the major problem in the administration of justice today. The quality of lawyers today is far higher on the average than that of judges, including some on the Supreme Court.*

to the court and check the papers; I'll ask around on the street. After a while, I'll get a feel for the case, the severity of the thing and how hard the prosecutor's going to try to break the guy's balls. I want to know what I'm walking into, and, after that, we try to arrive at a fee.

OUI: Do you frequently wind up bargaining on the fee?

OTERI: It depends on how much fat there is in the original figure. Normally I'll accept a reduced figure if the client's willing to have a lot of the pre-trial work done by my associates and for me to come in later and actually try the case.

OUI: Overall, though, isn't it the middle class that has the toughest time of it? Someone working for $15,000 or $20,000 a year can't qualify for legal aid and——

DERSHOWITZ: Certainly. The poor can qualify for legal aid, but the middle-class person, who can't afford a serious lawsuit in the first place, let alone a Bailey or a Foreman, really gets it in the neck.

KUNSTLER: Yes, and this is the fault not only of individual attorneys but also of the system that creates them. The system is such that the law, which ought to be plain to everyone, consists of impenetrable gobbledygook, so that the public thinks that it has no alternative but a Percy Foreman. And the American Bar Association sanctions this.

OUI: So there's a kind of conspiracy within the A.B.A. to fix fees?

DERSHOWITZ: Of course, but in a capitalistic society wouldn't you be shocked if there weren't this kind of conspiracy? The Supreme Court has recently held that the law is a business not a learned society, so we're going to see more advertising.

KUNSTLER: But that's not the entire problem by any means. The A.B.A. has effectively put a stop to the centuries-old practice of clerking, whereby someone could get licensed without having to go through the mill of law school; the A.B.A. also determines who gets admitted to the bar; it sets so-called personal-ethics standards and the rest of it. The A.B.A. controls the profession from top to bottom, molds it to work hand in hand with the few people or interests who run this country, and the situation, far from getting any better, is getting worse.

DERSHOWITZ: What appalls me even more, though, is that lawyers have an obligation to take some cases without a fee, and not enough of them are doing this. There are criminal lawyers in this country who are making close to half a million dollars a year, and a lot of them aren't taking the important cases because they don't feel there's sufficient money in them.

BAILEY: It's a sticky problem, but I know of no way out of this other than to create a corps of defense lawyers, specially licensed, whose skill is above the ordinary and who would be available to everyone, regardless of ability to pay. As things now stand, even if a middle-class guy goes out and mortgages the house, he still may wind up with a lawyer who's neither particularly skilled nor specialized and who'll butcher the case. Then, a person is totally without recourse because he has selected his own lawyer, and it's almost impossible to overturn a conviction on the grounds of negligence. If the lawyer's appointed by the court, though, one has a good shot at overturning the verdict.

BUGLIOSI: By the same token, the public defender's office is a hell of a lot better than it used to be—and not just in California. There's more money available and the caliber of the people in the public defender's office has improved. Ironically the public defender, who is salaried and has time for individual cases, will do a better job for the indigent defendant than will the average attorney working for a guy with a little money.

OUI: What about the prosecutors these days? Certainly the Government loses an enormous number of cases—cases that perhaps it shouldn't lose—simply because the prosecutors have been sloppy.

FOREMAN: Prosecutors on both the state and the Federal levels today generally aren't as thorough as a good many defense attorneys. But, then, they don't have to be; they've got a corner on the market. It's the defense attorney who, if he doesn't make a creditable showing, won't be hired the next time around. The prosecution may be understaffed but it's got more to work with, not the least of which is the grand jury.

OUI: Are the Feds more or less guilty of this sort of thing than are the state prosecutors?

FOREMAN: Well, the Feds started it, but now it's standard practice. Maybe seven out of ten narcotics cases are illegally developed. What they do is get five or six charges on someone, tell him about only two or three of these, and then have him go out to make additional cases for them with the promise that they won't file the charges they've told him about; the guy goes out and lures people who've never had anything to do with narcotics into a buy—just to get himself off the hook; after he's finished, the Feds don't file the charges that they told him about but do file the others that they held back on. It's standard practice. Actually the Federal Government is probably ultimately responsible for selling more than half the narcotics coming out of Mexico.

OUI: And judges put up with this crap?

BAILEY: Yes and no. Federal judges may be carefully selected, but their tenure is for life, and there's almost no remedy against a Federal judge who becomes a tyrant. They're perhaps the most powerful creatures in society. On the other hand, it must be recognized that if a Federal judge decides to run with you, he's got the clout to do tremendous things for you.

DERSHOWITZ: Judges are the major problem in the administration of justice in the United States today. The quality of lawyers today is far higher on the average than that of judges, including some sitting on the Supreme Court. The judges' intellectual abilities, their fairness, their commitment to civil liberties—all of these are sometimes very questionable. The problem in obtaining justice isn't only money.

OUI: Is it true that many judges are hacks—political appointees who have no real commitment to what they're doing?

DERSHOWITZ: That's absolutely true. The typical judge isn't sufficiently experienced to serve, and if he does have experience, it tends to be as a prosecutor.

KUNSTLER: Judges are getting worse, but juries are getting better all the time. Since Watergate, juries seem to have become politicized, more open to accepting proof that the system is corrupt. The trouble is that lawyers are losing their control over jury selection. The *voir dire*—the process of questioning prospective jurors as to bias—has been taken away from lawyers in the Federal system and is now done by the judge. Also, in a state such as New York, there are now greater restrictions on just how far a lawyer can go in questioning prospective jurors, which obviously cuts down on his ability to weed out the bad ones. And there are also some areas where the defendant doesn't even get a jury if the crime is punishable by less than six months; the theory is that this saves time and money, but the Government's real goal is to eliminate the jury system altogether. And for good reasons, probably: Given the so-called rules by which justice is determined in this country, juries are the best thing that the people have.

OTERI: I wouldn't hesitate to trust my

fate to the average jury; as a rule, juries are made up of hardheaded people with damn good instincts. Most jurors can see through a D.A.'s sham when it comes time for the verdict; I don't think they're really cowed by the judge at all.

BAILEY: Without any other dynamic factor, however, the judge is the single most powerful figure in the courtroom and a lawyer should never get into a battle with a judge unless he can carry it far enough for the jury to turn on the judge. Jurors themselves come to court with certain predispositions, which really boil down to a naïveté about the system, and yet there aren't too many jurors who will rebel and not be the judge's sheep.

KUNSTLER: There's an organization called the National Jury Project that attempts to ensure fairer juries through attitudinal surveys conducted prior to trial. It creates a mean juror in the community and then analyzes prospective jurors against the mean, trying to find bias and to determine whether or not there's cause for a change of venue. The organization will even use psychologists and analyze prospective jurors' handwriting if it can get decent samples, all of which is obviously a step in the right direction.

FOREMAN: I don't believe in all that crap. It's the lawyer himself who ought to be the psychologist. Even if he doesn't have *voir dire*, if he has a fair amount of skill and experience, he ought to be able to visualize how a juror is going to see things.

OUI: Do you have a particular style in dealing with jurors?

FOREMAN: I'm just *me*. I like people and I have something in common with almost anybody who's done anything. Also, if I get a jury list in time, I can find out a good deal about the jurors through investigation; I don't hire someone else, I do it myself. In the same way, I thoroughly investigate the crime, since I have always taken the position that whatever is true is true. I've never had any trouble getting information from any police department anywhere in the country, so I go to the officers who investigated the case and go on the scene. I want to know what kind of witnesses I'm dealing with. It's the same with jurors: You've got to see them yourself and try and find out who they are.

DERSHOWITZ: This confidence in juries: I don't buy it. I think the most important thing about jurors can be said in two words: stupid and illiterate. It's amazing what kind of people tend to wind up on juries in this country. Nobody trusts anybody with brains, so anybody with brains tends to be excluded from serving. Also, as Bailey says, jurors tend to side with the prosecution; rarely do they exercise independent judgment. They make the assumption that the defendant's guilty or he wouldn't be standing trial in the first place. This problem is especially severe in the grand-jury system.

OUI: Is that because a grand jury is nothing but an arm of the prosecution?

BAILEY: The grand-jury system was created initially in England in the 1500s to protect the citizen from the king. The rationale for its secrecy was that, when the grand jury refused to indict, the king wouldn't be able to seek retribution since he wouldn't know who voted which way and, if he had a prosecutor who refused to prosecute, the king could take him apart. Today, though, the grand jury has become a prosecutor's delight. It is used to get indictments against people and then to disclaim responsibility. It's also a tool for hauling in potential defense witnesses and scaring the hell out of them.

DERSHOWITZ: Nobody has ever heard of a case in which a grand jury refused a prosecutor's request for an indictment. It's a mutual-masturbation session that has nothing at all to do with justice. The usual defense of the system—that it acts as a buffer between the Government and criminal suspects and that

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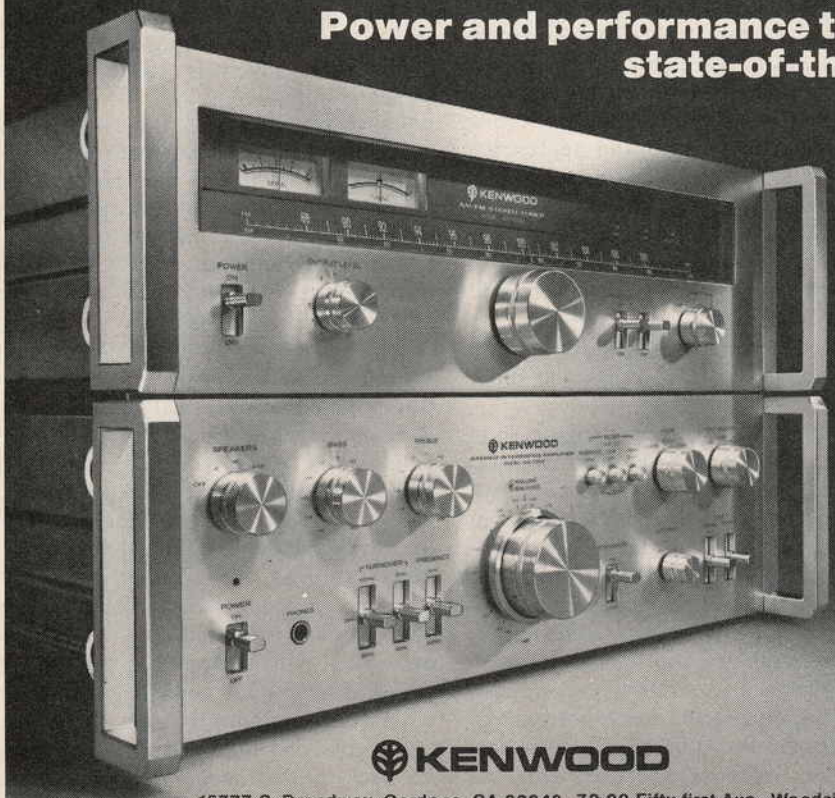

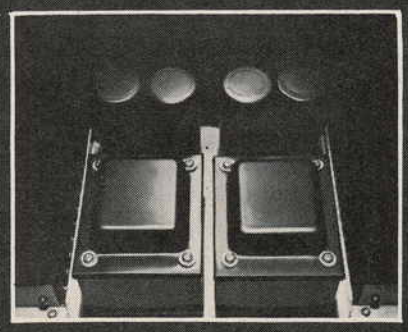

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the jurors will not allow the prosecution to bring frivolous cases—is utter nonsense. I've had clients tell me about prosecutors who threatened them with a grand-jury session simply because the prosecutor felt that they'd been "uppity."

OTERI: There's also the business of a grand jury subpoenaing a lawyer to bring in records that pertain to his client's fee payments, just to fuck up a lawyer's head. Another tactic is for the grand jury to call a lawyer as a witness so that he can't defend a client who's also subpoenaed because of a conflict of interest. A prosecutor can get a lawyer off a case that way, and there's no way to stop him. The only alternative to the grand jury is to have the D.A. assume full responsibility for pulling people into court; if he screws up, he can be defeated at the polls.

OUI: Does plea bargaining serve any real function other than as an expedient?

FOREMAN: Were it not for plea bargaining—the agreement, that is, between the defense and prosecuting attorneys to forgo a trial if the judge accepts the prosecutor's recommended sentence—were it not for this practice, this country would need more courthouses than it has filling stations. If every defendant went to trial, it would cost the taxpayers more than our army, navy, and marine corps combined.

OUI: But it's been charged that with plea bargaining innocent people frequently cop sentences out of fear, stupidity or their inability to pay for a lawyer.

KUNSTLER: Yes, it's the system's way of putting people in jail without a trial. It's the most basic form of judicial coercion, whereby people are told that all a lawyer can do for them is make a better deal than they would get in a jury trial. Unfortunately people accept it; they get arrested, get put in a holding cell and wind up calling the guard to tell him they'll write a plea. So they go to jail, and maybe 50 percent of them are innocent of the charge.

OTERI: I can't buy that. The fact of the matter in plea-bargaining situations is that 95 percent of the fucking guys are guilty, poor or not. You don't plea bargain an innocent guy. I don't care whether he's black, white, rich or poor, I've never bargained anything when the guy told me he didn't do it.

KUNSTLER: Maybe, but the poor don't have the resources to retain competent counsel in the first place. It's not a question of who you plea bargain, or when, because what happens, generally, is that someone will cop a plea on his own out of sheer terror of what is in store for him.

BAILEY: Two things happen with indigents: First, they want to defend themselves, because they don't believe lawyers will really do a job for them. Second, they plead to more than the situation actually requires; their lawyers scare the hell out of them and, not knowing any better, they do what they're told. Frequently the problem is that a lawyer wants to dispose of a case as rapidly as possible in order to preserve his profits. A long trial can quickly deplete any fee, and there are lawyers who plead 95 percent of their cases as a result.

OUI: Does that bother you?

BAILEY: No. A lawyer who makes plea bargaining his specialty usually gets a bad reputation for it. The guy who bothers me is the one who leads the defendant to believe that the answer lies in paying somebody off; of course, the money seldom leaves the lawyer's hands. It's a cute con game and it really demeans the hell out of the law.

BUGLIOSI: Politicians and law-enforcement people often claim that they're going to do away with plea bargaining, but that's hypocrisy of the grossest order. They can't do away with plea bargaining. If the practice was eliminated, probably 95 out of 100 defendants would have to be set free, because they couldn't be brought to trial soon enough, in accord with the Speedy Trials Act. It's a necessary evil that is antithetical to the concept that justice is giving a person his due; yet I'm in favor of it, not just from a practical standpoint but also because plea bargaining can introduce a note of flexibility into the sentencing process that might otherwise be lacking. If you've got two guys charged with the same crime, one with a handful of prior arrests and the other a first-timer, you can constructively bend the law to suit the individual cases.

OUI: Are there any alternatives other than more jails, more courts and more lawyers?

OTERI: Sure there are: changing laws that are either stupid or unenforceable. A lot of the law is bullshit, and we ought to recognize that. We should put cops to work chasing real criminals instead of arresting kids for smoking grass, or busting hookers, or hanging around toilets watching guys blow each other. Do that and we not only increase people's respect for the law, but we also reduce the number of deals that have to be made. On the other hand, plea bargaining is necessary because there's so much crime—real crime. We've got 20,000,000 convicted criminals running around, and if we eliminate plea bargaining all we're doing is keeping someone in jail for seven years instead of three. So what? If I've got a guy who's charged with armed robbery and he's going to get 25 years, it's my job to get my ass up there and try to bargain him a 15-year sentence. As for real alternatives to plea bargaining—shit, you're talking about changing the entire system.

OUI: Part of what you're saying, then, is that, given the basic imperfections of the system, plea bargaining allows for as just a solution as possible?

OTERI: Most of the time, yes. As Bugliosi says, it provides a necessary flexibility. I'll give you an example: I had a murder case in which a kid was indicted for first-degree murder; I went to the prosecutor and said, "Look, this is a fucking manslaughter." We talked about it; he talked to the cops about it; and the cops said, "Yeah, it's manslaughter." We were dealing, but we were *not* dealing in a slimy underhanded way, which is how most people think of plea bargaining. The best that I was going to get in that case was a manslaughter conviction, so why should I have wasted a lot of time and effort in a trial, only to run the risk of a second-degree murder conviction? Justice to me is simply getting whatever is fair and equitable for the client; so, if he's guilty and wants to plead guilty, I try to get him the best possible deal. The sociology here interests me less than the practical, day-to-day reality, which is going to affect someone's life.

DERSHOWITZ: The real tragedy of plea bargaining isn't that so many innocent people go to jail but that people who refuse to go along may well get a very long sentence merely because they refuse to deal and put the Government through the expense of a trial. The prognosis for doing away with it, though, as Oteri says, isn't very good. It's integral to the system.

OUI: Related to plea bargaining is the issue of what might be called courtroom politics, the "game" attitude, which has the defense and the prosecution trading jokes during recess or working out deals over drinks at the local courthouse bar.

KUNSTLER: Yes, and I resent it terribly. It's hard not to shake a prosecutor's hand when it is offered, but if I can get out of it, I will. I never pass the time of day with opposing counsel because he represents a system that wants to destroy my client. The notion that if I scratch his back, he'll scratch mine, or that we

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can do better for our clients by working together, is total bullshit. When push comes to shove, he'll try and screw me any way he can, and this fun-and-games nonsense only makes it easier for him to do it. Also, what can a client think when he sees his attorney exchanging dirty jokes with the man or woman who's trying to put him into jail?

BUGLIOSI: But a trial *is* a game and there's no denying it. It's called the adversary system. Both sides try to maximize every advantage and minimize every disadvantage, which is precisely the same thing that happens on a football field. If we're concerned about pure justice, we may have to minimize this game attitude, but if we do that, what happens to the basic presumption of innocence? What happens to the prosecutor's burden of proving guilt?

BAILEY: You don't have to take it that far. I fraternize with prosecutors all the time, and the mix of ideas I get from them puts their court statements into a far better perspective. It tends to inject balance. It's also the right time to sit down and tell the prosecutor that I think he's a son of a bitch for doing this and that—or simply tell him that my client doesn't deserve what's happening.

OUI: So it's possible for a defense attorney and a prosecutor to work jointly for an equitable solution?

BAILEY: Yes, and I'd say that maybe 60 percent of the prosecutors are capable of doing that. But in many cases, they won't do it, because outsiders would suspect a deal. Outside pressure frequently creates barriers that can't be crossed.

OUI: Especially with highly publicized cases?

BAILEY: Most commonly, yes. On the other hand, without the attention of the news media, any damn thing might happen in a courtroom. This is why press gags are so reprehensible. The media are invaluable watchdogs, there's no question about it. The press may use very poor judgment in what it says before a trial, and this can disrupt a lawyer's effort to get an unbiased jury, but in the main, the news media are probably better constraining forces in the operation of the law than is the law itself.

OUI: Going back to money, what does it cost these days to appeal a conviction?

DERSHOWITZ: To bring a challenge of a serious constitutional nature is expensive—extremely so. If you're a middle-class person who doesn't qualify for legal aid and you have to pay your own way, going first class all the way to the Supreme Court will cost you $50,000: That's $25,000 for the first trial, $15,000 for the appeal and then another $10,000 to get to the Supreme Court.

OUI: Are the appellate courts more committed to justice than are the lower courts?

DERSHOWITZ: Appellate courts are generally more concerned with justice and less with effectiveness. They're also staffed by higher-quality judges who don't have a close relationship with the prosecutors. There are still no guarantees of intelligence, though.

BAILEY: The Supreme Court Justices, for example, are not particularly overwrought with notions of justice. Historically the Supreme Court has been a policy-making body that creates judicial parameters, which inhibit Congress, the Executive and lower courts from going in widely disparate directions. I'm not sure that it's at all reprehensible, but the Supreme Court will frequently reject a case in which an individual has been screwed, because the Justices just don't have the time to hear it.

FOREMAN: We certainly need a check on the powers of the President and Congress, God knows, and to that extent the Supreme Court is very necessary. But people ought to realize that there's been some fixing, and by this, I don't mean with money. I mean with politics. I once had a case that I wanted the Supreme Court to reverse; I went to my friend President Johnson and he went to his friend Justice Abe Fortas, who agreed that the Court would take it. So the popular notion that the Supreme Court is inviolable is just horseshit. Those Justices are persuaded by who the lawyer is, his reputation and his standing—more so, I think, than most trial judges.

BUGLIOSI: Another example of this, and it goes all the way to the top, is the system's frequent failure to prosecute industry, which, of course, brings us back to the basic question of power and money. The prosecutor is the lawyer for the people, yet every year there are massive, gigantic frauds perpetrated by banks and insurance and real-estate companies that are not prosecuted at all. Industrial pollution, destruction of the country's natural resources—this kind of thing is rarely dealt with by the courts, and I think the higher courts are just as guilty as the lower courts.

KUNSTLER: But the money formulation makes it appear that every bastard with a bank account can win, yet all he's actually doing is equalizing the state's assets; therefore, the statement that you can buy an acquittal is self-serving. It reinforces the capitalistic underpinnings of the justice system as we now know it. It puts the emphasis wrongly. What we have to do is to educate the public so it will have enough savvy to know how to handle itself in the judicial system. The problem isn't just the failure of justice—which is, by and large, used as a comforting abstraction—it's really the way people have been herded into making assumptions about what they can get, how they let themselves be victimized. And the victimization ultimately affects the rich as well as the poor. Justice as we think of it is an illusion. When an Angela Davis is acquitted, say, we point to her case as a vindication of the system; that's an illusion. In reality, she was acquitted on charges that should never have been brought in the first place. The Government, even with the acquittal, achieved exactly what it wanted: It stopped Angela from teaching for two years. It never counted on putting her in jail, just on ruining her academic career and showing that a black woman Communist who insists on being vociferous is going to get it in the neck. The system doesn't need major victories. It needs only enough to cripple people.

BUGLIOSI: No doubt, and what we're finally talking about are the major changes necessary if justice is going to be more than an illusion. Not only must we do away with victimless crimes and concentrate on the real dangers but we've also got to go after white-collar criminals—the air polluters, the people who are getting fat by defrauding the consumer. We need more courts and more judges, if we're going to reduce plea bargaining; and if we're really sincere about rehabilitating criminals, we've got to get better prison psychiatrists. I think we also have to expedite the administration of justice by consolidating pre-trial motions into a single hearing. We've got to revamp the grand-jury system, and we've got to improve the pay and training of our police. There's a great deal that needs to be done and much of it involves money. There's no other choice, though. There's no reason for a system to continue when the basic reasons for that system no longer exist. If justice isn't all that it ought to be—and there's no question but that it isn't—then we have to find out why. The dangers, not just to defendants but to the rest of us, are too great not to.

OTERI: Amen. ▣

WHO

Beauty won't hurt Andrea Marcovicci

She looks like the kind of beauty that Al Pacino should have married in *The Godfather*; instead, sleek and high-born Andrea Marcovicci is playing the love-interest lead opposite Woody Allen, in his first straight dramatic role. Their film is *The Front*, a story about black-listing during the McCarthy era, and it also represents Marcovicci's first commercial film after a string of impressive TV-movie appearances. In addition to being bright and beautiful, Marcovicci is a serious young talent of broad acting experience—soaps to Shakespeare—and has a crystalline singing voice that is occasionally heard on the New York cabaret circuit. "She wants it all," says her manager, "theater, movies and records." Being beautiful won't hurt a bit.

Manfred Eicher, silent knight

Record producer Manfred Eicher is not your typical Sweetie-I'm-gonna-make-you-a star rock honcho. First, Eicher is talented. Second, he is reserved and keeps a low profile; he simply likes to help musicians such as Keith Jarrett, Gary Burton and Ralph Towner achieve their finest performances. In the process, Eicher's ECM label has, for a small independent, copped an impressive number of Grammy awards. Trained as a classical violinist, Eicher learned his technical skills at the control boards of DGG, the hallowed German giant of classical music. The clear, crisp phrasing heard on Eicher-produced recordings is, to quote ECM's motto, "The most beautiful sound next to silence." It is also pleasantly unencumbered by the clang of the cash register.

Neil Israel says, "Let my people go bananas"

Have you seen *Get Head*, the TV series about a detective who lost his body but whose head lives on in a hatbox? Or *Charlie's Girls*, about this family of kookie girls and their madcap romps through the Hollywood hills? How about *Rabbi Rabinowitz, Crimefighter*, the character pictured at right? You have probably seen none of them, unless you have seen *Tunnelvision*, a satirical commercial film that was written and directed by Rabbi Rabinowitz himself, Neil Israel. Israel was formerly a top promo man for CBS-TV, where his specialty was 30- and 60-second spots for CBS shows. He describes *Tunnelvision* as investigative slapstick and as what life on a totally uncensored fourth network might be like in 1985.

Eric Meola

Chaka Khan, Chaka Khan, Chaka Kahn

The name sounds like a phrase endlessly rumbled by some R&B backup choir, but Chaka Khan is a singer, not a song. For a long time, she was little more than window dressing for a struggling white band called Rufus. Then she started to move out—a bump here, a grind there—and soon she was tearing up the stage. Fans started to gather 'round, and Chaka was soon off on a recording career of her own. Already bigger (in a couple of ways) than Tina Turner, Chaka soon may be as popular as James Brown.

George Wein and all that jazz

George Wein was a good enough jazz pianist to open his own Boston club, called Storeyville, back in the Fifties. Mixing with all the talent that passed through town brought out the promoter in Wein, and this in turn brought jazz to a vast new audience when Wein launched the famous Newport Jazz Festival. The festival—like its promoter—has since moved to New York City, where Wein's latest gig is the reopening of Storeyville. The concept is for the club to be a floating jam session; the talent is not announced until the day before, so patrons are as likely to catch Dizzy Gillespie as they are a young Juilliard student flexing his chops.

Christian Steiner

Tedd Joselson scores 88 keys

Tedd Joselson was just another immensely talented Belgian-born pianist living in New York when a friend tipped the Philadelphia Orchestra's Eugene Ormandy to the youngster's genius. Ormandy listened and realized "that we had found a rare and exciting talent." The word next got to RCA, which signed Joselson to an exclusive classical-recording contract. Joselson's keyboard excellence is exceeded only by his powerful on-stage persona that translates virtuosity into showmanship: He draws energy out of the music and then pours it back in—sometimes by pounding his fists on the keys.

Jill Krementz switches from shooting book covers to shooting books

Jill Krementz is a tenacious photographer with an opportunist's eye. Some years ago she realized that the dust jackets of the best books bore the worst photographs, so she decided to make a specialty of shooting authors' portraits. Krementz quickly became the best in her field, but the excitement—and her pictures—paled after a few years. She became close to literary giants and moved in the inner circles of publishing; it was like shooting fish in a barrel—or *People*. Krementz gave herself a new assignment: recording a young ballerina's greatest moment, dancing the lead in *Nutcracker*. This meant Krementz had to sit through 22 performances, but the end result was a book—*A Very Young Dancer* (Knopf)—that re-establishes Krementz as a sensitive and articulate photojournalist.

Gordon Parks

All about Eve's

Eve's Garden is not just another New York sex shop. It has a mission. Dell Williams, the gatekeeper of Eve's Garden, is an ardent feminist and NOW activist who sees the Biblical Eve as the most slandered person in history. The idea for the shop goes back to the day when Williams went to a department store to buy a vibrator and the salesman asked her what she wanted it for. "I found myself saying, 'To massage my back,' instead of 'To jerk off.'" Women who shop at Eve's Garden won't be asked.

Redferns

Comic books are Michael Fleisher's mania

Ted Horowitz

Writers often get strange ideas, and Michael Fleisher's was to do a book—encyclopedia style—on comic-book heroes. Why? "Because the comics represent an exciting and beautiful mythology that nobody has bothered to preserve. No major library has a complete collection of the great comics." Seven years, 2,000,000 words and 10,000 comic books later, Fleisher produced the first volumes in a projected eight-volume *Encyclopedia of Comic Book Heroes* (Macmillan). Is it really comprehensive? Well, the first volume is entirely devoted to the stories of Batman, whom Fleisher describes as "the world's foremost fictional detective after Sherlock Holmes."

Senator Clark, Africa's Iowan

Senators from Iowa are supposed to get lost in agriculture committees and lobby for price supports on corn. Iowa Democrat Dick Clark fits this image, but has also displayed impressive savvy on foreign affairs. He made Kissinger squirm in hearings before his African Affairs Subcommittee and was the man largely responsible for preventing an American adventure in Angola. Clark was formerly a college history professor and, prior to a quick two-week fact-finding tour in mid-1975, his only contact with Africa had been a cherished khaki bush jacket that he wore on a 1300-mile campaign walk across Iowa in 1972. Clark's rare combination of intelligence, concern and crowd appeal has supporters talking of the bigger things that lie ahead.

Annie Haslam gets high on scales

Go backstage before most rock performances and you'll see lead singers getting stoned or growing catatonic with fear. Catch Annie Haslam of Renaissance and she'll be doing operatic scales, sucking on therapeutic lozenges and hyperventilating. "But I still get pretty nervous," says the classical rock stylist. Haslam's Renaissance is part of a trend which sees more and more rock bands co-opting classical melodies and playing them with a heavy bass and rock tempo; for her part, Haslam studied opera and has an astonishing five-octave range. Onstage she stands demurely in front of the mike, dressed in lacy, transparent gowns of her own design, and lets fly with notes that can crack crystal; on record, she'll freak your tweeter.

SHORT TAKES

THE CENTRAL PARK OF PARIS

It is a great after-dinner *salon*—a vast, wooded sexual wilderness, where you can't see the trees for the bushes

By day, Paris' noxiously perfumed garden, the Bois de Boulogne, is not a particularly endearing or gracious park to roam in. It is fun, perhaps, if one is on horseback or at the races at Longchamp or Auteuil, but the 2000 or so acres are forbidding to anyone on foot. Patches of scrub pass for grass; and uniformed civil servants mindlessly repeat the catechism, "One does not spoil the lawns for others." Worse, the Bois has had to adapt to the internal-combustion engine. Tree-lined avenues, which 100 years ago accommodated carriages, are now choked with traffic on its way to the western suburbs, while smaller trails, which might have provided shelter, have become, in effect, the private preserve of the equestrian *haute-bourgeoisie*. Horse manure litters the trails and pedestrians are in peril of being trampled by irate riders. Toilets are impossible to find—folks just take refuge behind the nearest tree. Frisbee tossing is punishable by the knife.

Of course, a similar litany of complaints might be lodged against Central Park in New York or Grant Park in Chicago, making one wonder if parks haven't generally outlived their purpose (to provide recreation) and if they don't persist solely as relics from an arguably more civilized past. Part of the answer may lie in this modest theory: that the genuine character of any large park nowadays—that is, any park that cannot be locked up, closed off or easily patrolled—emerges only after dark, when the forces of law and order are rendered impotent by the sheer weight of the masses out to grab their deserts.

Driving along the dimly lit Allée de Longchamp, on a warm summer evening, one's attention is drawn by a legion—300 or 400 strong on a fair summer night—of smartly dressed blacks, brunettes and platinum blondes standing along the sidewalk in clusters of twos and threes. Many are startlingly attractive; talking and laughing among themselves, they might at first be mistaken for the young wives or daughters of diplomats and professional people living in the neighborhood. They pay little heed to the passing traffic; vulgar solicitation is frowned upon. For make no mistake about it, this is rich-man's turf, and these are his courtesans, the renowned *pipelettes*.

The *pipelettes* are a thirsty band of professionals and semiprofessionals whose title derives from their potent and foremost stock in trade, a deftly administered variation of fellatio aptly dubbed *la pipe*. For a surprisingly low 30 francs, a *pipelette* can be persuaded to join a client for a 20-minute interlude in a car parked in a deserted alley or a garage or along a suitably lonely stretch of Tarmac.

Also, the *pipelettes* are snobs. Trying to score in anything less than a Porsche is a dreary and humiliating experience, requiring crass displays of folding money and bank statements. A gentleman in a Simca who doesn't like the idea of sewing 100-franc notes onto his lapels is better off parking his heap on a side street and making the effort to locate an *amazone*—a motorized, self-propelled hooker who will function as chauffeur as well as vacuum pump.

The sheer volume of hooking in the park touches off recurrent frenzies of protest to the authorities, and one matron has been quoted as deploring "the sickening Sodom and Gomorrah in our largest park. I find it a distressing spectacle both for myself and my nine-year-old daughter." Without questioning what possible motive this woman could have for running through the woods, daughter in tow in the middle of the night, the police nevertheless responded to the outcry by proclaiming Operation Virtue one year, something else another year, in recurrent all-out campaigns to rid the pestilence from the Bois. And good luck to them.

The nefarious activities of the *pipelettes* look like harmless foreplay in comparison with the uncontrollable activity of *partouzards*—or orgiasts—along the kilometer or so of streets separating Portes Dauphine and Maillot. After ten o'clock, they arrive in loosely knit convoys of automobiles—often two couples to a car—and turn the traffic exchanges into quagmires. If the *pipelettes* are snobs about the automobile, moreover, the *partouzards* are guilty of nothing less than class warfare. Citroëns, Mercedes and Bentleys gravitate to one another as inevitably as moths to moths in nature; likewise the smaller cars—Simcas, Renaults and Volkswagens—merge in quiet mutual acknowledgment of inferior social status.

The game is simply played. Two cars pull up alongside each other at a red light or move onto the soft shoulder of the road so that the occupants can size one another up.

"You're looking for a locale?" asks the driver of car number one.

"What can you propose?" rejoins number two.

"We have a lovely apartment with balcony. Impressive view."

"Far?"

"No, just a few kilometers past Saint Cloud. Here, take our address and join us there later. My wife likes you; you look like friendly people."

Making a revolution or two around the traffic circle at Porte Maillot, one observes a cast of characters that is positively Felliniesque. The women are turbaned, bejeweled, their blouses open to exhibit a prime cut of slightly decrepit tit. The men affect an air of insouciance, but there are vast reservoirs of anxiety percolating beneath the surface. Who will we disastrously encounter here tonight? says the look on their faces. One's best friends, a boss, one's parents, one's grown-up children?

Turning onto the Boulevard Périphérique, one falls into a *petit train*, a column of eight cars containing 20 or so *partouzards* on the way to their locale. Headed by a blue Mustang, the convoy resembles a bedraggled flight of migratory birds. One turns off the expressway toward Passy and looks for an all-night café.

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

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DOES BARRY MANILOW DESERVE A BREAK TODAY? *"I don't know if you realize how unbelievably generous it was for a star of Bette's stature to share the spotlight with another performer," he says.*

(Continued from page 94) enrolled in a night course at City College and clipped ads in an ad agency during the day. He hoped halfheartedly to work his way up in the advertising business. But he soon gave in to his impractical leanings and switched to the New York College of Music and then to Juilliard, where he studied theory while supporting himself by working in the mail room at CBS.

"This friend of mine who told me about the job at CBS—the one thing he warned me was, 'Whatever you do, don't mention that you're interested in show business or they'll never hire you,' " Manilow remembers. But, as it turned out, everyone who worked in the mail room was a closet performer and it was there that he met a director who let him take his first crack at professional arranging.

"Before long, I was so busy that I didn't have time to work in the mail room anymore," Manilow recalls. "By 1967, I was musical director of a show named *Callback!*—a variety show that won CBS an Emmy. I mean, that was a great opportunity for a young kid, and I really felt like I was on top of the world. I also did the score for a musical of my own called *The Drunkard*, which had quite a long run off-Broadway and is still being performed, the last I heard, in community theaters around the country. And in my spare time—whatever time I had left after all that—I was conducting and arranging for Ed Sullivan specials and putting together an act with a girl singer. I was basically her arranger and accompanist, but on her first out-of-town gig, they wanted a duo, so we said, 'We're a duo!'—and my performing career progressed from there."

In spring 1972, Manilow worked weekends at a New York establishment known as The Continental Baths. It was a homosexual "health club" where naked men could make their own entertainment in the upstairs cubicles and steam rooms or wander down to a basement lounge to take in the live performers.

"That was back when it was really wild, before they let women into the baths and before most of the guys even bothered to wear towels, and at first, I was a little embarrassed," Manilow admits. "But it was a good gig. Aside from the fact that it kind of freaked you out to be playing for a bunch of naked guys, it paid well and all you had to do was one show and one rehearsal a week. The first week I worked with one girl singer, and the second week with someone else, and it was really going great until this pushy chick named Bette Midler came along and demanded an extra rehearsal."

Much as he disliked her attitude, Manilow invited this pushy chick named Bette Midler over to his own place for the extra rehearsal she wanted. And from the minute she showed up, it was "mutual hate at first sight," Manilow says, and Midler has often confirmed this.

"We just couldn't stand each other," he says, "and it was all I could do to get through the first rehearsal. All I wanted to do was get through the week and never lay eyes on this chick again, and to tell you the truth—judging from our first rehearsal, I didn't even think she had much talent! But the minute we got onstage together that first Saturday night, it was *instant magic*!"

To this day, he insists that nothing—not even the thrill of having his first hit single make the charts—has ever equaled the excitement of that first gig with Bette Midler; their caustic chemistries commingled in sudden perfect harmony, and a room full of naked men went stark raving bananas.

"After we came offstage, I grabbed her by the shoulders and said, 'Bette, do you realize what happened tonight? Do you have any idea?' "

Barry was speechless and so, he says, was Bette. They resolved to overcome their distaste for each other, he says. And for the first four years, as Bette ascended from the steamy nether world of the Baths to the Carson Show, sold-out concerts and superstardom, Manilow was content to remain in the background.

Besides arranging her material and masterminding her stage act, he coproduced Bette's Grammy-winning first album *The Divine Miss M.*, as well as her second 1,000,000-selling LP, *Bette Midler*. He also produced her hit single *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*.

"I'd probably still be working for Bette if she hadn't decided to take a year off," the star (who has long surpassed his former employer in record sales) says today. "But I was too used to being active. I was too restless to just sit around waiting until Bette felt like working again, so—for want of something better to do, you might say—I sank about $5000 of my own money into making a demo."

The demo got him a modest contract with Bell Records (which would later become the prestigious new Arista label when the phoenix of the record industry Clive Davis became part owner and president). Shortly after Manilow finished recording his first album for Bell, Bette called to say that she was ready to go on the road again. The Divine Miss M. had been in a slump, insecure, suffering from some sort of post-stardom doldrums; but now she was her old self again and she couldn't wait to get back to work. Barry had to tell her that there was a little problem: He had already promised the people at Bell that he would tour on a modest scale himself, and a promise, after all, was a promise. All of a sudden, Bette was ready to crawl back into her doldrums again and never come out. Bette was a talented lady, yes, but she was not what you would call the most confident performer in the world. How would she be able to hack it onstage without the man in the white tuxedo, her musical director, to work those Mandrake-the-Magician wonders that would transform her raw talent into the smooth campy professionalism her fans had come to expect? Bette was at her wit's end until Barry came up with the only possible solution to the problem: He told her that he would accompany her on her 1973 tour if she would be willing to share the spotlight—to let him have a little showcase solo spot of his own between the first and second halves of her show. Even Manilow has to admit that it took a tremendous amount of *chutzpah* even to suggest such an idea. But what could Bette do?

"I don't know if you realize how unbelievably generous it was for a star of Bette's stature to agree to share the spotlight with another performer," he says with what appears to be genuine gratitude. "I mean, to be perfectly honest with you—I doubt that I could be that generous myself if, say, someone in my band had an album he wanted to promote. No, I couldn't be! No way! I just wouldn't stand for it!"

Despite the unprecedented exposure he got on Bette Midler's 1973 tour, Manilow's first album for Bell turned out to be what is known in the industry as a dog. Promotion was nil, sales were practically zero and the few reviewers who received copies of the LP in the mail probably didn't even take the cellophane off (which would have brought down its resale value on Sam Goody's discount racks), much less bother to listen to it. In fact, Manilow's solo career seemed to be going nowhere fast until Clive Davis stepped into the picture.

When Davis, author of the best seller *Clive* (in which he tells of his rise to and fall from the presidency of Columbia Records in the industry's own little Watergate scandal), got involved with the failing Bell Records, he was given the option of dismissing or retaining the artists already on the company's roster. Davis called them in one by one and held auditions. Out of 30 acts, he

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DOES BARRY MANILOW DESERVE A BREAK TODAY? *Davis was right. "Manilow II" scored high on the charts after "Mandy" soared to number-one single within nine weeks of its release.*

renewed the contracts of only three: Melissa Manchester, The Bay City Rollers and Barry Manilow.

"The first time I saw Barry was when he opened for Dionne Warwicke," the president of Arista begins, in impeccable testimonial rhetoric, in his New York office. "It was before I started the Arista label and I remember being impressed more than anything by his—musicality. I was also impressed by his presence, by his terrific warmth and charisma as a performer; but most of all, it was his total musical sense—his musicality—that I took note of. And when I began Arista, I auditioned him again and immediately knew that I wanted to sign him to the new label. Really it should surprise no one that I am able to appreciate the diverse talents of both a Barry Manilow and a Patti Smith, for example. You have to remember that as president of Columbia Records I signed artists as diverse as Liza Minnelli and Janis Joplin; as Bob Dylan and Neil Diamond. My tastes have always been very catholic."

Manilow had just completed a second album for Bell around the time Davis moved in and undertook a general house cleaning. Davis listened to the LP and decided to promote it. Although he trusted Manilow's intrinsic musicality and liked much of what he heard, Davis also had, he says, "certain criticisms of and minor qualms with sequencing," and he felt that the album lacked a strong single. Then an independent publisher brought him a tune called *Brandy*. Although the song was original, the title was not; a few years earlier, a group called Looking Glass (which Davis had signed to Columbia) had had a modest hit with a song under the same title. Davis, a sentimental man, changed the title of the new song to *Mandy* (the name he and his wife had decided upon in the event his son had been born a girl) and he had the perfect singles vehicle with which to launch Barry Manilow.

Davis, of course, was right. *Manilow II* scored high on the charts after *Mandy* soared to number-one single within nine weeks of its release.

"Barry is an absolute genius of musicality," coos Davis, whose very catholic taste carries more dollars-and-cents clout than the naysaying of all of Manilow's arty detractors combined. "Barry is an artist whose popularity will continue to grow as he matures instead of declining as does the popularity of many other artists. What we have here is a real musical talent who will be around for years to come, and there's no doubt about it!"

Given Manilow's success on the charts, Davis can afford to scoff at those petty critics who point out, in an attempt at irony, that Manilow did not even write his most recent, as well as his most self-aggrandizing, hit, *I Write the Songs*. In fact, the choice of that song shows just how precisely Davis knows what is right for Barry Manilow.

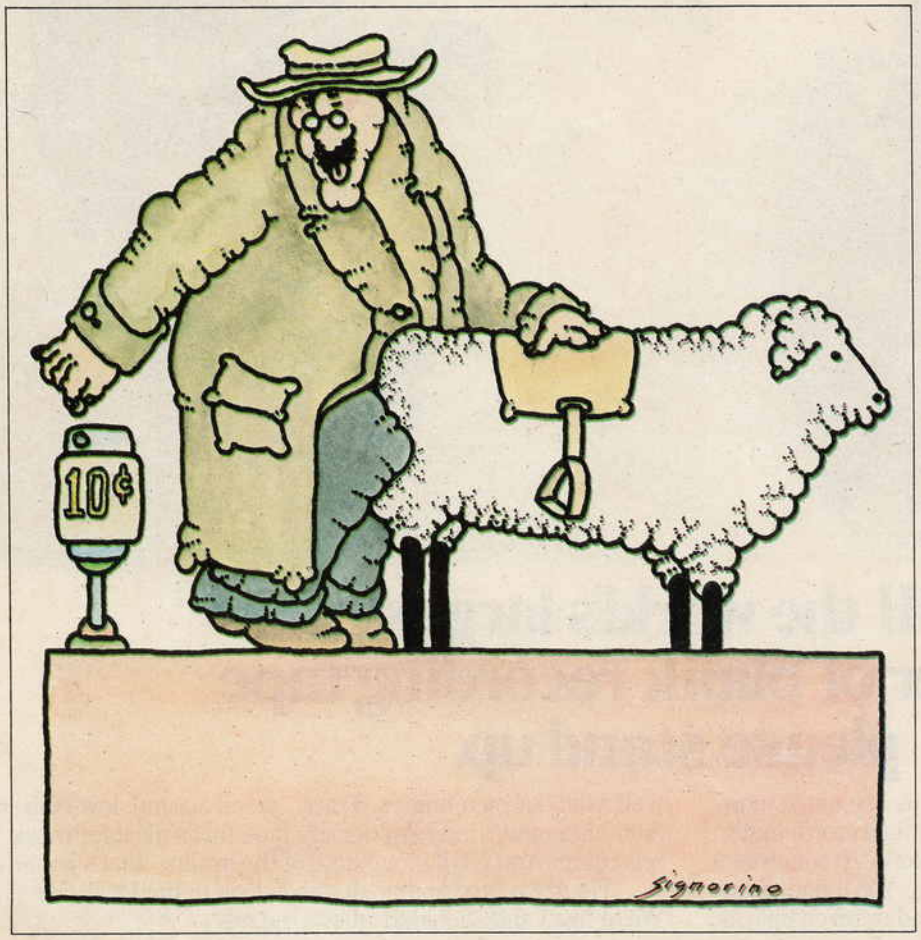
"*I Write the Songs* was written by ex–Beach Boy Bruce Johnston," Davis explains. "Bruce, who is a dear old friend, came to visit me at home and played the song for me and I knew immediately that it would be just perfect for Barry. That is how you work with a performer like Manilow. While he is a talented composer in his own right—after all, he wrote most of the songs on *Manilow II*—he also has the wonderful ability to interpret other people's material. Even though Barry did not write *I Write the Songs*, the piece seemed to epitomize his musicality as well as his philosophy as a performer."

By contrast, Manilow's two previous singles, *Could This Be Magic?* and *It's a Miracle* (their titles, as upbeat as any jingle for dish soap or floor wax, betray his commercial origins), were both written by him, and both sold solid gold. His latest LP, *Trying to Get the Feeling*, went gold two weeks after it was released, and his first Bell album has recently been repackaged and re-released under the Arista logo. As Arista's ace publicity lady Betsy Volck puts it, "Once an artist gets this hot, his whole catalog gets hot."

Sometimes it gets so hot that it is possible to take a turkey like Barry Manilow's first album, add a sure-fire single such as *Mandy* and resurrect a 1,000,000 seller from the remainder racks!

So let the rock critics laugh when he sits down at the piano! Like his worthy predecessor Liberace (of whom he sometimes seems an updated version, waxing flamboyant at the mirrored baby grand in his spangles, sequins and bangles), Manilow can afford to laugh all the way to the bank. "Maybe if I never made it, if I struggled all my life, just taking abuse, then I could feel bitter when the critics put me down," he says, standing on his matchstick legs in his blue bikini underwear, as a young tailor hands him the pants to the tuxedo he will wear to the Grammy Awards.

"Of course, I have to admit that it does piss me off a little when I try to do something positive, like the benefit



before my New Year's Eve concert at the Beacon Theater, and I'm even attacked for that. I mean, not that I consider it such a big deal or anything, but I did do a free show for 2000 underprivileged people. And I didn't do it for the publicity, so I think that the guy who reviewed it for the *Soho Weekly News* did go a little overboard, don't you?"

And, yes, one does have to admit that Fred Schreurs, the *Soho Weekly News* correspondent, seemed to take an almost fiendish pleasure in reporting that Manilow's matinee benefit performance for 2000 inmates of drug clinics, orphanages and homes for the emotionally disturbed had been arranged through a charitable organization called Hospital Audiences Incorporated.

Schreurs reported: "Norman, who looked about ten years old, kept his eyes deliriously fixed on his friends behind the gaggling cameras while Barry chewed gum and tried to clutch the youth into a posture of snuggling adoration." Schreurs then went on to wonder if Manilow "just acts reflexively, pumping out the jive that will make *A.M. America* feed his painful vanity."

Later that evening Manilow would perform for his own people, mainly married white middle-class couples, a surprising number of them middle aged, plus a sizable contingent of gays, who have, presumably, been with him since his early days at the Baths. They would sing along with *Mandy*, give him a standing ovation for *I Write the Songs* and explode in mirth when he brought his pet beagle out from the wings on a leash and the skittery bitch, stricken with stage fright, would dart into the first row of seats and have to be retrieved by scrambling roadies.

After the last encore, the crush at the stage door would resemble opening night on Broadway more than the aftermath of a pop concert, with camp followers in evening clothes arguing with the security guards and messengers delivering bouquets backstage.

For all Manilow's good intentions, the matinee benefit was a turkey—a disaster. The predominantly young and black audience could not relate to this skinny white dude in a silver-sequined sweater. They greeted him with even less enthusiasm than they mustered for his backup group—the two black women and one white woman who call themselves Lady Flash. Even *Mandy* drew a blank on this crowd. In fact, the only part of the show the kids picked up on at all was the commercial medley, which climaxed with the familiar ditty, "You deserve a break today—at McDonald's!"

Now, that was all right! That, at least, they recognized! But then Barry blew it by announcing that he was about to

introduce to them "a very special lady."

"Aretha!" yelled a kid in the balcony.

"Tina Turner!" suggested a voice from the orchestra.

And 2000 youngsters were not amused when he brought out Bagel the beagle.

After it was over, as the kids milled around the lobby waiting to board the chartered buses that would take them back to their drab institutions, one kid with about ten pounds of Afro kept asking the same question: "How come we always get the rejects?"

"I knew it was a risky idea, but I wanted to do the benefit anyway," Manilow says, assuring one that he is not sorry he did it—despite the fact that his act went over like the proverbial turd in the punch bowl. "After it was over, some of the people who work for me figured I was terribly upset, but they were wrong. I knew what to expect, and I wasn't disappointed. In fact, I was surprised at how well-behaved the kids were. That's what I told them halfway through: I said, 'I expected you to be noisy, but you've been great!' "

Now, standing in front of a full-length mirror in the room he euphemistically refers to as the den, Manilow reaches around, grabs the seat of the tuxedo trousers he will wear to the Emmy Awards and pulls a handful of fabric away from his skinny body.

"I'm sorry, but I just can't wear these pants," he tells the tailor—a high-strung young man whose every flamboyant gesture seems to suggest where a new throw rug should be flung. "There is just no way I can wear these pants!" he cries.

The young tailor, dancing like a gnome upon the coals of servitude, whines: "But Barry, don't you know that all suit pants are made roomy like that. They all have that kind of high rise and are made slightly——that's how they're supposed to be."

"But there's enough room for another ass in here," Manilow says, gathering up the seat of the trousers to show the tailor what he means. "Can't you take them in or something? I mean, I was really counting on being able to wear this suit to the Grammy Awards."

"Oh, I know you were, Barry, I know how much you were counting on it," says the tailor, who is by now beginning to squirm. "But I don't know what we could do on short notice, I just——"

"Well, you're just going to have to do something," snaps Manilow.

Gathering his piece goods about him like an Arab rug merchant being shooed off a busy corner in the Casbah, the tailor takes his leave, promising to work miracles.

After Rick has seen the poor wretch out, Manilow rolls his weary eyes heavenward.

"Now there's something: There's the most startling fact you could write about me," he says to his guest after a moment of exasperated reflection. "If Barry Manilow is supposed to be so fuckin' slick, if he's supposed to be such a *putzy*, schlocky, slick guy, how come he still doesn't even own a freakin' tuxedo?" ▣

TEEN SEX *Though more teenagers are sexually active than ever before, the majority of kids still don't get very much.*

(Continued from page 44) more teenagers are sexually active today than ever before, the majority of kids in middle America still don't get very much. In the Michigan community that Vener and Stewart surveyed, 67.6 percent of the boys and 77.6 percent of the girls were not sexually experienced. These are the plain girls and the slow guys, the wallflowers, the Sunday churchgoers. (Kantner and Zelnik established that the more regular a girl's church attendance is, the less likely she is to have had sex. Bad breath and the Bible have always been close, and they're still close today.)

At one high school, I started a conversation with three guys who were sitting on the border of the cafeteria, away from the couples and the chattering cliques. I knew damn well that these three guys could not have had more than a dozen dates between them. Two of them already had developed beer bellies and all three were wearing cockeyed sideburns and ragged mustaches, the kind you see decorating the pool hall or the gas-station Tarmac on Saturday night. I told the guys what I was doing.

"Gee, I thought you were a reporter for the *Daily Planet*," said the wise guy of the trio.

"What percentage of kids have intercourse before they graduate from this school?" I asked.

"Hey, this is a really liberal school," replied the big guy with milk on his mustache. "I'd say sixty percent."

"No, it's at least seventy-five percent," volunteered the guy who reminded me of Daffy Duck.

"Ninety-five percent, definitely," said the third guy. Then they began to argue about percentages. Those three guys will probably graduate as pure as the Quaker State they pour into their GTOs, and after graduation, they will marry the first girl who gives them a tumble. What they were actually arguing about was not the percentage of fellow students who get laid but about the integrity of their fantasy lives. If you really believe that 75 percent of the kids in your school are fucking, then there's hope for you, even if you do look like Daffy Duck.

While many 17- and 18-year-old suburban white kids live in adolescent daydreams, many more urban black kids live in a world that would be for adults only if it were a movie instead of reality. A 14-year-old Harlem boy who calls himself Presto told me that he knew a couple of girls, one 11 years old and the other 12 years old, who were always available to boys in the neighborhood. They simply curled up on a mattress in the bedroom of a gutted apartment and waited for somebody to come upstairs.

"I was scared to death the first time I came," Presto said. He had been dry-humping little girls in the corridor of his building since he was eight years old, and it came as a shock to him, when, at the age of 12, "some cream came out." Presto and most of his friends buy rubbers (white kids prefer the pill and I.U.D.s), and in a way, rubbers symbolize the dingy conditions of their sex lives. Presto worries a lot about V.D. Despite his experience, he's still a kid, and if he gets sick, he isn't going to know what to do. Where would he go? Most kids go to the telephone.

Out of curiosity, I telephoned the V.D. information number in New York to see what kind of advice a sick and frightened teenager would get. I expected to hear a dedicated VISTA type tell me, "Peace, man." Instead I got the recorded voice of a woman who talked as rapidly as the *William Tell Overture* is played: "The major venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhea. They are caught only through sexual contact with an infected person. Venereal disease shows itself through a sore, rash, or pus-like discharge. Untreated, venereal disease may cause crippling, blindness, sterility, insanity and even death."

Then the voice raced through a list of numbers to call and places to go for treatment, paused and began all over again. Whoever made the recording probably had been a bit self-conscious. She probably wore sunglasses. If I were Presto and had called V.D. information for help, I would hear that voice at night and it would frighten me.

Of course, you don't have to worry about V.D. if you have a steady girlfriend. Ghetto kids tend to pair off early, not just because of the danger of V.D. but also because possessing someone is a way of asserting identity. And a strong masculine identity is an advantage in those ghetto neighborhoods in which it takes balls to go out for a loaf of bread.

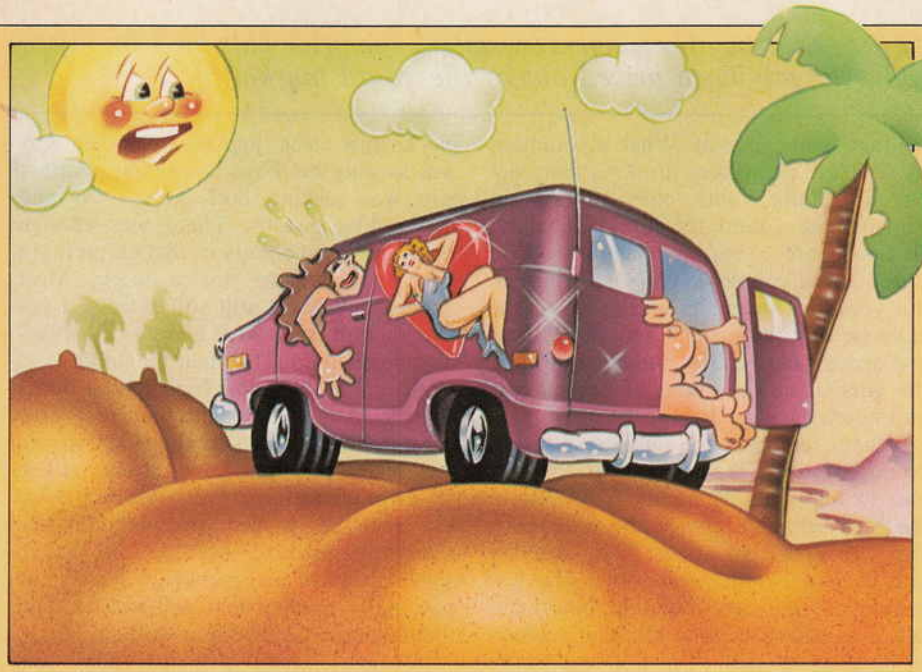
Even outside the ghetto, commitment seems to be becoming more and more popular. The recession has made kids more practical. Many of the middle-class kids I talked to wanted jobs and partners. High school kids know it's going to be hard in the world outside and they don't want to face the struggle alone. Having somebody to count on is, for them, emotional security, just like money in the bank. The career-mindedness of today's kids makes many of them seem rather

TEEN SEX IN CALIFORNIA

Assume that Los Angeles and San Francisco are where things happen first; what, then, do these two cities have to tell us about the way adolescent sex habits are likely to develop?

> He let out the amazing truth. For a very long period before the time of Our Ford, and even for some generations afterwards, erotic play between children had been regarded as abnormal (there was a roar of laughter); and not only abnormal, actually immoral (no!); and had therefore been rigorously suppressed.
>
> A look of astonished incredulity appeared on the faces of his listeners. Poor little kids not allowed to amuse themselves? They could not believe it.
>
> —Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

Run that passage by a random sample of glitter kids off the Sunset Strip and the chances are pretty good you'll be greeted with approximately the same hooting reaction elicited from Huxley's promiscuous little darlings of "the seventh century after Ford." Here in the Golden State, the brave new world of adolescent eroticism is hard (pardon the expression) upon us, and if it isn't exactly child's play, all the kids are nevertheless doin' it, doin' it with unprecedented passion. And if they are doing it without the *explicit* approval of their pleasure-seeking parents, it is at least with the knowledge that the old in and out ain't no big thing anymore moralitywise. What with Mom off getting her hair done in anticipation of her own late-afternoon indiscretion and Dad at the adult motel catching a little closed-circuit clinching with his secretary, who's home to mind the store anyway? The kids don't even have to sneak around these days—at least not the affluent ones. If the house isn't available, they can always get it on in their plush, superoutfitted, parent-provided Bizi-Bodi vans, the modern, mobile seragli of the just post-pubescent set. Here in sybaritic, somatic California (whose citizens are first in whores, first in tease and first in the parts of their countrymen), the internal-combustion-oriented folks love nothing better than doing it in the road. Whether it's the climate, the rootlessness, the tits-'n'-ass style of Hollywood or God knows what, the coast kids seem to start earlier and go at sex more assiduously



than their peers in the East. As Tatum O'Neal says petulantly to Walter Matthau, in one of last summer's more forgettable flicks: "I know an eleven-year-old girl who's already on the pill!"

Well, shit, *I* know some 17-year-olds who are already over the hill! In a manner of speaking, of course. Give you an example. This is the truth now: I was at a Thanksgiving dinner in Hollywood last year at the home of a very tight-knit family—friends of friends of mine—and we were barely into the cocktails and corn chips before I became excruciatingly aware that the 17-year-old daughter, a supple number in a sexy sun dress and high platform shoes, was laying a blatant hit on me. When I say blatant, I mean that before the unblinking eyes of three generations of her family, she sat beside me and let her hand dawdle lingeringly on the upper portion of my thigh. She never left my side the whole evening and after dinner we skipped off to the Strip for drinks and an opportunity to explore our mutual interests. As a matter of fact, she didn't drink anything stronger than coffee, but she drank that by the gallon (did no drugs either—said she'd burned out on them way back in the Pleistocene era of her early teens and now they just bored her). She talked most volubly and most uninhibitedly about her quite baroque sex life, though. A true child of the Strip, she'd run through the whole rock-'n'-roll number. When she was still in junior high school, she'd hung out with music people who thought it cute to have her youthful presence at hand. Her parents had tried to restrain her, but she was headstrong and the glamor of the life exerted too strong a lure. Sometimes she stayed away from home for a week at a time, driving her folks to distraction, and finally, barely 15, she moved in with a hot record producer up in the hills, who was in relative dotage at the age of 23.

"God, it *was* great," she breathed in misty remembrance. "These terrific musicians around all the time, people who'd been idols of mine, mounds of coke all over the place, and at first, all we did was fuck. I *love* to fuck, and this guy was just super, could go all the time. Then one afternoon I came home and a bunch of people were sitting around in the living room and they acted real strange toward me. That son of a bitch was in the bedroom with a 13-year-old girl! I can't tell you how that made me feel. Can you dig me playing the jilted older woman when I wasn't even 16 years old? And earlier that morning I had been eating out that bastard's asshole. Man, I don't eat just anybody's ass! I called my father and said, 'Daddy, come get me,' crying like mad. I fell in love with my father that night. He came right over, loaded all my stuff into the car, took me home and never even raised his voice at me. I've lived at home ever since and I get along great with my folks, but it's with the understanding that I can stay out when I want with no questions asked."

In spite of Hollywood's inordinate influence on the near hinterlands, Hollywood is not the whole of California. There's always San Francisco. For that matter, there are always Fresno, Bakersfield, Eureka and Sacramento, too, and 1000 little farming and mountain towns between. But, for our purposes, they might as well be Ohio, which is to say they might as well be anyplace where traditional values are still making a feeble stand against the rampant ethos of do yer thang. Which is to say that there are hot kids everywhere fucking like little minks in the haystacks and the drive-ins; always were, always will be, but they're going at it against the grain of yahoo repression, and they're damn well not flaunting their fucking in the faces of their parents.

But, yes, there's always gay San Francisco. Somehow Bay Area kids just seem to get born with an extra ration of fey and cool—maybe because San Francisco is the only real city in the state and the only melting pot and the only cosmopolis. Of course, it could also be that the early flower children now have children in puberty themselves.

In the south-of-Market-Street derelict-industrial wastelands, communes still flourish in some of the large warehouses. And in one of these, I talked with three high school kids whose breezy hipness about all things sexual seemed advanced even for this city. Arden, a sweet-faced cutie of 16, sat close by her boyfriend Jock and calmly related the story of how she'd been turned on to bisexuality by one of her mother's friends. "I knew she was gay, of course," Arden giggled, "and to tell you the truth, I thought she had the hots for my mother. But when she started coming on to me, she was nice and gentle—not pushy at all—and I guess I was just ready, 'cause I loved it. I used to hang out a lot with the queens around Hamburger Mary's and The Stud, and after a while, they sort of got on my nerves because nothing's ever real with them; they're always onstage—so I didn't know what to think about lesbians. But this lady was just such a fox, how could I refuse? I've had three affairs with women now, all older than I, and it's been mostly very nice. I've got a close girlfriend my own age whom I really love, but there's nothing sexual between us. I have a feeling she might go for it, but I love her and wouldn't want to freak her out."

None of this seemed to bother Jock, who listened complaisantly and held Arden's hand. "I'm not gay, but I don't have anything against it," he said. "I just love the feel of girls. Maybe when the right dude comes along, though."

Milo, the third kid, a dewy Botticelli boy sporting an abalone necklace, didn't know what the hell he was beyond sexual. "Right now I've got a boyfriend and a sort of girlfriend. They don't know each other but they know about each other. I think I'm probably gay in the long run, but I still like being with girls a lot. My father's gay and he knows about me, but I haven't told my mom."

According to Lee Ann Slaton, a young, pretty and sympathetic counselor at Planned Parenthood, even the hippest of San Francisco kids are reluctant to discuss their sexuality with their parents. "It's often out of concern for the parents," she laughed. "They don't think their folks can handle it. This is a very sophisticated generation. Still, we see a lot of kids being pressured into sex before they're ready for it and before they really want it. It's difficult for a young girl to use the excuse of fear of pregnancy or that she wants to save herself for her husband anymore, and it's a very difficult thing to just say to someone that you aren't ready. Even so, most of these kids, at least the ones who come to us, seem to be handling their freedom very well, and it's not free of difficulties either. Are California kids sexier? Well, children tend to mirror the adults, tend to reflect the prevailing community standards. Whatever the parents are doing, you'll see it in the teenagers." —BURR SNIDER

TEEN SEX *The economy has affected the sex lives of teenagers by raising the price kids have to pay to get rid of their inhibitions. Drugs have largely been priced out of the youth market.*

dull. Gone is the joyful anarchy of the Vietnam-war years that made free love a revolutionary ideal.

The economy has indirectly affected the sex lives of teenagers by raising the price kids have to pay to get rid of their inhibitions. Drugs have largely been priced out of the youth market. Today kids are lucky if they can afford grass.

Among the kids who can still afford drugs is a 16-year-old named Peter. Peter lives in a wealthy New Jersey suburb, and, like many trendy suburbanites, he has picked up on cocaine. Peter's idea of a good time is not typical of American teenagers, but it does seem to be fairly representative of kids who are into a heavy drug scene. Every Saturday night, Peter loads up his father's Cadillac with friends and heads into Manhattan. They cruise around the streets, parking now and then to mainline some coke or to take a piss in the doorway of an apartment house. There are usually two or three girls along and four guys, all regular dopers. The girls are passed from one lap to the next so that the guys can have a hit of sex along with the dope.

Peter's way of getting up his sexual courage is uncommon. What is common, by contrast, is the beer drinking that goes on in a little youth club I know in Philadelphia. I think the church is behind it. Inside are a bar, a television set, a stereo and a couple of old sofas you can put your feet up on. The kids go to the club on Saturday night and drink beer and more beer. Early Sunday morning, the girls sit on the hoods of parked cars and watch the guys throw up.

What requires the greatest sexual courage among teenagers is to be gay and to admit it. There *are* gay kids in the high schools, but for the most part, they are uncertain about their sexuality and choose to remain invisible. The few visible gay teenagers tend to bill themselves as bisexuals. One kid who claimed to be bisexual said, "I'm not sure where my head is at—but I sure do give a lot of head." This boy has a friend with whom he goes steady. The friend's parents took the boys to a gay restaurant to celebrate their first year together. Even in the Seventies, that sort of thing represents a triumph of gay liberation.

Not long ago I sat in a high school cafeteria just watching the kids. One guy's knee was jiggling. Another guy was kicking his Frye boots. Still another guy was jerking both knees, up and down, like pistons. There was enough pent-up sexual energy in that cafeteria to light Los Angeles for a week. Most American parents still suffer from a gut fear that all this sexual energy will somehow be released. They fear the flood.

"It's not easy, Sid, loving you the way I do."

At one middle-class high school that I visited, 15 out of 30 kids said that their parents never talked to them about sex, and seven said that their parents talked to them about sex "very rarely." One kid said he wished sex wouldn't be thought of as dirty. Another said that in spite of what his parents believed, he personally thought that sex was fun and that it should be encouraged.

A high school principal told me, "Well, it would be one thing if you wanted to ask the students about *murder* or something, but *sex*. What if they went home to their parents and said, 'A guy at school was asking me how often I masturbate'?" Each school I visited wanted anonymity, a paper bag over its head. A Long Island school-board member said, "If people knew that kids in this community sleep around, real-estate values would go down."

When sex education began in high schools, a now-famous film was distributed. It was called *Phoebe* and it was all about guilt. Phoebe was pregnant. In the film, she spent a long afternoon wondering how people were going to take the news. Her boyfriend. Her parents. The film was supposed to work like saltpeter. It was to sex ed. what the color slides of human hamburger were to driver's ed. You shouldn't *speed*. You shouldn't *fuck*.

Phoebe didn't accomplish what it was supposed to. Now in sex-ed. classes, relationships are discussed. This represents progress, or at least acknowledgment of the fact that biologically and emotionally many teenagers have become consenting adults. They have the knowledge of adults. They have the experience of adults. What is sad is that they also have the anxiety of adults about jobs and security and the future. Presumably many of them even have sex in the boring and routine way that some adults do, partly to buttress themselves against loneliness. And the girls, predictably, worry about getting fat because of the pill. It is disheartening to see on the faces of 16- and 17-year-olds the furrow between the brows and the preoccupied frown that are the marks of early middle age. And much of their sex is joyless, one assumes, because they are so often joyless themselves. ▣

(Continued from page 56) lecturing; he hasn't worked at his field in years."

But those who prosper personally from UFOlogy aren't the only entries on the Lorenzen enemies list—not when she's got APRO's archrivals, MUFON and NICAP, to kick around. MUFON! The damn thing exists just to drive Coral Lorenzen nuts! For instance, when Travis Walton and his brother came down from Snowflake, MUFON's Phoenix investigator responded to their request for a doctor by calling in a hypnotist. Then, when Travis and his brother stalked out, the MUFON man went on radio and TV to suggest that the entire affair was a hoax—a particularly hypocritical remark, says Mrs. Lorenzen, since the MUFON representative was himself part of a conspiracy designed to keep Travis from his real friends at APRO!

Forget that NICAP won't recognize that UFOs are piloted or that, "While we were doing research, outfits like NICAP had their public-relations teams working overtime." It's MUFON that brings the passion to Coral Lorenzen's voice; MUFON that preoccupies her more than any saucer report. "I am very concerned for the research," she says. "Two organizations are tolerable, but with this proliferation, there are sometimes people from four organizations working on one case. MUFON is a carbon copy of APRO; Walt Andrus [founder of MUFON] was one of our state directors. He attacked us and took our people away. He didn't step into the spotlight until 1969, when it was safe. What use is there in starting a new organization when APRO is already in existence? There's only one reason: ego."

Some UFOlogists think that the Government is conducting its own research; the NASA space shots, it is occasionally suggested, are clever preparation for the announcement of intergalactic contact. It's an ideal situation for the Government: With the civilian UFO organizations fighting among themselves, the military investigation can proceed unhampered. And by cleverly encouraging new squabbles in the UFOlogist Establishment, the Government discredits the entire field until UFOs are a no more respectable field of scientific study than the Bermuda Triangle or faith healing. So while UFOlogists flail and kick one another and call their rivals dupes of the Government, they unwittingly serve the

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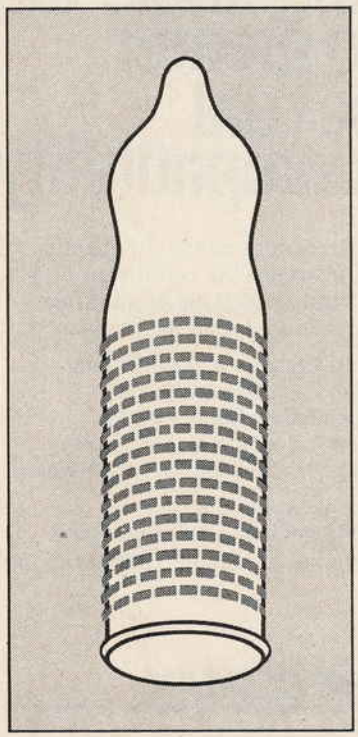

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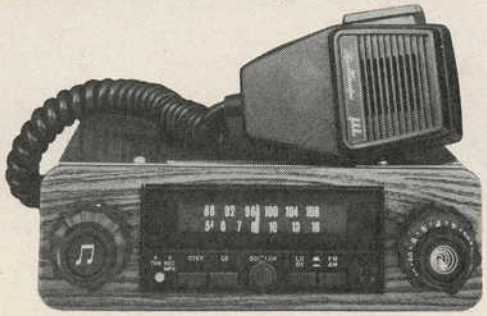

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THE UFOLOGIST ESTABLISHMENT *A massive UFO cover-up.*

Government's unacknowledged purpose.

Very interesting, if true, as Gertrude Stein used to say. Whatever a full investigation into the UFOlogist Establishment might reveal, a casual look suggests that it never had a prayer of being taken seriously and that its quixotic alliances and petty rivalries are the result of a long, dark history.

•

When private pilot Kenneth Arnold spotted nine disk-shaped objects flying near his plane over Mount Rainier on June 24, 1947, he reported it to the ground crew in Yakima, Washington; they immediately reported it to the local newspapers, and when Arnold landed, the reporters were waiting, notebooks at the ready. The objects, Arnold opined, "moved like a saucer skipping on water." Instantly these unidentified aerial phenomena were dubbed "flying saucers" and scornfully dismissed by the scientific community, as the objects' reported movements defied the known laws of physics.

Maybe, but the public was fascinated. So was Lieutenant General Nathan Twining, chief honcho of the Air Force's Air Materiel Command. Twining suspected that the flying saucers were real and, if this was so, he reasoned, the Government should find out if they were made by our enemies. He suggested a detailed study with a priority classification designed to determine whether UFOs were a threat to national security.

The first Air Force UFO investigation was called Project Sign; it later became Project Grudge and then, in 1949, it became nothing; the Government realized that, if it continued to investigate saucers, the public might conclude that it thought saucers were something more than a bad joke. But the public was not so easily put off. First, retired Marine Corps Major Donald Keyhoe wrote "The Flying Saucers Are Real" for *True* magazine, in which he argued that extraterrestrials have been observing us for centuries, that their investigative methods would become models for our own space probes and that the Government is engaged in a massive UFO cover-up. The Government, of course, couldn't prove it was *not* covering up, and when an unprecedented 1501 sightings were reported in 1952, the Air Force again decided to "solve" the UFO mystery. This time the study was known as Project Blue Book.

Young Coral Lorenzen was certain that Blue Book would simply be another

whitewash. Ever since she had seen a UFO as a schoolgirl in Wisconsin in 1934, she had been studying these anomalies, assembling newspaper reports and building a network of like-minded saucer buffs. In 1952, she was ready to take on the Government: APRO's 52 members would, she hoped, be able to collect enough data to issue an independent UFO report, despite their small budget.

What APRO did do was attract the notice of the CIA, which was concerned that the Russians might use a UFO flap as a decoy while preparing to A-bomb the United States. Within months, the CIA convened the proverbial blue-ribbon panel, the Robertson Committee, to analyze the UFO situation. After four days of superficial dialog, the committee decided that the UFOs represented no threat to America—"but the continued emphasis on the reporting of these phenomena does, in these parlous times, result in a threat to the orderly functioning of the protective organs of the body politic." In other words, APRO should be closely monitored.

But what about Don Keyhoe? The old leatherneck published his book *Flying Saucers from Outer Space* in 1953, selling an impressive 500,000 copies. Then California mystic and hamburger restaurateur George Adamski met a Venusian in the California desert and brought out his best-selling *Flying Saucers Have Landed* about the incident. In 1954, George Van Tassel held the first flying-saucer convention in Yucca Valley, California, and 5000 people showed up. Some 150 clubs were organized across the country in the early Fifties, their members believing that UFOs were real and that extraterrestrials were attempting to make contact with them. The UFO Establishment—an incredible and unlikely congress of tiny coffee klatches—was clamoring for Governmental disclosure of the suppressed data on interplanetary exploration.

At which point, the Government decided to suppress information in earnest. The Joint Chiefs of Staff issued an order, JANAP 146, to discourage reports about UFO activity. The price to a military man for revealing sighting data was one to ten years in jail and a $10,000 fine; worse, the Government warned commercial pilots that they, too, could be punished for talking about UFOs. Keyhoe got worried; he sensed the marines might try to silence him by recalling him to active duty. *Semper paratus*, he and Coral Lorenzen agreed on a code message that he would send if the Government cracked down on him.

Meanwhile, a UFO buff, Towson

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Brown, founded an organization to resist the Government cover-up and to research the saucers. But only two months after NICAP opened its offices in 1956, the organization was near bankruptcy; people loved to talk about flying saucers, but not enough to pay $15 annual dues or $1000 for a life membership. Brown resigned as director and Donald Keyhoe took charge of his hobbyhorse, slashed the budget, personally financed a newsletter and changed NICAP's direction. Keyhoe had long assumed that proof of the UFOs extraterrestrial origins already resided in Government files; NICAP, he now decided, should become a responsible, high-level lobbyist for disclosure of that data. His new board of directors—which included a former director of the CIA—agreed. So did the public: By 1958, NICAP had recruited 5000 members. So did APRO, which was happily left alone to collect sighting reports.

APRO could afford to be generous. As the primary target of the CIA, the Lorenzens always knew they were an unacknowledged source of Government UFO information. (In 1959, the CIA finally had a UFO experience of its own. A Maine woman who communicated with space people when she went into a trance was brought to Washington to show some intelligence officers how to duplicate her feat; at the CIA, one en-tranced officer saw a UFO hovering over Washington; and at the same time, it later developed, the Washington National Airport picked up severe radar interference.) The refusal of the Government to respond to either APRO or NICAP forced Keyhoe to take a desperate gamble: He would demand a Congressional investigation and if, before the Subcommittee on Space Problems and Life Sciences, NICAP could prove that there was a cover-up, the Government would have to declassify its UFO data; if the committee decided that NICAP was merely paranoid, on the other hand, the organization would disband. It was a brilliant public-relations move. It was also a failure: The committee chairman died in the midst of preparations for the hearings and his successor was uninterested in UFOs.

Now Coral Lorenzen changed her mind about NICAP. Inadvertently it had become a puppet of the Government, she thought. It could only react. It would not draw conclusions. It would not initiate investigations.

The Lorenzens' break with NICAP was not entirely ideological, however. Not much was happening in the UFO field in the early Sixties and, as a result, fewer people were maintaining memberships in both organizations. If saucer buffs were going to belong to only one group, Mrs. Lorenzen decided, that group should be APRO.

NICAP's response proved Coral Lorenzen's argument: In 1964, it published a 200-page report, *The UFO Evidence*, that contained little new UFO information. The book's major accomplishment was that the Air Force subsequently copied NICAP's format when it prepared its own annual reports.

NICAP was rapidly losing ground. In 1968, it lost more, when a Government-sponsored committee headed by Colorado University professor Edward Condon issued a report summing up Project Blue Book and pooh-poohing UFOs. In 1971, the organization settled for 4000 members, when only four years earlier, its membership had been three times larger. APRO was also reeling; its 4000 members dwindled to only 2000.

And then along came MUFON.

•

In the late Sixties the saucer bureaucracy had become obsessed with the notion of organizational reform. NICAP had its first board of governors meeting in nine years, and Don Keyhoe resigned to write a breakthrough book, in which he proposed the construction of a desert landing pad to attract UFOs. APRO, though it had nothing much to investigate, reformed itself with new procedures for its investigators.

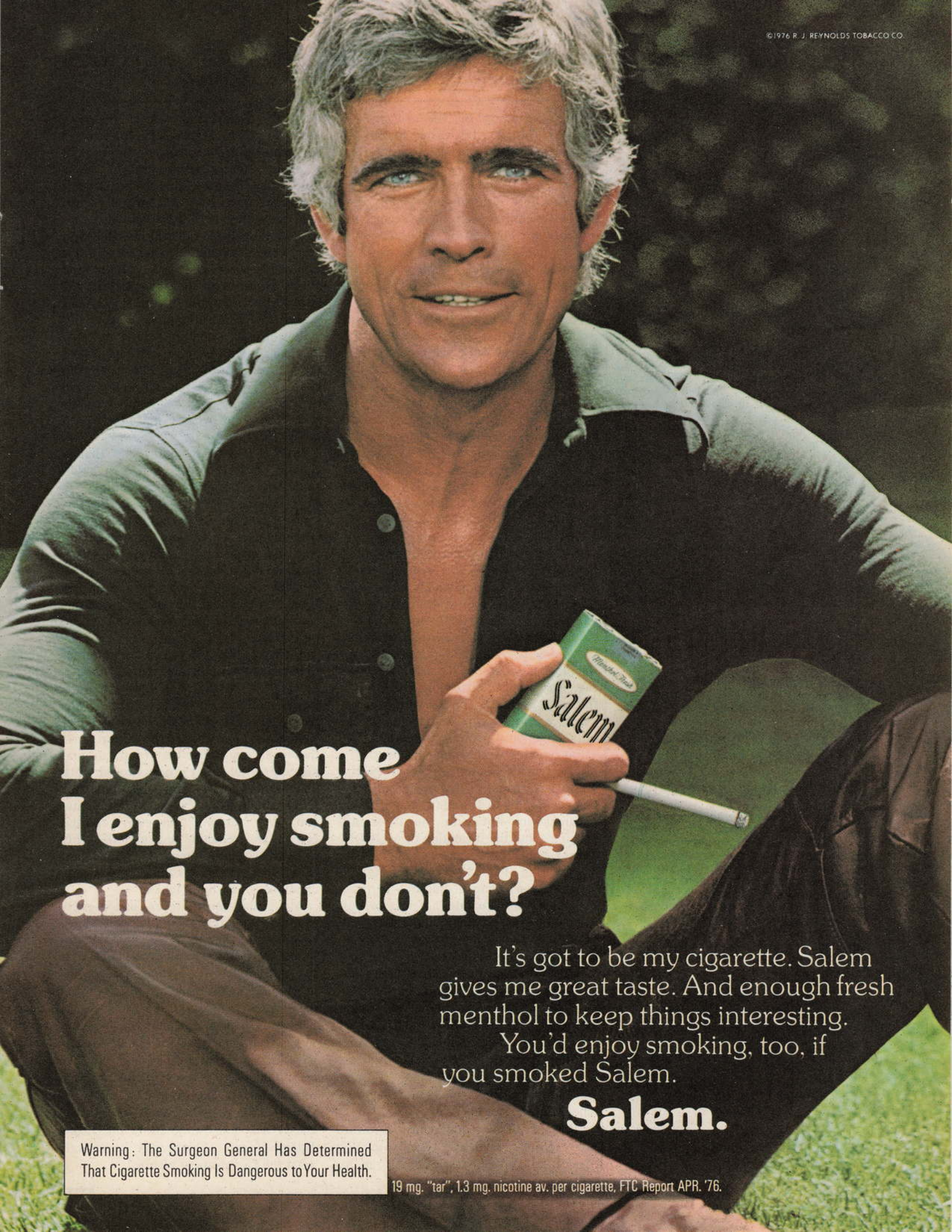
Walt Andrus conceived MUFON as a Midwest branch of APRO; he said he wanted to relieve the bottleneck between the coasts. "Walt," Coral Lorenzen told him, "*you're* the bottleneck." In a maneuver worthy of a banana-republic coup, Andrus lobbied against letting the Lorenzens address an APRO conference in Peoria, Illinois, which he had organized, until a friend of the parent organization insisted that the Lorenzens be allowed to talk at what was, after all, their own meeting.

As Andrus tells it, the Lorenzens decided that he was a threat to their organization and ought to be expelled—although he was APRO's champion recruiter in the Midwest. Coral Lorenzen, he claims, was just plain uppity in Peoria and refused even to speak to him. "When people have a financial and emotional connection to UFO organizations," Andrus explains, "they envision themselves on a throne. The Lorenzens once said they could travel across America without having to buy a meal. You'd be surprised how few offers they got."

The picture Andrus paints of MUFON is that of a cleaned-up APRO. In a dig at Coral Lorenzen, he says that there would be no need for MUFON "if the right people ran APRO." His 15-member board of directors, Andrus explains, meets once a year; regional directors are elected every two years, and, in contrast to APRO, Andrus says his group screens potential members in order to keep out the kooks. Moreover, flying saucers are only an avocation for Andrus; since 1953, he emphasizes, he's been a production manager for Motorola.

While APRO and MUFON have been slugging it out in the center ring, NICAP has done something even more extraordinary without much notice or controversy. It has, in essence, vanished. Sure, it has that distinguished board of governors (which now includes Senator Barry Goldwater), and yes, its $50,000 annual budget is a good $20,000 larger than APRO's and $35,000 heftier than MUFON's; but the fact is that NICAP is just a telephone and a newsletter—and a curious new wrinkle in UFOlogist public relations, devised by NICAP director Jack Acuff. An expert in management and marketing, Acuff was executive director of the Society of Photographic Scientists and Engineers when he joined the NICAP board in 1970. He had, he says, "no overwhelming desire to solve the UFO mystery." NICAP intrigued him because, like the photographic-scientists group, it was a tiny organization that might go bankrupt for lack of an efficient, economical, financial structure. Acuff knew how to solve the problem and NICAP was shortly to give him the chance.

Acuff's first move was to hire—surprise!—Acuff Associates to help manage NICAP. Acuff Associates has also managed the National Society of Cardiopulmonary Technologists, the National Foundation of Infectious Diseases and other small special-interest associations that couldn't survive if they had to make it on their own. Thanks to Acuff Associates, they don't even have to try. Acuff offers them office space, equipment and an editorial staff for their publications, at a price they can afford. Thus, the editor of the NICAP *UFO Investigator*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THE UFOLOGIST ESTABLISHMENT *Dr. J. Allen Hynek pulled off an audacious feat: the creation of "a Mayo Clinic of UFOlogy."*

is also the editor of *The Analyzer*, a medical journal. "It's easier to put together a 32-page medical journal than it is to publish a four-page NICAP newsletter," Acuff confesses. But if his system is mildly disingenuous—many new NICAP members seem unaware that the organization consists of only a mailing list, a small office and a network of investigators—at least it works: Acuff has the newsletter appearing on a monthly basis once more.

And if the office setup is unusual, Acuff insists that it frees NICAP to carry on its real work: high-quality professional investigation of UFO sighting and landing reports. Most of NICAP's 90 field investigators, he says, have degrees in science or engineering, and some are even private detectives. The screening process for investigators is so rigorous that 75 percent of the applicants fail. The investigative approach is equally rigorous: "We take a negative view at the outset and first try to prove it's not a UFO."

NICAP likes to paper over any rivalries between groups. It's especially silent about Dr. J. Allen Hynek's Center for UFO Studies, a Johnny-come-lately organization started in 1973 to co-opt—in Coral Lorenzen's view—media attention, Government funds and the research of the older UFO groups. Dr. Hynek, cynics say, was almost left out in the cold in the early Seventies; his Government experience and his unique position as the only astronomy professor committed to UFO research were going to be worthless after Hynek's retirement from Northwestern University. But at age 66, Hynek couldn't start a new membership organization—not with the furor still perking about the formation of MUFON. Hynek pulled off a more audacious feat: the creation of "a Mayo Clinic of UFOlogy, a place where people can turn for responsible information." It is a modest enterprise—a secretary, some files and a toll-free phone number given only to policemen, who are encouraged to use it if UFOs are reported in their area. Best of all, to Hynek's mind, is the fact that the center is privately funded and thus is immune from the problems presented by a rebellious membership. Hynek isn't afraid to patronize those other organizations that must live off dues: "It must be hard for them to turn away any checks that come in."

But for all his condescension toward those groups, Hynek is eager to exploit the fruits of their research. "If an astronomer discovers a comet, the news gets shared," he argues. "There ought to be a central organization that could, in turn, support the existing groups." However much Hynek seems unhappy with his present arrangement, which gives him data only from MUFON and the toll-free phone calls, it was still he—and not, despite her bulging file cabinets, Coral Lorenzen—who met last year at the White House with then–Presidential assistant (later Defense Secretary) Donald Rumsfeld. Which, of course, is especially galling to the woman behind APRO. "Hynek's doing exactly what he claims the rest of us are doing," Mrs. Lorenzen charges. "And if we haven't done a good job, he should take his computer files and pitch them because his information comes from us."

War! So it was appropriate that a summit conference take place to patch things up. Appropriately the setting was Fort Smith, Arkansas. Curiously the sponsor was an APRO affiliate member who doubles as an amateur magician. And not surprisingly, even the kiss-and-make-up effort became a forum for petty squabbles; the only proposition all parties agreed on was that the cattle mutilations then plaguing the Midwest weren't caused by UFOlk.

First off, NICAP, fearing contamination by association, declined to participate. Next, MUFON happily filled the gap, announcing once again that it was happy to work with Dr. Hynek. Then somehow, *Time* magazine's reporter on the scene translated that to mean that henceforth all UFO groups would work together and that Dr. Hynek's Center for UFO Studies would be the cosmic Pentagon; *The National Star* even reported Hynek as predicting the end of UFO clubs as we know them, the implication being that Hynek's center was a precursor of future think tanks.

Mrs. Lorenzen, as ever, had a pithy comment on the media's conclusions, which were, she suggested, probably inspired by off-the-record interviews with the good doctor. "Hynek," she commented, "forgets from day to day what the score is."

Mrs. Lorenzen was, perhaps, too conservative. Given that the flying saucers have really discovered *us* and that we can't make ourselves attractive enough for a contact, the score may safely be said to have been forgotten, not just by Dr. Hynek, but by the entire UFOlogist Establishment. Which may be exactly what the Government planned. ▣

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Pages 74 and 75: Richard's suit at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Bachrachs, Decatur; Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Tie at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; Paul Stuart and Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Pocket hanky at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Paul Stuart, New York; Lytle Pressley's, Columbia, S.C. Briefcase at Desta, Chicago; Tootsie's, Houston; Alandales, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, New York. Harry's suit, shirt and tie at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Missouri; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Pocket hanky at Marshall Field, Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Bloomingdale's, New York. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee, New York. Gloves at Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York. Briefcase at Desta, Chicago; Tootsie's, Houston; Alandales, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, New York.

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Pages 76 and 77: Richard's jacket, vest and pants at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Missouri; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Briefcase at Desta, Chicago; Tootsie's, Houston; Alandales, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, New York. Jacques's suit at The Surrey Trading Post, Atlanta; Mr. Ebony's Boutique, Chicago; May Company, Cleveland; The Proving Ground, New York. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Mike's cap at Paragon, New York. Shirts at Sanger Harris, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee, New York. Papo's jacket at Neiman Marcus and The Emporium, Ltd., Dallas; Daytons, Minnesota; Abraham & Straus, New York. Shirt at House of Cromwell, New York; Richard's East, Providence; Jay Jacobs, Seattle. Pants at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Missouri; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee, New York.

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Pages 78 and 79: Paul's suit at Marshall Field, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Silverwoods, Los Angeles; Wallachs, New York. Shirt at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Missouri; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Pocket hanky at Marshall Field, Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Bloomingdale's, New York. Phillippe's suit at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York. Shirt at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; Paul Stuart and Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Tie at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Shoes and pocket hanky at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York. Briefcase at Desta, Chicago; Tootsie's, Houston; Alandales, Los Angeles. Richard's suit and pocket hanky at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Paul Stuart, New York; Lytle Pressley's, Columbia, S.C. Shirt at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Missouri; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Tie at Desta, Chicago; Tootsie's, Houston; Alandales, Los Angeles. Shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Connie's dress at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Foley's, Houston; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Jewelry at Bonwit Teller and Georg Jensen, New York; Martha's, Palm Beach.

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Pages 80 and 81: Willie's pants at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Field Brothers, Garden City, New York; Battelsteins, Houston; May Company, Los Angeles. Shirt at House of Cromwell, New York; Richard's East, Providence; Jay Jacobs, Seattle. Vest at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Bachrachs, Decatur, Illinois; Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Tie at Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; Paul Stuart and Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee, New York. Jacket at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York. Tooky's shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Vincent's jacket at Michael-McCabe, New York. Shirt and overshirt at Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Paul Stuart, New York; Lytle Pressley's, Columbia, S.C. Pants at Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago; J. L. Hudson's, Detroit; Abraham & Straus, New York. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee, New York. ▣

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FINAL SCORE *DayDream was on the line, calling from a sidewalk booth several blocks away. She looked like a receptionist putting the bitch on her boyfriend to any passersby who took notice.*

(Continued from page 60) calm because help was on the way. At least, he thought that was what he said. He could feel his lips mouthing words, but he couldn't hear himself speak.

Terry taped a gas grenade and a smoke bomb back to back on the railing of the emergency staircase between the 39th and 38th floors. He pulled their pins and continued down the steps. Eight seconds later, he heard them explode. Sweating like a stuck pig, he prepared to plant another pair in the same way with gaffer's tape on a railing several flights below.

Leo Warren stared at the digits on his watch. At 5:15, he left the men's washroom and walked calmly toward the north end of the vacant 22nd floor. He passed the rack of timecards and the clock where all clerical employees punched out for the day at precisely five P.M., in accordance with their department's security regulations.

Solemnly dressed in a well-tailored suit, a dark camel's hair overcoat and with his hair and eyebrows comb-dyed gray beneath an expensive felt hat, Leo appeared to be a highly successful business executive. Carrying a classic British umbrella, he casually adjusted his tobacco-brown pigskin gloves as he approached the door of a spacious walk-in maintenance closet.

Entering with a control-master key, he switched on the light and stepped inside, closing the door. He hung the umbrella on a coat hook, pocketed the master key, slipped a flat-handled screwdriver from his vest and crouched before a wall duct, unscrewing its metal plate. Returning the screwdriver to his vest and removing a hand mirror from his overcoat pocket, he turned off the light and squatted in front of the uncovered duct. Running along the wall were coaxial cables and transmission wires connecting all the protective apparatus of the sophisticated security equipment.

Standing, he pocketed the mirror and checked the time. It was 5:17:20. He turned the lights back on and carefully unfurled the umbrella. Affixed to its ribs were six prophylactics, which he delicately removed. Each prophylactic contained a sealed glass tube of hydrochloric acid. He tucked two between the wires coiled inside the duct. Turning off the light again, he dropped the first of the remaining four down the shaft. He listened, timing its descent. He sensed it took five or six seconds to smash on top of the joint terminal-transformer bank in the basement. He released the last three in quick but orderly succession. With the sharp point of his umbrella, he then burst the balloon-covered glass tubes stuffed between the wires. He also jammed the contaminated umbrella down into the same space, to be eaten up by the corrosive acid along with the wires and basement circuitry. Leo could scent the fumes as he shut the door on the maintenance room and walked over to the emergency exit.

The dumfounded guard monitoring the central module below the main lobby thought the world was coming to an end. The control board looked like Times Square on New Year's Eve, its alarm signals flashing and the television screens showing crowds being jostled by arriving squads of police and firemen, and the audible cries for help coming from the choir of screamers still trapped on the 45th floor. Nearly in a state of shock, he answered the telephone linked to the console.

DayDream was on the line, calling from a sidewalk booth several blocks away. In a dark-green pants suit with matching cape and with her hair piled under a blond pageboy wig, she looked like a receptionist putting the bitch on her boyfriend to any passersby who happened to take notice. What she said to the tormented guard was simply his own name.

Then, in a voice raging with a mixture of foreign accents, she introduced herself as X ray, the official spokesperson for the Revolutionary Commando Unit of the Wobblies Underground, and went on to identify the horrors occurring on floor 45 as the direct result of a time bomb planted at three that afternoon to punish running-dog imperialists and capitalist-pig companies who sought to destroy Third World Freedom through Zionist treachery.

"You bald-headed, fat, fascist fuck!" she said and slammed the receiver against the aluminum booth. DayDream returned to the curbed Toronado and drove to the spot where she'd listen to the police-radio frequencies and wait to make her next move.

The shattered guard tore the phone away from his damaged eardrum. He mumbled to himself, "She knew my name . . . my name . . . she knew . . . a terrorist knows my name!" He lunged at the control board and flicked a switch. The switch activated the public-address system in every nook and cranny of the entire Centurion Insurance Building. He raised the volume full blast and picked up the microphone. Clutching it in both hands, he shouted one word many times.

"Bomb!" he yelled. "Bomb!"

Leo and Terry were together on the emergency stairwell landing outside the 19th floor. Both jumped like everyone else when they heard the discomposed guard begin to shout over the public-address system. But they didn't panic like the frightened evacuees who were approaching them from upstairs, somewhere above the final gas-and-smoke package planted on the 25th floor. Nor like the security patrol who had been caught with their pants down during the shift change and were struggling with the confused officeworkers trying to climb the clogged stairway up to the 45th floor.

Leo became tense, thinking about the acid concentrate and the precious time it was taking to work. Terry's face was strained whitish, his eyes watering. They couldn't master-key the fire door because their entry would be promptly recorded on the still-functioning tape monitor. Not wanting the alarm system to identify the exact whereabouts of their intrusion, they had to wait. Their watches said that it was 5:19:03 P.M. and they were behind schedule. Their eyes met in a look that acknowledged that it was going to get very crowded within the next minute; also that the pandemonium might not have been such a bright idea.

They were about to quit the scene when the lights flickered and the voice on the public-address system cracked in midyell. Then everything went completely dark and dead silent. As the thousand voices on the emergency stairway joined together in a gigantic, terrified roar, Leo master-keyed the fire door with Terry following him inside.

Terry produced a flashlight and they walked along the corridor to the southwest portion of the 19th floor. Their thinking ceased. All was reduced to movement and reaction. Leo stopped in front of a laminated steel door. Terry held the attaché case open at his waist, cupping the flashlight beam with his right hand.

The door was secured by a heavy-duty prison-grade lock generally regarded as unpickable. Leo conceded that fact by removing a cordless, high-powered drill and a large eyedropper from the case. The tip of the dropper was taped to prevent its leaking. He unsealed it and squirted water into the keyhole and onto the multialloyed drill bit. He squeezed the handle and the drill whirred alive. He pressed it into the hole and bored out the key mechanism. He could now move the lock's cylinder, which he did with his screwdriver, unlocking and opening the door.

They entered the room and Leo checked his watch. It was 5:21:30 P.M. There were no windows inside. Terry

uncupped the flashlight and shone it between desks and file cabinets to the area in the rear that was the vault. It was a room within a room, a fire-resistant chamber constructed to protect and secure important company records and confidential information. The vault door was six inches of solid steel with a built-in pair of three-position combination locks and a wheel for a handle. The hollows of the side walls were filled with an insulating hydrous compound which converted to steam when exposed to heat. Relatively thin steel covered the walls from floor to ceiling, with edges embedded in the masonry of the building that also contained the backside of the vault.

Leo set a chair against the right wall and stood on it, taping a piece of paper onto the steel surface beside him. The paper was a page torn from one of the manuals that he'd taken from the safe inside the showroom of the company that had constructed the vault. Terry rested the case on another chair and held the light while Leo used a graduated tape to measure and pencil-mark the distances specified by the page.

He quickly rechecked the numbers calculated on the page to be sure that his measurements were correct, while Terry exchanged the reamer on the drill for another, much larger, fluted bit. Satisfied, Leo dropped the paper, pencil and tape measure into the case and picked up a heavy hammer and pointed chisel. He sat on the chair and punched the steel surface at the spot his markings indicated on the wall. He handed the tools to Terry, pushed away the chair, grabbed the drill, and pressed against it to bore through the insulation. While Terry assembled a gun-cleaning rod, screwing the sections tightly together, Leo enlarged the hole that he had cut in the wall. When it felt right, he put the drill back in the case and took the cleaning rod and flashlight. Terry stepped up to the vault door and gripped the wheel, preparing to turn it counterclockwise at the given signal. Leo shone the light through the hole. The beam bounced off the gypsum dust clouding the interior, making it difficult for him to see inside.

The round end of the rod was less than half an inch from the brass catch when he gave it a firm poke. He heard the lock trip, then the dull clank of the tumblers falling. Leo uttered a short, sharp grunt. Terry responded to the sounds by pressuring the wheel, waiting for it to give. It finally did, and he turned it as fast as he could, until it blocked home.

Standing side by side, they both pulled on the wheel. The heavy steel door released and swung slowly open from right to left. Shelves of documents lined the interior walls, and a dozen filing cabinets on casters were crowded in the center of the vault.

On shelves middling the rear wall, Terry spotted the specific category he sought. An espionage notation divided these documents from the rest. For security reasons, each set of this bound data was sealed and given a short title, using the first letter of each word of the report's subject, without revealing information relative to the contents of the documents themselves. He pulled the first three off the top shelf. They were arranged in alphabetical order, according to the initials of their short titles. He broke their seals, snapped their binding, and dumped their contents on the floor.

He hunted through the section covering the third letter of the alphabet and quickly found what he was after. He ripped open the thickly bound file. There were several folders inside. The one on top was stamped PRO-TEX. Terry smiled through his sweat. In his hands were the detailed procedures and techniques being used in the security process within the particular program system protecting the mark: the score they were going to take off that holiday weekend; the caper that would surprise George Washington's birthday right off the calendar.

Terry showed Leo the folder marked PRO-TEX. He handed it to him along

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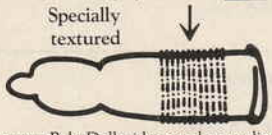

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FINAL SCORE *The insurance company would never know exactly what classified information was obtained by unauthorized persons.*

with the rest of the binder, then rapidly began the systematic rifling of as much classified material as he could in the brief time remaining. He tore away the seals and unbound the documents, scattering restricted data throughout the vault. This way the insurance company would never really know exactly what classified information was obtained by unauthorized persons. And since nearly 100 separate sets of documents would be directly compromised by the break-in, the company would likely remain mute about the major security loss for fear of unsettling established customer relations, not to mention losing their accounts.

In any event, there would be no way for the insurance company to provide added protection for all its priority accounts without calling in the National Guard. That, of course, being entirely out of the question, it would choose the least upsetting course of action, simply alerting each of the insured parties to be on guard for possible clandestine activity of which its investigators had heard only rumors.

Leo scanned the PRO-TEX folder. He removed several sheets that outlined the basic security system and detailed alternative plans for weekends, holidays and various contingencies. He placed the six most informative pages into separate duplicating machines that occupied a cubicle inside the file room, closed the covers and pushed the ON button for each. He waited for the spare diesel generator in the basement to restore minimal electrical power to the building. Only the regular outlets would be activated by the backup electricity. Not the alarm system. That would have to be rewired before it could ever again supply security.

The IBM clock on the wall was stopped at 5:19:15 P.M. The digits on his watch read 5:26:48. Leo thought the maintenance engineers were taking their sweet time in starting up the backup generator. That was all he allowed himself to think. He passed his eyes carefully over the remaining pages in the folder marked PRO-TEX, reading with speed and digesting only what he deemed important. He continued rapidly through the rest of the insurance documents.

The vault floor was ankle-deep in paper. Terry shuffled across to the front left side without lifting his feet. He wanted to avoid stepping on the documents and leaving unnecessary imprints.

The lights on the duplicating machines blinked on at 5:28:01. Leo listened to their purr and continued reading, waiting for them to warm up. Terry checked to be sure everything was back inside the case and nothing left behind. Leo turned the knobs indicating the number of copies desired to TWO and pressed the START button on each machine. Terry held the open PRO-TEX folder while Leo retrieved the originals and replaced them in their exact order. Terry ran to the vault with the full set of bound documents and dumped them on the floor, covering them with three unbound bundles of paper from the same section that followed consecutively in alphabetical order. Leo folded the dozen copies into the vest pocket of his suit and switched off the machines. Terry shut the vault, picked up the attaché case, and both men walked over to the door with the unpickable lock.

They used the flashlight to examine each other's appearance in the dark, windowless, soundproof room. Each agreed the other looked all right. The flashlight was placed in the case and the case snapped shut. Leo slowly opened the door and the hallway light shafted inside. They could hear the noise of the crowd still clamoring down the emergency stairway. There was no one in the corridor. They walked along to the fire exit, listening for any authoritative sounds to indicate the presence of guards, police, or firemen. All they heard was the excitement of people fleeing.

Leo suddenly noticed the rubbers on Terry's shoes and motioned him to remove them. He did. Leo reopened the attaché case and Terry stuffed them inside, latching the case again. He went to take back the case, but Leo held onto it. Since he was dressed as a mature, successful executive and the authorities probably had nothing other than revolutionary terrorism on their minds, Leo sensed it would be safer for him to carry the outsized attaché case of tools.

The circus on the emergency stairwell tapered. The only recognizable sounds were coming from the tail end of a group who passed on by and another arriving from above. Leo pushed the door open and walked onto the landing like the Dalai Lama. He waved Terry ahead and firmly closed the door as the descending troop began to close the gap in the evacuation parade.

Terry plunged down the staircase, taking two and three steps at a time, until he was half a flight behind the group. He slowed his pace to look over the people, making sure there wasn't a guard escort. When he felt it was safe, he gradually blended closer, bringing up their rear.

Wanting to stay separated from Terry but unable to clearly identify the composition of the bunch approaching from

overhead, Leo avoided being overtaken by maintaining an equal distance between the two groups. He walked the stairs alone, understanding the danger. Any security personnel would immediately notice the lone man with the large attaché case. His appearance and demeanor would probably carry him through such a confrontation, but that didn't mean he'd pass unremembered.

Terry had the distinct advantage and at the sixth-floor landing he began to work it for all it was worth. A middle-aged woman stopped to catch her breath. She didn't have a chance. Terry looped her arm around his shoulders, grabbed her by the waist and, saying, "I'll help you, lady, I'll help you," lifted her off her feet and down the stairs.

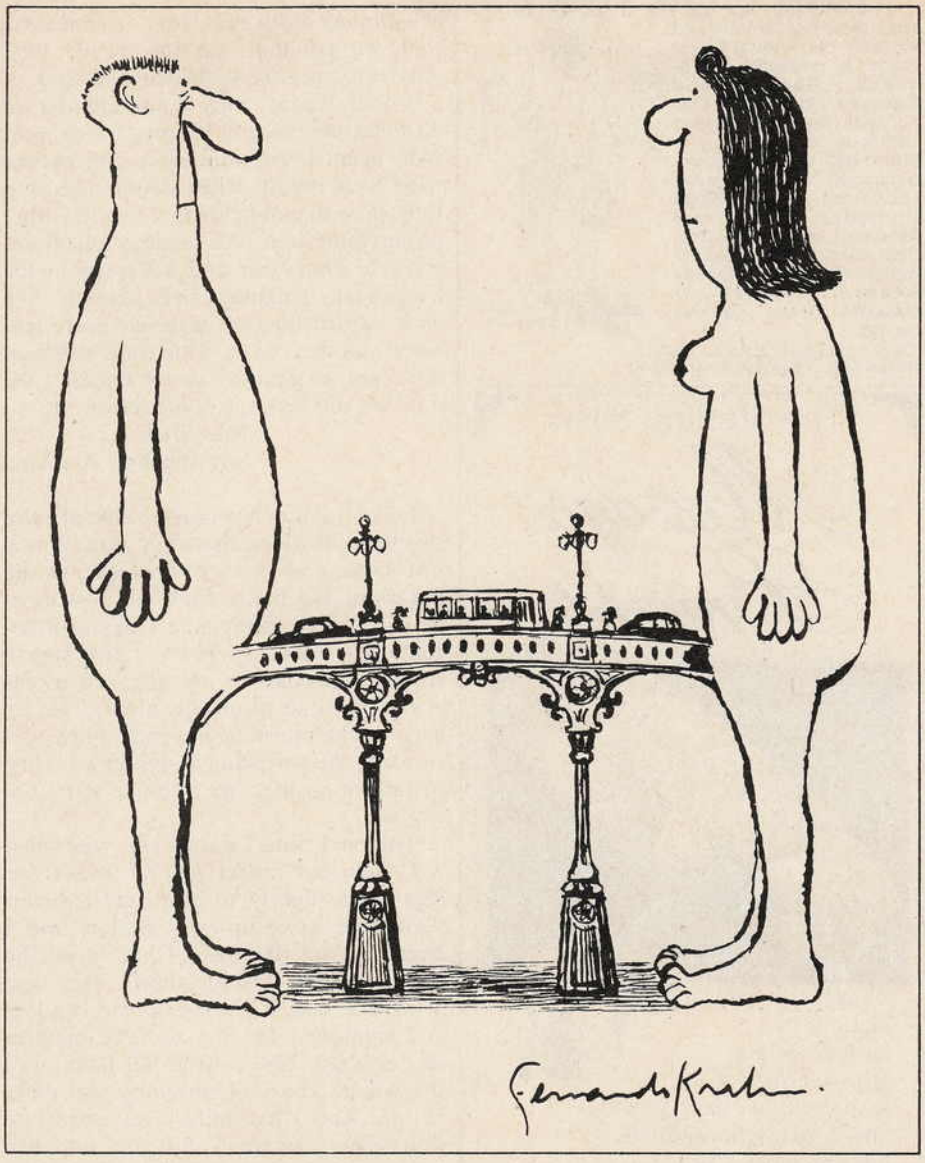
Leo heard what Terry said and assumed it was time to close the gap. He made his move and reached them as they turned the fourth floor, becoming just another person at the end of a line. With the woman holding on for dear life, Terry maneuvered his way to the front. He intended to dump the woman at the ground-floor exit. When he arrived at the main level and saw what was happening, he changed his mind.

Besides the police, firemen and unnerved security guards, television klieg lights were already positioned in the lobby, with a minicam crew providing live coverage for a local news program and other cameramen set to videotape the bizarre event for the late-night network broadcasts. "Air, lady. Air. Fresh air!" Terry said, before burying his face in the woman's armpit and carting her along toward the main entrance.

When Leo realized that they had failed to beat the arrival of newsmen as planned, he covered most of his face with his hand and gurgled and coughed so loud an idle fireman jumped at the opportunity to perform his service. He caught Leo's arm from behind and asked him to put down the attaché case. Leo thought it was a pinch and stopped coughing up phlegm. He was in the middle of a grim sigh when the plastic oxygen mask was thrust over his nose and mouth. He popped open his eyes and could hardly believe it. Out of the massive bedlam in the lobby, he thought, a fireman had to practice lifesaving on me.

"Breathe. That's it. Nice and easy, now. Breathe." Leo tried faking it, but there was no way. The fireman kept prodding him to inhale deeply and the oxygen soon made him feel lightheaded.

A newspaper photographer knelt to frame with his camera the victim of the supposed disaster. The fireman turned to expose his own full face. Leo raised his hand to cover his, pretending to hold the plastic mask while straightening his middle finger to form a deliberate and widely known obscenity. After taking several shots, the photographer rushed away to continue his coverage of the spectacle. When it was processed, Leo's face would be unidentifiable and his blunt middle finger would prevent the picture's publication in the press.



Removing the oxygen mask, he patted the fireman's slickered shoulder, smiled in gratitude and abruptly turned away. The fireman tried calling him back to get his name, but Leo streamed into the tumultuous crowd pouring from the building. He lugged the attaché case outside to the front steps. The adrenaline surging through his body helped allay the bitter cold but not the heightened chaos of the streets.

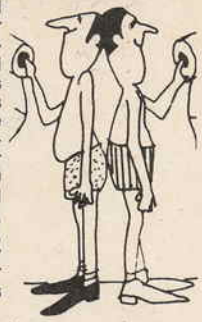
Lost in the turmoil, he finally managed to shake his head clear of pure oxygen and escape the vast confusion by following some officeworkers through a cordon of helmeted riot police. Walking normally down the Avenue of the Americas, Leo spotted Terry unloading the woman into a taxi stalled in the jammed traffic. She fainted when Terry told the driver to hurry to the nearest hospital. "Heart attack!" he said. "Heart attack!" The cabbie never saw him. He was too preoccupied with the woman slumped on his back seat. Glowering at her, he demanded she pay the fare in advance.

Looking neither right nor left, Terry walked like a man who didn't fancy the neighborhood. He was also shaking. He blamed this on the winter weather and his own perspiration. Lengthening his stride, he hurried down a cross street with Leo trailing not far behind.

The clock on the dashboard read 5:38:09. DayDream watched the sweeping second hand dip toward the Roman numeral VI. Her partners were more than five minutes off schedule. Monitoring the police-radio frequencies, she had heard nothing to indicate that suspects were apprehended nor that the situation at Centurion was understood. She decided to quit the wait and proceed as prearranged.

She pedaled the clutch, put the modified Toronado into gear, and drove up Vanderbilt *(Continued on page 134)*

"THE CONTEST"



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- ☐ *TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE DIVINE.*

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(Continued from page 28) steamed up that we couldn't see in at all. Pity. Anyway, once we looked in the back of a Volvo station wagon and discovered a threesome going at it every which way. Don opened the front door and beeped their horn loudly. They swore at us, but they were so entangled that they couldn't do anything else. We made a quick getaway to Don's car and collapsed in the back seat, laughing and panting. We ended up fucking through two more features and a cartoon. This time our windows got so steamed up we couldn't see out. We did lock the doors, however.

RHONDA C.
Birmingham, Alabama

I like to watch women while they're sleeping. The idea that they don't know I'm looking at them is what excites me the most. No matter how old a woman is, when she's asleep, she looks as innocent as a child. There's a fairly steady supply of women in my life, and whenever a new one spends the night, I get up early in the morning and snap a few pictures. If she's wearing a nightgown, I try to raise it so that her intimate parts are exposed.

The only time I got caught was when a 19-year-old model felt me move her legs apart slightly so as to get a better view. She woke up with a start and I began taking pictures of her face. She wasn't fooled. "Why didn't you just ask?" she said. Then she spread her legs and motioned for me to take pictures of her pussy. She rubbed her labia until the whole area was glistening and pink. Damn! And I had only black-and-white film in my camera. I shot one roll with a wide-angle lens; it made her pussy look like a mountain.

Then she hopped out of bed and got into her clothes. I tried to stop her; I never wanted to fuck anyone so badly in my life, but she turned me down cold. "You're too hung up to interest me," she said, and she skipped out. The bitch.

LESTER S.
Chicago, Illinois

I've been trucking for eight years and I can say that this job is a Peeping Tom's paradise. It's nothing short of amazing how many women like to ride around with their tops off, or their bottoms off, or even just plain naked. Of course, we truckers like to keep one another informed about these little beauties. Share the wealth, you know.

Last spring, I was riding through the Rockies when I passed a blue Oldsmobile that was weaving in and out of the right-hand lane. It wasn't hard to see why. There was a foxy chick in the front seat who'd taken off most of her clothes and her face was going up and down in her boyfriend's lap. I traveled alongside of them for a while and then I switched on my citizen's-band radio and said:

"Breaker one-nine. You got the Sidewinder here. We just passed a four-wheeler eastbound at the fifty-seven-mile marker that might need a little assistance. Looks like maybe the driver's done sprung a leak, 'cause there's for sure a topless beaver in the front seat, working real frantic on his personal valve stem, trying to pump him up. They're in a baby-blue Olds with some skis on the top. Come on."

"Gotcha, Sidewinder," I heard. "You got the Carolina Moonshiner right at your back door and we're getting an eyeball on that good motorist now. From the look on his face, I'd say he's in no great distress at the moment, mercy sakes. How about it?"

"Big ten-four-roger there, good buddy, for sure. Just the sight of that bouncing beaver really shook my bush. Gave me a diamond cutter like you wouldn't believe. Come on."

"Breaker, you two horny bastards," someone else broke in. "I been readin' your mail and I'd reckon you all ought not to be too close to that four-wheeler when his well comes in. He just might end up runnin' on those skis. Is that a roger?"

I couldn't hear any more of the conversation because of all the other 18-wheelers desperately breaking the channel for a report on the four-wheeler's current ten-twenty. Everybody wanted an eyeball.

SAM O.
Little Rock, Arkansas

When I was 15, I was really in love. David and I used to neck for hours and it never occurred to me that we could go on from there to other things.

We used to neck a lot at David's brother's apartment. One day Hal came in and looked at David and me in disgust. He'd been watching us, he said, and he couldn't believe that we could be content with just necking. "Is that all you know how to do?" he asked us. "Why don't you come over later and I'll show you something better."

David and I were pretty scared. I felt the way I had when I first smoked a cigarette. It's always some older kid who gives one to you. Hal greeted us and then he disappeared into his bedroom down the hall. After a few minutes, we heard him calling us to follow him. Nothing had prepared us for what we saw when we pushed the door open.

Hal and Candy, a redheaded girl I'd seen before, were bouncing around on the bed, both of them completely naked. Hal's cock looked as big as a horse's,

especially since I'd never even *seen* one before.

My mind probably exaggerated everything, but the way I remember it, Candy's pussy was very hairy and very, well, wet-looking, and Hal was really ramming into it hard. The bed creaked and Candy's face contorted into strange masklike expressions. She was moaning as if she were sick. It was awful.

I tried to back out the door, but David stopped me. He held onto me; I cowered next to him, and when I looked up at his face, I saw that he was completely mesmerized by the scene on the bed. Finally Hal and Candy came to a grinding halt and David pulled me in close to him. I could feel that he had an enormous erection. I was trembling, and I started to feel thrills run all through my body.

Anyway, that was the night I lost my virginity. There was no pain, since we'd been finger-fucking for a long time and my vagina was able to accommodate David's young cock. We just lay down right there on the floor and made love a couple of times, without stopping. After the second time, Hal and his girl let out a cheer. I felt really perverted, but the more they egged us on, the more excited I became. Even now, whenever I make love I hear voices in the back of my head urging me to even greater heights of ecstasy. I hope those voices never stop.

TAMARA M.
Iowa City, Iowa

Dazzling devices

In your recent *Sex Tapes* column on sexual devices, you missed one of the best: the Jacuzzi. Made to use in the bathtub, the Jacuzzi works on the same principle as a Water Pic, except that the spray of water is not directed at one's teeth, obviously. I discovered its erotic potential by accident.

I'm a hostess in a busy restaurant, and I'm on my feet all day long. When I finish work, I like to relax by soaking in a hot bubble bath. About three months ago, one of the waitresses in the restaurant suggested that I buy a Jacuzzi to soothe my legs and feet. She told me about its therapeutic value and said she used hers regularly.

I took her advice and bought one for myself. It's an unassuming little gadget that merely needs to be plopped onto the edge of the tub and plugged in. I admit to wondering for a few uneasy moments if I'd be electrocuted or not, but the brochure assured me of the gadget's safety. I turned both spigots on full blast and poured in some bubble bath. The frothy, foamy bath was like a bowl of feathers. The softness was sensual, and it made me feel pampered. I sat in the tub and waited until the water was about waist-high before turning on the Jacuzzi. The nozzle was directed toward my feet and a powerful jet of water shot out. It felt so good that it curled my toes. It was like getting a vigorous Swedish massage.

After a few minutes, I changed positions so that the water was directed at my legs, and as I parted them slightly, my whole body began tingling with pleasure. I wondered how that waitress had kept a straight face while extolling the Jacuzzi's therapeutic virtues. Soon the stream of water was caressing the lips of my vagina and my hips began moving back and forth rhythmically against it. I closed my eyes and moaned. What exquisite pleasure! My legs automatically spread wide apart and I arched my back and held my cunt open to meet the stream of water that was shooting into me with the force of a thousand ejaculations at once. It was one of the most intense orgasms I've ever experienced; afterward, I felt completely drained. My arms and legs went as limp as a rag doll's. Only then did I notice soapsuds billowing over the side of the tub and onto the tile floor. I quickly snapped off the Jacuzzi and the churning water became calm again. Suds were everywhere. It looked like a cotton-candy explosion.

Since then I've shared the tub and Jacuzzi with my lover and, though it's cramped, we've managed to make it together with the jet of water stimulating both of us simultaneously. I like it best when he lies on his back and I straddle him. As we fuck, the spray dances over our asses and I fantasize that we're making love under a waterfall.

SANDRA D.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

I noticed in the *Sex Tapes* series on sexual devices that no one had much good to say about vibrators. The implication was that women use them only while masturbating, and that's just not true.

The first time I used a vibrator with my boyfriend I sat on top of him and rubbed it over my fleshy mound. I felt his penis twitch deep inside me, and within 30 seconds, I felt an incredible orgasm sweep through my body, leaving me flushed and shaky. After a moment's rest, I found that I could do it again and again. I'd never had multiple orgasms like that before, but I sure have had them since. No girl should deny herself that kind of pleasure, and any guy worth his sexual salt will agree.

ELLEN G.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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FINAL SCORE *The voice on the squawk box signed off to telephone the police commissioner, who would enforce a news blackout as soon as he heard the nature of the transgression.*

(Continued from page 131) Avenue. She turned west toward Madison Avenue, and the cross-town traffic became heavy. It thickened to a crawl between Madison and Fifth. She stayed on the left side of the street to swing south at the corner of Fifth Avenue.

Seeing Terry approach from the opposite direction, DayDream unlocked the passenger door and rolled down her window. Acting surprised, Terry did a double-take when she waved. He bounced over and they giggled and kissed and performed a young lovers' routine for the benefit of all the other cars. With her left arm, she made a big thing of inviting him for a ride. He graciously accepted and she pushed a button, closing the window made of a tinted glass that practically sealed the car's interior from view.

Leo could see that the Toronado was three car lengths from the corner and would make the next light change. He switched the attaché case from his left to his right hand and headed south. DayDream responded by erratically blinking her left turn signal. Leo quickened his pace, walking rapidly after a bus he'd no intention of catching. The light went green and DayDream flowed with the traffic, wheeling the car in a wide-angled turn to end in the farthest right lane.

Since the Avenue of the Americas traveled northbound and Fifth Avenue southbound, there wasn't an overflow from redirected traffic. Just the normal rush-hour congestion of a caterwauling, bumper-to-bumper midtown jam, an army of rumbling vehicles in a battle for position on roadways designed for horse-drawn carriages. Where a scratched fender, a broken taillight, or any minor accident was easy to come by, and even more difficult to avoid. And would definitely impede the progress of a vehicle whose occupants were felons in possession of enough secret documents to violate the National Security Act many times over.

She rolled to a stop at a red light. Leo was less than 100 yards down Fifth Avenue. DayDream needed to put something between her and the undisturbed traffic flow. Leo paused at a newsstand, bought a paper and stepped away to plant himself farther along the sidewalk. DayDream watched a bus load its final passenger and continue driving down the next block. Leo stood on a curb with the white newspaper sticking out against his dark overcoat. DayDream judged the distance to the bus and to where Leo was standing a block in front of it.

She put the lever in first gear and revved the engine. The light went green. She let up the clutch with a bang and flicked on the supercharger, hurtling the Toronado over the asphalt to get a jump on the line of other cars. Flicking it off, she shifted, gunned the gas and then accelerated into D to overrun the bus. There was a narrow opening between the bus and an empty taxi. She glanced in the rearview mirror. The trailing traffic was coming fast. She hit her right-turn signal, pushed into the brake pedal and downshifted at the same time.

The Toronado slowed heavily. She let it drop back, sliding its rear end into the small slot in advance of the bus. Flashing on her high beams, she tapped the gas pedal. The front-wheel drive sucked the car forward. She oversteered, drifting the rear wheels farther in toward the curbside. The sudden brightness startled the cabbie, motivating him onward. DayDream turned the wheel, correcting the drift at the back and slipping into the tight squeeze.

She dimmed her headlights and flipped off the turn signal as the first swarm of cars roared past. She cruised slowly, applying the brakes just enough to let the taxi pull farther away and reduce the speed of the bus. Terry was kneeling on the front seat, ready to open the rear door. He kept his eyes on the back windshield, looking up at the bus driver.

DayDream waited until the taxi was nearly ten yards ahead and approaching Leo before she punched the gas pedal. The Toronado lunged across the gap. She braked hard, skidding to a stop behind the taxi as it passed Leo. Terry had the door open, still watching the bus. DayDream shifted, her eyes fixed on the rearview mirror. Leo tossed the attaché case onto the seat and was fitting himself into the car when Terry grabbed hold of his lapels. The bus was barreling toward them, the driver apparently distracted. DayDream floored the accelerator, pitching the car over the blacktop.

The door slammed Leo inside and Terry locked it. DayDream drove straightaway along with the heavy traffic flow on Fifth Avenue. No one spoke. They listened to the radio frequency being used by the police to report on the scene at the Centurion Insurance Building. An electrical fire of suspicious origin was under control and only minor injuries were sustained. There was nothing about a vault or the break-in on the 19th floor. They wanted to be back in Brooklyn before there was.

Then, a voice leaped from the squawk box. Its high pitch distinguished it from the others. The voice rattled off a series of numerical codes. There followed a long moment of silence. DayDream swung north onto the Bowery, then turned right onto the upper level of the Manhattan Bridge. The hush was broken by an official at the emergency command post who asked for the information again. The higher-pitched voice repeated the numbers of each code. Another period of silence followed. DayDream rolled across the East River and down the ramp into Brooklyn.

A man with an unamusing Hibernian brogue identified himself over the radio as the Manhattan midtown borough commander and asked that the information be verified and confirmed. It immediately was. DayDream became unavoidably snarled in traffic on Flatbush Avenue. The Hibernian brogue sounded even less funny, ordering the 19th floor sealed and the burglary kept under wraps. After using coded numbers to issue those orders, the brogue used plain words to inform any members of the press who were listening to check with their city editors before filing their stories. Then he signed off to telephone the police commissioner, who would enforce a news blackout as soon as he heard the nature of the transgression at the Centurion Building.

DayDream was finally able to swerve clear of the congested Flatbush Avenue and drive through unobstructed back streets. The chief of the traffic division alerted all members of his department, directing them to spot-check any suspicious vehicles leaving the borough of Manhattan by bridge or tunnel. DayDream pulled into a series of connecting alleys.

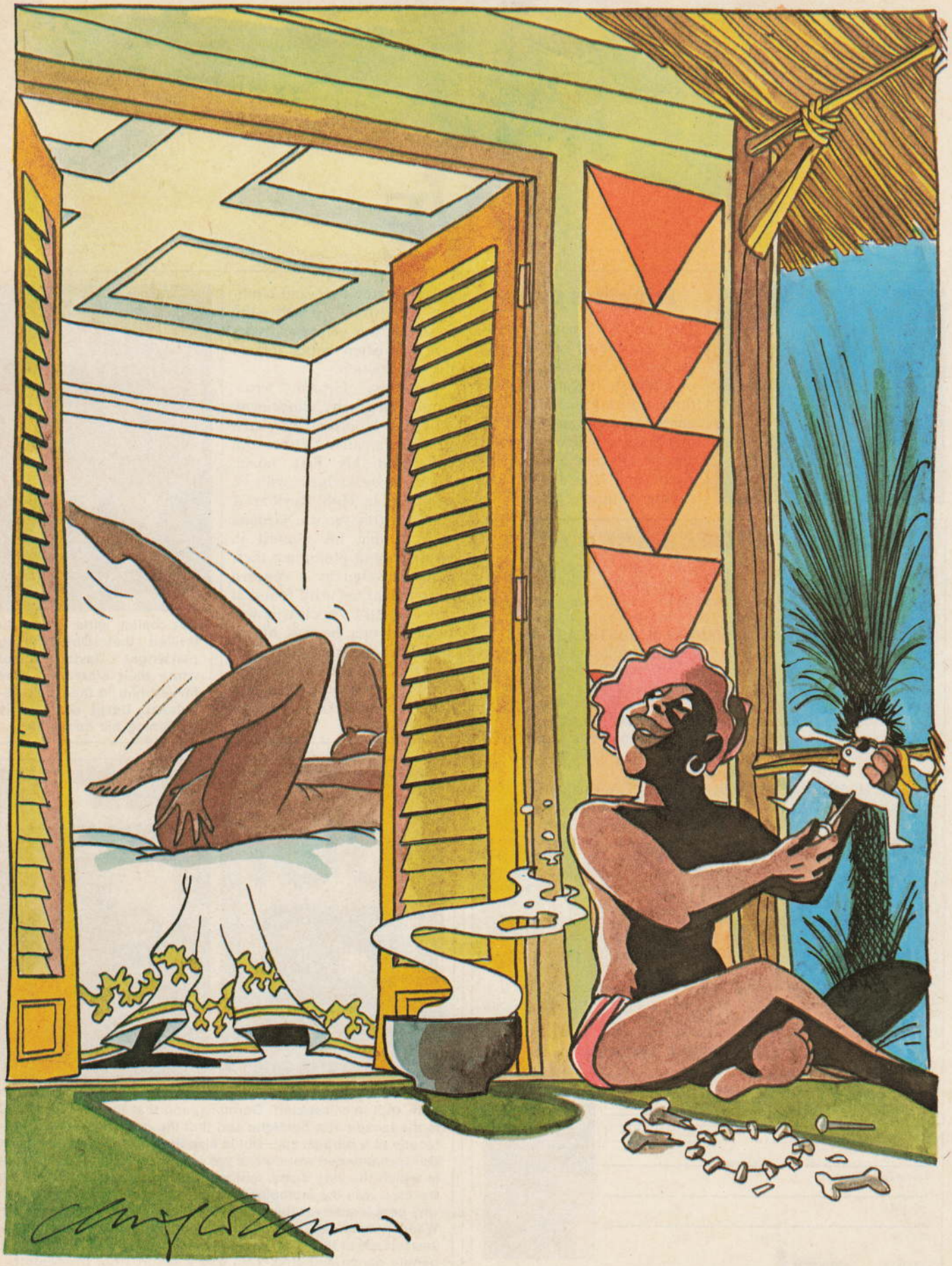
Terry loosened his tie. He wanted a cigarette, but there was none. There was also nothing else in the car that would help identify its occupants, if it had to be abandoned. Terry draped his left arm over the front seat and, looking at Leo, he said, "Whew!"

"What are you whewin' about?" Leo said, spitting something out of his mouth.

When Terry saw what it was, he laughed. So did Leo. In the palm of his gloved hand was an enamel cap. The cap had been nicely covering a tooth until the conscientious fireman dislodged it by jamming the plastic oxygen mask over his mouth.

DayDream stopped the Toronado by the freight elevator in the alley behind the warehouse and they sat for a moment, letting the laughter come straight out of them, glad they were able to tap the eighth step of their plan on that cold Wednesday night in February.

"Whew!" Leo whistled through the gap in his teeth. "Whew!" ▣



WE

Digger's game

The past few years have not been good for heroes—with the single exception, perhaps, of Emmett Grogan, author of this month's *Final Score*. Grogan's legend began back in the mid-Sixties, when he headed up the Diggers, a San Francisco (and later New York) countercultural group that gave out free food and clothing to street people—the source of this giveaway material was often better left to the imagination.

Recently, Grogan wrote an autobiography, *Ringolevio*, moved to Montreal, married a French-Canadian actress and completed his first novel, *Final Score*, which will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston this month. Grogan tells us that his interest in writing about plutonium theft was motivated by a concern over the lax security found at the nation's nuclear-power plants; in fact, he says, his research shows that the plant security described in OUI's excerpt is far *greater* than that found at most U.S. nuclear-power plants.

Our ballet girls were so thrilled that Obie-winning playwright David Mamet wrote their story that they invited him to their next rehearsal. David says he is tightening his dance belt.

COMING IN DECEMBER OUI

December OUI is a gala stocking stuffer, including our celebrated annual datebook calendar—this year with 13 months and 13 languid lovelies—as well as more than your ordinary number of pages accommodating, among other Christmas sweetmeats:

☐ **THE NEW POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA:** If the Communists won in South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, then why does most of the world's heroin still originate in the poppy fields of Southeast Asia? Alfred W. McCoy, who exposed the CIA-heroin connection in 1972, reports on new drug trends.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH BRIAN WILSON:** The Beach Boy who doesn't like the water is making the knobs twirl again in the recording studio. In an exclusive interview, Wilson tells why he spent most of the past ten years in his room.

☐ **SEX IN SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIES:** Ever since King Kong put the make on Fay Wray, film makers have seen box-office gold in the plight of sex-starved robots, extraterrestrials and ghouls. OUI welcomes the *King Kong* remakes in text and pictures.

☐ **THE GOSPEL OF SEX ACCORDING TO MARGO ST. JAMES.** She is the chairmadam of COYOTE—and, therefore, the streetwalkers' George Meany. Burr Snider shows that, up against politicians, St. James still knows how to hustle.

☐ **THE GOSSAGE FAMILY MURDERS:** Amy and Eben Gossage were the sweetest promise of Sixties flowerchildhood. When the Sixties went haywire, so did they. Michael Wolff reports from the California aftermath.

☐ **BACK-YARD AVIATORS:** Bruce McCall takes us touring with the plucky visionaries who took to the blue in homemade aircraft. Are you ready for Elmer Nang's Loko-Mo-Kraft?

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What to say about these two pictures? To say is that they were both shot in Düsseldorf, Germany, and that the one on the left is the facade of a boutique and that the one on the right is the facade of a rubbish can. OUI is also the name of this magazine. *Oui* (pronounced we) means yes in French, but not in German, in which the very same sentiment is expressed *ja*. Of the two words, *oui* is the snappier and more positive sounding. That's why people all over the world have taken to calling things *oui*. When people say *oui*, customers come running, rush to the newsstands or throw garbage. The word *oui* is magic. *Oui* makes people dance and sing. This was a report from Düsseldorf.

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Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.